

THE LIFE AND
WRITINGS OF
THE RT. REV. JOHN B. DELANY, D. D.
SECOND BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,
NEW HAMPSHIRE









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Life and Writings of Bishop Belamy



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SECOND BISHOP OF MANCHESTER

The
Life and Writings
OF
The Right Reverend
John Bernard Delany, D. D.
//
SECOND BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

BY
G. C. D.

LOWELL, MASS.
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1911

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D e d i c a t e d

to the memory of

Rev. Frederick A. Delany,

brother of Bishop Delany,

who died

February 15, 1911.

Nihil Obstat.

PATRICK J. SUPPLE, D. D.
Censor Librorum

Imprimatur.

✠ WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL
Archbishop of Boston.

The Life and Writings of
The Right Reverend John B. Delany,
B. D.

Second Bishop of Manchester,
New Hampshire.



Introductory Note.

The Life and Writings of Bishop Delany have been published at the urgent request of his many friends among the clergy and laity. No attempt has been made at a formal biography. The memoir has been compiled from various sources: from the Bishop's diaries, his home letters, from some of his editorials and public speeches, and from articles printed from time to time during his priestly and episcopal career. As much as possible his own words have been used, for they better than any others disclose the dominant idea of his life, and the principle that guided him at all times. Several events have been related by his intimate friends, and by those who labored with him in his sacred ministry. To these, and to all who have in any way assisted the present publication, sincere and heartfelt thanks are extended.

*A special acknowledgment of gratitude is made to
The Most Reverend Patrick Delany, D. D., Archbishop
of Hobart, Tasmania;
The Most Reverend William H. O'Connell, D. D., Arch-
bishop of Boston, Mass.; and to
The Right Reverend Joseph G. Anderson, D. D., Auxil-
iary Bishop of Boston, Mass.*

Appreciation.

A man often unconsciously reveals his soul when he sets a value, whether it be upon a painting, an accomplishment, a house, or even length of days. None of these things has an absolute fixed valuation. It depends upon how one likes them.

Old age sheltered by the fire-side, the silvery locks, the calm dimmed eye, the resigned features; all these have for some a great fascination. They look upon a long life and a serene old age as a beautiful possession which they hope one day to be theirs. To them it is a treasure which must be obtained by dint of saving. So they save their energy, their emotion, their effort, their enthusiasm, for all of these wear out the slender thread of vitality. They become parsimonious of their forces so, that they may last longer. And some have become atrophied of mind and heart long before nature's hour, simply that they may live long. They cease to do everything but live. To them that is enough. Their ambition is satisfied. They are proud, not of what they might have accomplished, but of being alive.

That is one point of view. And, in a certain sense, to cheat nature of twenty years is something of an achievement not to be disdained. But there is another standard, as there always is for most things.

To many the picture of life at eighty or ninety is far from fascinating; indeed, it is looked upon with something akin to horror. To such, old age is not all silvery locks and calm eyes. It is sadly helpless, pathetically dependent, tiredly reminiscent and dreadfully lonely.

"Give me calm and longevity," cries one. "Give me an active and full life," says the other, "and when my working day is done, let me go where I can begin eternal youth."

Which is right? Whatever the academic answer may be, happily we cannot practically settle it. We shall, all of us, either work or wait as God wills. But certainly there is something splendid and heroic in the sudden taking-off of a

valiant soldier with his armor on, in the midst of the fight. And when the fight is for God and when the soldier dies on the field, what laurel wreath is green and beautiful enough to lay upon his bier?

What my beloved friend, the sweet record of whose noble life is written here, thought upon the subject of old age I know not. But I do know that when he fell in the thick of the fight for Holy Church, he smiled. He was too young not to feel the human pathos of a death so early, so unlooked for. But he loved and trusted his King too completely to even ask Him why.

He worked all his life as he had seen men work in the busy city where his youth sped by. There in the early morn the bell sounded to labor and again at night to rest. His brain was too active, his mind too vigorous, his heart too happy to ever know what idleness meant.

As a student he still studied when his task was finished. As a priest he still found or invented other duties when those allotted him were completed. As a Bishop he planned new labors when—the end came.

Would the calm, the inactivity, the inertia of age have ever attracted him? God knew best, and has forever silenced all questioning. He was a laborer in the Vineyard and he died laboring. Others will reap what he has sown. But the best seed he ever sowed was love of joyful work in the cause of God and His Church.

✠ W. H. O'Connell,
Archbishop of Boston.

Preface.

In the life of any personage of note written for publication, the reader naturally looks for the narration of the extraordinary incidents and events that made such a life so important as to be considered worthy of presentation before the public.

Measured by this standard there is little in the life of Bishop Delany that could merit the mark of greatness. And yet, the lives of many who have passed this critical test are oftentimes wanting in those sweet, simple traits of character that appeal to the human heart or are gifted with such superior talents as to place them far removed from the every day life about them. When, however, they are found to be in sympathetic touch with and living our own simple existence, their lives then appeal to us more forcibly than all their greatness of intellect or heroic deeds. Such a life is that of Bishop Delany,—beautiful for its simplicity, loving for its gentleness of character, and inspiring for its nobleness of mind, generosity of heart and earnestness of faith and zeal.

Though all too brief was his career as Bishop there were evidences of saintly zeal and splendid talents, which, had he been spared, would have added lustre and glory to the Diocese of Manchester, which he ruled and God's church in New England, as judged by his few years' labor and by the apostolic zeal and noble character of his whole priestly life. As an old class-mate and life-long friend, I pay this tribute of love for his many noble traits of character and for his genuine, sincere, and zealous devotion to God and the Church. May his life prove an inspiration to all who read it as his memory will always be to those who knew and loved him.

✠ Joseph C. Anderson,
Auxiliary Bishop of Boston.

Feast of All Saints, 1910.

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FAMILY HISTORY

THE genealogy of the Delany family reads so like a page from Irish history that a few of its items cannot but be of interest in the biography of him who was always proud to trace his happy heritage of faith to the land of his parents' birth. Although Bryan and Thomas Delany, the grandfather and father of Bishop Delany were born in the County Galway, Ireland, their ancestors for centuries before had settled in the County Kilkenny, where they owned broad acres of land and "bent the knee to no human lord." The family history relates that they "were possessed of considerable substance, and pronouncedly different in character from the prevailing type of the neighborhood. The mental and physical difference was very obvious. The men were rather large and fair-haired; the women also. They seemed to have a lingering consciousness of some kind of gentility, marking them off from the families amongst whom they dwelt, and into which they intermarried.

"About the middle of the eighteenth century the principal branches of the family tree took growth in the County Galway, a mile or two on the farther side of Ballinamore, and here in the West the second generation brought the pride and prestige of the Delanys to the highest point of collective distinction. It was the age of sensitive honor in Ireland.

"Bryan Delany, the Bishop's grandfather, was a man of conspicuous personality, proud indeed of the untarnished honor of his family. He was in every way a typical Delany. * * * * As new generations came on and the pride of the name thinned out with the inevitable deterioration, it saddened him to see the change, and he strove to fix the minds of the children about him on the fine old traditions of the family. He loved to enumerate the many names of his own and their kindred who had given their lives to the service of God in all periods of the Church's history, both men and women, in the Isle of Saints, as also in foreign lands, and his clear retentive memory could recall and recount their lives and labors with wonderful interest and accuracy."

Of the ten children born to Bryan and Mary Delany Thomas, the father of Bishop Delany, was the eldest, and like his paternal sire, was possessed of a strong, upright character, ennobled by family traditions. In 1857 he left the land of his birth and came to America. He settled in Lowell, Massachusetts, and though young in years, he started in the tailoring business, which he carried on with success up to the date of his death. As a citizen of Lowell he was highly respected for his clear and conservative views in all things relating to the city's welfare. He was a great temperance advocate, and for over a quarter of a century held the position of president of St. Patrick's Temperance Society, while all his life he was identified with St. Patrick's Church. For years he was known as the oldest tailor of Lowell. He was one of the most highly esteemed residents of the city, a faithful and fervent Catholic, a man who won success by the strictest adherence to the calls of duty by an

energy which overcame all obstacles and an integrity which gave him a reputation for the strictest honesty and surest reliability.

His marriage to Catherine Fox took place shortly after his coming to America, and their union was blessed by nine children. Husband and wife were possessed of the rich inheritance of the most beautiful of Christian virtues which were reflected in their home, as in their lives, and brightened and blessed everything around them.

Catherine Fox Delany, the Bishop's mother, was one of those valiant Christian women who are such only because initiated from their youth in the practice of all virtues. She was a native of the beautiful little town of Ballatrain, in the County Monaghan, and came of equally sturdy stock as her husband, and of ancestors very remarkable for their longevity. Her calm gentleness and firmness, the symmetry of her character, her tender and solid piety were the happiness of her husband and the admiration of all who approached her. She lavished on her children a mother's most devoted tenderness. She was the soul of every good work of piety and beneficence in her neighborhood. Hers was a life unmarred by selfishness, by worldiness, by uncharitableness—a life whose wellsprings were deeply sweet and pure—that of a perfect Christian. Her faith was strong in God, and her love for Him limitless, yet her faith and love centred not in Him alone, but went out to His creatures, near and distant. Hers was a life where deep Christian principles of charity and good-will combined with the sweetest native kindness of spirit to make her very presence a harbinger of serenity, forgiveness, and love. She never harbored an unkind thought, being

incapable of it, and as she loved all those who came to her, every one loved her. Her house was always a haven to young people to whom her motherly love was a benediction.

To the needy she gave not only of this benign and cheering influence of her gracious spirit, but she was always ready with hand and purse to aid them as much as was in her power. Only the day before her death she went to see a sick woman for whom she had tried to make, as she said, "a little Christmas cheer," to try to have her forget her affliction. More eloquently, perhaps, than all words could tell, the deep reverence that her noble and distinguished son bore his mother, the gratitude he always showed for the true Christian principles she had inculcated in his mind and heart told her rare moral worth. When the bishop was consecrated he paid her the sweetest tribute that ever was paid a mother, the acknowledgment that he was her moral handiwork. "All that I am," he said from the steps of the sanctuary where he had just been crowned with the mitre, "I owe to the home influences which surrounded my youth." And descending the steps, he came to his mother, kissed her, thanked her, and gave her his first Episcopal blessing.

"Like mother, like son," is an old saying, never more fully exemplified than in these two beautiful and fruitful lives, where the piety, the charity, humility and perseverance of the mother became intensified and multiplied tenfold in the character of her loving and devoted son.

EARLY LIFE

JOHN Bernard Delany was born on Aug. 9, 1864, in Lowell, Massachusetts. He was baptized on the same day in St. Patrick's Church, for it was an established custom in the family that as soon as possible after the birth of a child it should receive the waters of regeneration. He was solemnly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin on September 8, 1864, when he was just one month old. The ceremony of consecrating children to the Queen of Heaven was for many years a public one in St. Patrick's. Was not that consecration in some way a presage of his Episcopal consecration that took place forty years afterwards on this same feast of our Lady's Nativity? He loved this special feast of our Blessed Mother, and he chose it in preference to all others, because of his devotion and reverence for the Mother of God. It was in his own mother's arms he first heard her sweet name, and that of her Divine Son; it was at her knee he lisped his first infant prayer; it was with her hand he first signed himself with the sign of Redemption; it was to her heart he always brought his childhood's joys and sorrows, and to it his own tender heart was inseparably united from his earliest days to the last sad solemn hour when his dying eyes looked in love upon her, and his failing voice said, "Don't cry, mother dear, I shall tell God all about you."

When night after night the children gathered around the fireside for prayer and petition to God, surely the blessings of Heaven descended upon the family circle, and made it what it was indeed, a sanctuary of piety, hospitality and peace.

John was a quiet, thoughtful boy with a heart as tender and affectionate as a girl's. His mother often related examples that plainly illustrated his delicate feelings. Mrs. Delany loved and admired everything that was true and good and beautiful, and she taught her children to see in nature the works of the Creator, and to "look through nature up to nature's God." She encouraged the children to learn and recite passages from Scripture and little poems that served for pleasure and pastime during the hours of recreation at home. One of the children especially loved the familiar lines called "A Child's First Grief," and often recited them aloud to her indulgent listeners. The pathos expressed in these verses touched John so deeply that whenever his little sister began to recite them, he stole quietly from the room to hide the emotion they aroused in his tender, sympathetic heart. This act of his was noticed and commented upon by the others and John tried hard to conceal his feelings, but whenever an occasion presented itself for the recitation of the children's poems, John would look beseechingly at his little sister, and whisper "Don't say the sad piece, will you?"

Still, even with his sensitive nature, he was a manly little fellow, so thoughtful and considerate of others that he was not only a favorite at home but he was greatly loved and admired by his companions. His docility and obedience were remarkable. His parents often said that they never knew him to hesitate for

an instant in the fulfilment of any of their wishes, and oftentimes their unspoken desires were executed by him even before they were expressed in words.

At the time of his death one of his teachers of the primary school wrote thus of him: "I remember Johnnie as a lad of more than the average in scholarship, of much beauty of face; of a sunny, yes, of a merry disposition; entering into the fun of life with a zest; yet ever courteous and gentle in his bearing; never condescending to anything low or mean in act or conversation—with a nature like his such things were impossible. John could not tolerate any act of injustice toward a fellow pupil; his great-heartedness prompted the quick defence of one whom he thought abused. As the years passed and new scenes and new duties came to us both, we lost each other.

"When I heard that he was to be made Bishop I remembered so well the fine manly boy whom I had taught during his first years at school, and I wrote to him my delight at the honor given him. In spite of the multitude of duties crowding round him he replied, sending me a note of joy that I had written him. From time to time, I have heard from him, and of his work so faithfully done. When the news of his death came, I sorrowed with you. I never think of him as 'Johnnie Delany' as his school mates of the old days called him, but as John, 'the gift of God,' the loving disciple, the one whom Jesus loved, the nearest and dearest to our Lord.

"My sympathy for you in your loss is very great. The memory of the boy will be with me always. As the mother is, so is the boy; as the boy, so is the man; so is the strong spirit translated from glory to glory.

"We do not know, we cannot see why he must go from what seems such a noble work here, but the Father has taken him to a larger life, and to the companionship of the blessed, even such as the beloved disciple whose name he bore."

His boyhood days and years went by happily, holily and usefully. The seed was being sown by skilful hands in his heart and mind, and it was taking deep and noiseless root. All the sweet promises of the bright, pious, cheerful boy; the gentle, loving, and docile son; the tender, manly, and generous youth were realized in the rich fruits of maturer years.

From the grammar and high schools of his native city John passed to further study at Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he remained for two years. He then entered Boston College from which institution he was graduated in the class of '87.

Speaking of his college days, one of his most intimate friends and classmates says: "The wholesome spirit of rivalry, naturally found to exist between two sister colleges, was not wanting between Holy Cross and Boston College in those days of our student life, even as they doubtless exist today. The boys coming from Holy Cross College within our borders were the cynosure of all eyes, and perhaps, for a time, became the unconscious victims of suspicion until the class passed favorable judgment upon their loyalty. When John came to our class in Boston College there was a singular departure from the ordinary manner of receiving a new-comer. There was no chip on the shoulder; there was no gauntlet throw-down, for his free and open manliness straightway disarmed all prejudice and antagonism. His charming and attractive fellowship, more eloquent than the spoken word, seemed to say,

'Now I have come to cast my lot with yours,—not that I love H. C. C. the less, but you, B. C., the more'—this it was that made him one of us from the first.

"His very name, John B. L. Delany, had in it a peculiar attraction in those days. The curious, seeing him often thus sign himself, would ask the meaning of J. B. L. With a merry twinkle in his eye he would answer that he was the John Boston and Lowell Delany to distinguish him from all others. In consequence, among his intimates, he was frequently called John Boston and Lowell Delany.

"A little alcove of the old Boston Public Library was a favorite spot where he and others liked to gather after class each day to prepare the classics, or to absorb Father Russo's deep philosophy. From such frequent gatherings it became known as the B. C. corner and was considered a hallowed spot, where many a day and many a year success and failure were spoken of as among brothers with congratulations for the one, cheering words of hope for the other,—and John B. Delany was the prince of the group.

"The class of '87 was in many ways a musical one and it needed a piano player. Such a one, and, by the way, the only one, was found in John Delany. To his talents and patience and leadership was due the success of creating the best class chorus in those days. The musical program of our class reunions and festivities was the feature of undergraduates and seniors to emulate us. As such it seemed to draw the bonds of fellowship more closely among the members of the class, and was in no small measure responsible for the continuance of class reunions and college spirit through succeeding years.

"Beneath that quiet dignity, which was not by any means the least attractive charm in John Delany, there was ever found a deep and keen sense of humor. His laugh was infectious in its wholesomeness and genuineness. It showed how many sided was his beautiful life. It was the custom of the students coming into Boston by train each day at the North End of the city, to meet and walk to the college. In the party was a student of mammoth proportions and another as conspicuously diminutive. A dispute arose between the two one morning as we were on our way. The argument of words seemed to be ineffectual in settling the question; forthwith the two agreed to have it out in physical encounter later in the day, and the matter dropped for the time. The future bishop of Manchester, who was one of the number that day, casually began to relate the fable of the Ant and the Elephant. He elaborated it so well, gave such human shape to the ant and the elephant, marking the presumption of one and the bullying of the other, showed how ridiculously funny as well as unwise was the spectacle of such an encounter, that all saw the application, with the result that the giant and pigmy made up, shook hands, and were fast friends ever after.

"There may have been deeper thinkers and more profound writers in the class than John Delany, some reaching higher flights of imagery, others with occasional flashes of genius, but none more facile, none more luminous. *The Dawn*, a paper established by the class and for a time issued every month, had in him an editor of great ability. Out of the success which came to us from that little class paper grew the desire among the faculty and student body of

creating a college paper, so was it the *Boston College Stylus* came to light. He was among its first contributors. Scarcely any issue appeared without something eminently good from his pen, and how proud we were to see him in due time becoming its editor-in-chief.

"The evening before his visit to the bishop of Manchester to offer himself for adoption, he said to me in my own home, 'Come with me to Manchester.' Had not my adoption already been determined with the Archbishop of Boston, I fear I would not have been found of such heroic and apostolic calibre as he was to break the strong and sacred ties that bound him to kindred and associates. Wondrously strange are the ways of Divine Providence."

The following verses were written by the young collegian about this time:

SHOW ME THY WAY

God of my waking hour,
Give me Thy marriage dower,
Thy kindly ray.
Light of the Heavenly Dove,
Bond of a lasting love,
Show me Thy way.

E'en through the darkest night
Thy hand cans't guide aright,
If we obey;
My soul is dark within,
Chase thou the clouds of sin,
Show me Thy way.

Free from Thy lasting wrath
Keep these feet in Thy path,
 Never to stray.
Guard me in deadly fight,
Gird me with cause of right,
 Show me Thy way.

I will obey Thy will
Though most unworthy still,
 Lighten my day.
Lord, I yield all to Thee,
Do what Thou wilt with me,
 Show me Thy way.

That the young man was manifesting even in those youthful years, the attributes of a leader of men, is evident from the beautiful tribute paid his memory by one of his teachers, Father Colgan, S. J., then a professor in Boston College.

"It was my privilege," he says, "to be his professor in his freshman and sophomore years. It was then I learned to know, love, and respect the youth for his sterling qualities of mind and heart. No place, perhaps, is more favorable for studying the future man than the arena of college life. The hidden and inner qualities of the youth gradually unfold themselves to the careful eye of the observing teacher, who can then study the calibre of the boy, 'father of the man' to be. Young Delany was a boy of steadfast purpose. You always knew where he stood, and he always stood on the side of truth and justice and principle.

"He was interested in what concerned the unity and general well-being of his class; and his influence, though quiet and unobtrusive, was potent in promoting and maintaining the *esprit de corps* which still exists in the class of '87.

“‘John B.,’ as his classmates were wont to designate him, was an earnest student, gifted with a fine literary taste, and having a full appreciation of the efforts of his masters to develop what was best in the students through the medium of Greek and Roman models, which were assigned for study in those years. This reverence for his masters, a trait not always characteristic of talent, was with him a mental habit, and to it was due in no small degree the continual progress he made in the assimilation of classic thought. In manner, he was gentle and equable, not subject to moods; he held his impulses under wise control, but was social and sympathetic withal.

“Quiet as he was, he had a quick sense of humor, which he exercised on several occasions for the entertainment of the class. One such instance I particularly recall. It fell to John’s lot in his sophomore year to record in the class diary the events of a mid-year examination day in sight reading from Greek authors. The lad who had acquired facility in English versification, ventured to immortalize the heroes of the occasion—including the examiner—in a three-act tragedy in English verse, which would compare favorably with Saxe’s parody on Ovid’s ‘Regia Solis.’ The production, which was read in class the next day by the author, was a literary treat, sparkling with brilliant flashes of wit and replete with fine satire.

“John never lost his balance when things in school world went wrong. Ulysses-like he encountered the unrestrained Ajax who was bent on fomenting trouble in class circles. Even now I can hear him using his favorite expression to some mate who thought he had a grievance: ‘Bosh! it isn’t worth troubling yourself about!’ Thus, with a word and a wave of his hand

he cleared away whatever seemed to threaten disaster to unity and rest. He was a boy of simple, unaffected piety, and as I look back now on those youthful faces upturned to mine at morning lecture, I single out Delany by his quiet, attentive manner and his thoughtful eye, which expressed a depth of soul that must reveal itself in the future in mastering the larger problems of life. In the light of those days, too, when he neither suffered himself to be over-elated by success nor discouraged by apparent failure, I can solve what to many was a mystery unexplainable, namely, the ease and composure with which he bore his high honors as Chief of the diocese of Manchester, to which dignity he was called so early in his priestly life.

"The class of '87 has lost its best. Crowley, Curtis Ford, Kelly, Quirk—these went before and bade him welcome, we may be sure, to that reunion which it is our cherished hope that we, who remain, may one day meet all those college-day friends and brothers in our real Alma Mater."

From his earliest years the boy had been bent on being a priest, but so carefully had he guarded his secret that when, after his graduation, he announced his purpose to family and friends, he was surprised to find them not at all astonished. Long after his ordination, one of his teachers, a Protestant, told him that she had always thought he belonged to God. Fond as he was of society and friends, of all the clean sports that manly youth enjoys, there was yet about him a certain modesty of demeanor, a reserve of manner, a seriousness of purpose that marked him as one of God's own.

A few weeks after his graduation, accompanied by

Edward Quirk, his classmate and lifelong friend, he called on Bishop Bradley at Manchester and asked for adoption to his diocese. This was the first meeting of the two who were later to be so closely united in heart and mind, who were to work in such happy union, and over whom God had so many special and sacred designs. In later years Bishop Delany used to tell of the feelings that took possession of him as he told his saintly predecessor his intentions and made his request. With all the warmth of a father's love, with all the depth of a shepherd's tenderness, Bishop Bradley welcomed the candidate and from that moment took him to his heart as his favored child. He urged him to go Paris to make his ecclesiastical studies, and accordingly in September, 1887, he left for the Seminary of St. Sulpice, that famous institution wherein hundreds of eminent ecclesiastics and at least two canonized saints have been trained to theological virtue.

For some idea of the trip crossing the Atlantic, while his heart and soul were all aglow with the desire and prospect of giving himself wholly to the service of God, we quote from a hastily written journal kept by him during his days at sea:

SEMINARY LIFE

AS DESCRIBED IN LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY

LA BOURGOYNE, Sept. 21, 1887.

Dear Father and Mother and All at Home:—

Although two thousand miles at sea, no land nor sign of life beneath the dome of sky, my thoughts turn ever backwards to the one dear little nook on earth as the magnetic needle does to the polar star. Knowing, too, your thoughts are of me, you will be interested, I am sure, in a little account of what has transpired since we parted.

On our arrival at Fall River we met Mr. Q—— and with him, much to our surprise, was a young priest, Father S——, who is bound for Paris to enter the Sulpician order. The trip to New York was very pleasant, the music delightful, the accommodations first class, and the weather all that could be desired. We arose early in the morning to see the beautiful sights of New York harbor, and were well repaid for the loss of a few hours' sleep. Our baggage attended to, we spent a few hours sight-seeing, then visited Fordham College. We had supper with Mr. Q——who received us very kindly. A few hours later we were installed in our quarters on "La Bourgoyne." For what followed I will quote from my diary.

Saturday, September 17th.

First day out and a glorious one it is. Spent last night aboard. Stateroom comfortable, though occupied by four. Our companions, not in arms, but in beds, are two Frenchmen. One speaks no English, the other, a little. The first returns to France to serve the prescribed time in the army—a lot which befalls every Frenchman in every part of the world. The other crosses for the eleventh time, at least so he says. For a house warming we drank a health to "la belle France," received a promise from our new-found Boulanger, and his equally patriotic friend, to fight for Ireland if occasion demanded it. A third Frenchman, who came aboard to bid his friends adieu, grew so enthusiastic on the subject of "La Liberté" that he was in danger of losing that much prized commodity, at least for the night. So with a spread eagle gesture and a fiery eye we bade our new found friend "bon nuit et adieu."

We had left the dock and had been towed well out to sea before we reached deck in the morning. The sun had not yet risen. The yachts *Mayflower*, *Volunteer*, and *Thistle*, of yesterday's race, revealed their shapely outlines, though we were unable to distinguish them at this distance. The sun soon rose like a great ball of fire, and as we moved down the bay with scarce a perceptible motion, the sun and ourselves seemed to stand still, while the shore scudded between us, a phenomenon which I never before noticed. Close in our rear the *Etruria*, bound for Liverpool, and the *Eider*, a German steamer, bound for the Vaterland, sent up a column of smoke, shook off their little tugs, as if spurning their puny assistance, and steamed proudly out to sea. Two hours of lounging, and trying to talk to our Na-

poleon XVI., then came soupe, which consisted of what its name purports, nor more, nor less. The prospect frightened us, and we contemplated a change to the cabin, but breakfast left us in a more contented mood. The arrangement for meals is somewhat peculiar. We have two "square" meals and three "round" ones, making five in all. The first at 7.30 A. M., the last at 10 P. M. Frenchmen are deservedly celebrated cooks. They can cook a fish in such a way that Neptune himself could not recognize it. Will know more of their skill later on.

Took luncheon at 1.30, dinner at 5, and my dinner went to the fishes.

Miles covered up to noon, 86.

Sunday, September 18th.

"Beau ciel" as our "petit soldat" expressed it. The day has all the loveliness of yesterday, but the sea is somewhat rougher. No mass this morning, although we have two Catholic priests aboard, but neither has the necessary articles. Lounged about all day trying to shake off sea-sickness, which hangs close about my neck. When rough weather comes I do not know what I shall do. All day yesterday and to-day we have sailed directly east. The setting sun throws our shadows just in the direction of the boat. The wind, also, has not apparently shifted a single point. In the afternoon the path over which we passed was fairly blazoned with silver sunlight. Later the western sky put on its evening robe of yellow and gold, the sun himself softened his glare to a rich mellow, and when he sank into the west seemed like a veritable golden gate. A sunset at sea must be seen to be appreciated. As we sat on the sheltered side of the deck in the dim twilight we could hear the

steerage passengers below, in somewhat harsh, though not unpleasant strains, chanting the "Marseillaise." The poor fellows are a sad looking set, but they look forward to a glimpse of France as a vision of the promised land. With the going down of the sun the air became chilly, and extra wraps would have been needed, yet we were loath to leave the pure bracing air and the dome of stars, which seemed more numerous than ever before. We walked the deck with our little Frenchman, and he sang for us his national songs. He asked us to sing our American national hymns, and we rendered "Old Mother Hubbard" and "John Brown's Injins." Poor chap does not know a word of English, so he never knew the difference. To hear us speak French would break your heart, and it is well that we are a thousand miles from shore. Turned in and slept soundly until

Monday, September 19th.

As fair a day as the preceding ones. Stomach in a somewhat dubious condition. We are now off the Banks of Newfoundland. It is a strange course we take. We sail North from New York though not out of sight of land until off Nova Scotia then almost directly across. The route of the ship is marked on a chart, and the distance shown by little flags. We sighted several fishing smacks to-day; near one three small dories danced up and down on the waves as a bob on a line. In the hollow of the wave they were completely hidden from view. The dreaded fogs so common in these parts were seen in the distance.

We have made the acquaintance of the Father Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross, who is on his way to Rome. A very learned man he is. He

has been in nearly all parts of the world, and thinks he will be sent to India on a mission. His baggage is a hand-bag. He keeps records of the days' events and sends them to his school in Canada, where his children—from five to twelve years of age—will be delighted to hear how "mon père" spends his time. We have plenty of occasion to study our fellow passengers, but it is hardly charitable, and I doubt if it would be interesting to you.

Another beautiful evening, another glorious sunset, another day nearer the end of our journey, and four hundred and ten miles from home and all the happy haunts of boyhood. But let it pass—I shall be home again in God's own time.

Tuesday, September 20th.

Sick. Latitude—don't know,
Longitude—don't care.

Wednesday, September 21st.

Sicker.

Thursday, September 22d.

Sickest.

Thursday Night, September 22nd.

It is now Thursday night. The circumstances under which I write may be of interest to you. Well, Ed. and I are seated at a good sized table in the dining salon. To our right they are serving the evening luncheon, for it is 8.30. About a dozen French men and women are sipping their tea without milk and munching crackers it would take a hammer to break. Not one of the whole party can speak English and the jabbering they keep up reminds me of the gabbling of geese. The waiters are the embodiment of politeness. We have fared very well with them, and have managed to demolish a considerable amount

of their cake. You should see the cake, it might be called a "gastric" poem.

The steamer "La Bourgogne" is one of the largest passenger boats afloat. There are about three hundred men employed on it; one hundred are firemen and the rest are sailors and waiters. There are four masts and two funnels. The boilers require a ton of coal every two minutes night and day. There are only about four hundred passengers on this trip. The boat is fitted in the best of style. The state-rooms are comfortable, still we remain on deck as much as possible. Yesterday evening we had a little fog, and the fog horns were used with such a vengeance that the night was hideous. We walked the deck and gazed on the stars; told stories of home until about eleven o'clock, when we went below and soon were "rocked in the cradle of the deep," confidently trusting that He who holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand will not forget His children.

Friday night, September 24th.

We are at our old post again in the "salon" and we again chronicle the events of the day, the last day of our voyage. We are to-night off the coast of Ireland, but will not see the "old land," as we are now several hundred miles from the nearest sham-rock. If I only had eyes like a telescope I might look right over Ballinamore Bridge, in the County Galway, into a fine slated house, upon a happy little family whom I think I could recognize. But such a sight is denied me, still, I hope Father will yet lead the way he remembers so well.

This time to-morrow we will be, or expect to be, in Havre, and four hours afterwards in Paris. To-day has been a perfect one. Early this morning Fr.

S—— awoke us to see a beautiful sight, a school of porpoises. We hastened on deck, and there they were in thousands leaping out of the water and throwing up the spray on both sides as far as the eye could reach. This evening the moon came out beautiful and clear, and the sea is as calm as Boston harbor. One man aboard says he has not had such fine weather for a voyage in ten years. Is it in answer to your prayers? I will close these notes to-night so that I can send them from Havre to-morrow. They have been written in great haste and under many difficulties. But since they are just for my dear ones at home I need not make apologies to you who are so indulgent in all things. It is reluctantly I close, for it is like saying another good-bye.

For a knowledge of what followed and of the first days of the young seminarian's life we continue the extracts from his own diary.

Issy, Oct. 19, 1887.

It is just a month since the last item in the diary; yet this is the diary that was to contain a description of all the sights and happenings of the days just past. Well, I will again open an account between me and myself with the hope of better results.

First of all, I must go back, for the days between the dates are by no means as blank as the intervening pages. So, ere first impressions have been corrected, and new found wonders have become commonplace, I shall jot them down. Someone at home may find them interesting. If so, I have been amply repaid for the time and the labor spent. If not,—well, I shall read them myself sometime for a pen-

ance. One thing more before I begin. I deny and denounce all attempts at a literary effort, though this effusion may become valuable as a curiosity in orthography.

I have already detailed at length our way of living on shipboard, and have related the little events that occurred up to the day of landing. We were still abed when we heard the cry above: "La terre, la terre!" On reaching deck we saw the rocky coast of Cornwall extending its fantastic shape far into the channel, like a giant sea-serpent. A little later the rugged cliffs of the mainland lifted themselves out of the water, and like a lowering cloud reached to the northern horizon. It is difficult to describe the emotion one feels at the sight of land after a sea voyage. Nor is the emotion peculiar to the first voyage, for the sailors, who, no doubt, saw these shores loom up a hundred times, watched the barren rocks with the same pleasurable excitement as any of the passengers who crossed for the first time. At sea, if anywhere, one feels his nothingness. The expanse of sky and water on a fair day, compared to the ship is, almost, as infinity brought against a cipher. But change the scene—let darkness settle over the face of the deep, the lightning flash, the thunder roll, the great ship toss as a chip in an agitated pool—and one's insignificance is overpowering.

On the re-appearance of the land, however, man again asserts his supremacy over the elements, and the passing from nobody into somebody may account for the agreeable sensation on the cry of "Land, ho!"

While still in sight of England we took aboard a pilot. Though the day was as fair and the sea as

calm as one could wish, yet the little boat was at times fairly lifted out of the water. After several attempts and a considerable wetting the pilot was taken up, and, heading across the channel, we soon lost sight of land. It is fourteen hours' journey from the time land is sighted until Havre is reached. About eight in the evening the bright beam of a distant lighthouse told us we were within sight of France. From this time until landing the hours went slowly by. Nothing could be seen but now and then a light on shore. It was midnight when we reached the twin lights of Havre. Rockets were fired and the "siren" blown for a signal from the harbor. At last it came, and we were towed slowly toward the shore. The town seemed ablaze with lights. Electric lights of all colors, gas jets and lanterns in the hundreds lined the wharves and extended far inland. It seemed like a veritable Fourth of July, but we found as we approached that the illumination was not for display but for use. The entrance is scarce wider than a canal, and passes through several bridges. We came so close to these that they seemed near enough to step upon. It was after two o'clock in the morning when we were made fast to the wharf, yet we went ashore, only just for a moment, to touch again "terra firma" and to greet "la belle France."

SEMINAIRE D' ISSY.

In America we imagine the Revolution to have occurred about the time of the Flood, and the Landing of the Pilgrims to have taken place almost at the beginning of time. But on this side of the water it is different, for while the American Revolution was among the possibilities, and the Plymouth Rock was

still unknown, this building had existence and might have been considered old. The old building, or chateau,—there are two new wings—is said to have been built by the wife of Henry IV. The same stone floor that we now use once echoed to the tread of Catherine de Medici and the “good” Queen Bess. I doubt not but what this spot has been hallowed by the feet of St. Vincent de Paul, for he was the director of M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians.

The structure is two and one-half stories in height, and is built of stone, with cemented surface. Its moss-grown tiled roof seems to have been pushed down from above, and juts out between the windows in far-projecting eaves. The old-fashioned portal is a masterpiece of its kind. It consists of two arches, each surmounted by a cross, and between them a statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child. Here the cement has been replaced, and marks the spot where several persons were shot during the Commune. From the casement above—there are no windows in the house—one looks down upon the Rue Victor Hugo, which stretches for fully a mile, without a bend, through a most beautiful country. Still further on the Seine winds its lazy length between the hills. Passing through the portal into the grounds proper a most beautiful prospect is opened up. Directly in front, in the middle of a fine avenue lined with hedges and flowers, is a small fountain; in its waters are gold fish, so tame as to come to a call. Beyond, canopied by a spreading elm, rises the figure of our Lady of Mount Carmel. To the right and left are vistas, each terminating with a shrine. Here, too, is a grotto marking the spot where Fenelon and Bossuet held their memorable discussion on the rule of ascetic life. And here begins a tunnel of several hundred yards in

length that was used for escape during the last Commune. Passing under the street and through another vista more beautiful than the ones just left, you reach the chapel of Loretto, an exact fac-simile of the original, even to a crack in the wall. These are but a few of the many shrines about the grounds. Still one other must not go unmentioned. It has been called, in jest (though it might be named so in all seriousness), "Notre Dame des Bombs." The pedestal, which is about four feet high and three feet thick, is made wholly of cannon balls and bullets picked up on the grounds after the last war. The figure of Our Lady, cast from the same metal, stands upon a high bomb shell, as we have seen her represented standing above the world. From this rising ground a fine view of the city is obtained. It is surrounded by a continuous fortification. This is acknowledged to be a useless expenditure of energy, for the enemy lies not without, but within those walls. The first object that strikes the eye is the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon I. His body lies under a weight of a hundred tons—a precaution to prevent his devoted subjects throwing it into the Seine. To the left, the Trocadero, with its massive towers and golden goddess, forms a striking picture. In front of this, just above the common level, rises the base of the new Tower of Babel, which is being built for the Exhibition of '89, and which is expected to reach the height of 1000 feet. Beyond is the Arc de Triomphe, with its record of a hundred battles. Still further on another line of fortifications, and then again the country. Such is a vague idea of our retreat, where

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
We keep the peaceful tenor of our way."

OUR ROOM.

I say "our room" because it is occupied in common with Mr. Quirk. At first we had separate and modern rooms, but when a chance occurred for a double room we took it. We are now in the old building, on the sunny side of the house, overlooking the park and fountain. The view from the casement is very beautiful, but the room itself can hardly be called so. Its dimensions are about 20 feet by 14 feet; small pentangular tiles are used for flooring; the ceiling is covered with whitewashed rafters scarce their own width apart; a large old-fashioned chimney and fireplace, two little iron beds, and one small cupboard describes the room as we found it. We have, however, made a few additions. Two large mats cover the stone and keep the dampness out; these, with two steamer chairs, a few maps, two brass coffee pots, and a roaring fire, give our apartments an air of sumptuousness which the simple Frenchmen here think surpassing fine.

We are, as you know, our own chambermaids, and at the same time landlord and office boy. The one room answers for parlor, study, and chamber. Fortunately we have no visitors, or we would have to try some of the Mikado tactics. For instance, this side of the crack in the wall would be our parlor, behind the desk would be our private office, and over the mat would be our lodging. Under these circumstances, however, I fear the visitor would get mixed up. We have not yet decided who is boss of the house, but this causes no inconvenience, for Ed does as I tell him and I do as I please. We hold everything in common, and have order down so fine as to humbly ask, in the words of our old friend, "May we come out from under our bed?"

Nearly every Frenchman has a little teapot in his room, with which, old-maid like, he makes his evening potation. We are not behind in this respect, and have two little brass coffee pots, and serve the steaming beverage at three minutes' notice. "Chocolat" is very commonly used. We get no warm drink for dinner or supper, and so this little draught goes very well.

OUR WALKS.

We have but one holiday, properly so called, in the whole year, and that is the second of January. Every Wednesday, however, we have a walk and visit some places of interest on the outskirts of Paris. Sometimes it is the woods of Boulogne, a beautiful park of hundreds of acres; sometimes a burying-ground; then a castle, and occasionally a monastery. After reaching our destination we have a scatter for about an hour, during which time the walk is divided in groups of threes or fours who recite the office of the Blessed Virgin. Part of this is to be said kneeling, and it looks strange at first sight to see these little groups kneeling here and there all over the grounds. On the walk home the rosary is said. The sight of such a number of ecclesiastics is by no means uncommon, and in passing along the street it is totally ignored or scoffed at. By the roadside are dozens of beggars, mostly cripples, old hags and ragged children. I saw a poor fellow, who had but one leg and neither a crutch nor a cane; he hopped down the road after us, bare headed and squalid, and it seemed every moment as if he would fall. To avoid these annoyances each seminarian gives a sou or more to the almoner, who distributes the sum to the wayside unfortunates. Some interesting stories

are told of these adventurers—they are no less—with stray ecclesiastics who happen into a rough part of the city. If they escape a beating they consider themselves fortunate. However, it is said, if a person speaks English he escapes many insults to which the poor Frenchmen are subjected. The reason is that every English speaking person, especially Americans, are thought to carry knives and revolvers, and those who offer the insults are the greatest cowards. We have experienced no unpleasantness beyond being crowed at by some little ones who shout "caw, caw, caw." Of course these are in no way to blame, for they have but learned the lesson from their elders. The only reason why things are so is because the very sight of these unoffending and holy men is a reproach to wickedness which its devotees cannot withstand.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Issy, près Paris,

April 2, 1888.

My Dear Mother:

Let this be your letter; yet I doubt if such, or any proof of my remembrance be needed. K——'s letter arrived safely, and the good news it carries is always a source of pleasure for me. May it be so in the years to come. The papers were received, and the amusement they furnished was in good time.

Lent is over and I know you would like to hear how we kept the holy season. Pretty much as at home, except every Saturday was a fast day and the last Thursday with the rest. Our ordinary breakfast, the whole year round, would be considered good fasting, for it consists of a kind of soup, or coffee and bread if you pay five cents extra. The only retrenchment we could make on this was to go without it, which

we did for a short time. The rest of the fasting was fasting from meat, that is about all. We have had beans in all shapes, except in the inimitable and never-to-be-forgotten *à la mode Boston*. We are on intimate terms with macaroni, and know, if not the name, at least the taste of every vegetable from a cabbage down to grass. But, for all this, you must not think we fare badly, for these dishes are made very palatable, and more than once I have surprised myself in the middle of a very hearty meal on my old enemies. I think, on the whole, that the fast is as well observed in America as here. The Holy Week services were the same as at home, except that a hundred and fifty seminarians made up the choir and congregation. On Palm Sunday we had a very imposing procession around the grounds. The ceremony of knocking on the church door with the Cross, and demanding admission in the name of Christ, is certainly very imposing; it is a part of the liturgy for this Sunday. On the last days of the week we had *Tenebræ*, and the watch before the Blessed Sacrament all during the night. Easter came, and, as with Christmas, we scarcely knew our old friend. The weather was fine, the joy was general, but there was something wanting to make the day complete. We could hardly tell what it was. Perhaps it was the dear familiar faces and the accustomed hearty greetings, that are prized too late, and their loss is more keenly felt on occasions like these. Perhaps it was—oh! prosaic thought—the missing ham and eggs; for this feature of Easter was conspicuous by its absence. After Easter come the *Grande Congés*, or full holidays. These will put spurs to time, and carry us quickly on to vacation. The first one will be to-morrow, and all look forward to it as a kind of Fourth of July. The seminarians come from

Paris, about two hundred and fifty; these, with our one hundred and fifty, will make things lively. Mr. Quirk has received a baseball from home, and we expect to have a game. If we would be allowed to take off the cassock we would have a fine baseball suit: knee breeches, low shoes, etc., but the very thought of such a thing would shock a Frenchman to death, though in other things they are by no means sensitive. With their idea of propriety, I am afraid the ball game will be somewhat tame.

But to return to our keeping of Holy Week. On Tuesday we visited Notre Dame. It would be useless to attempt a description. You have the photograph, and this will give the best idea of the place. Our visit, however, was not one of curiosity or of idle sight-seeing, but one of devotion and reverence for this deeply-hallowed spot. There is a treasury connected with the church, and here are shown church ornaments and saintly relics representing all the periods of the Church's history. The vessels used by Charlemagne, the gifts of St. Louis, vestments given by Marie Antoinette, the coronation robes of Napoleon, and the simple garb of his saintly prisoner, Pius VII. are all to be seen. Here, too, are the ghastly memorials of three bloody crusades against man and God, that of three revolutions. Among these are the pierced and blood-stained cassocks of three archbishops. The ornaments and vestments are most costly and complete, representing, no doubt, thousands and thousands of dollars. The relics have another worth, and, though not weighed in the sordid balance of this world's goods, are far above their price. It was not even these we came to see, but it was to venerate the instruments of the passion of our Divine Lord; not to look upon the bejewelled

diadem of a prince of this earth, but to behold the self-same crown of thorns that pierced the head of the King of Glory. Instead of a sceptre we saw a nail, and a piece of the Cross recalled the throne that was erected on Calvary. These precious treasures were discovered at Jerusalem by St. Helena, and their genuineness was attested by many miracles. A short time after they were found they were brought to France with great solemnity and deposited in a beautiful chapel built for their reception by Saint Louis. During the many storms that have passed over the city since that time they have been miraculously preserved, and are exposed to the veneration of the faithful during Holy Week. At other times during the year their whereabouts are unknown, except to the faithful who guard them with their lives. The thorns have been taken, one by one, from the crown, and at different times given to the various churches throughout the world, so that nothing remains but the twisted branches, and these are covered with glass and bound in gold. The nail is affixed to the centre of a large cross, and is protected in the same way as the crown; it is about the length of a finger, and looks cruel indeed. The piece of the Cross is about $6 \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. We were allowed to kiss the encasement of each sacred article.

While I have been writing this, my dear mother, we have received a rather distinguished visitor—the Holy Ghost. Not, however, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, but a director of the house who makes an official visit on this day, giving the “calls.” It is for this reason he has received his title, for he tells the seminarians who are to receive orders from the Tonsure to the Priesthood. We were fortunate enough to be among the number, and, if nothing

happens, will receive our first order, Tonsure, on the Saturday before Trinity Sunday. By the way, there are two or three men in the class that the Bishop will find it difficult to get any of their hair to cut, for they are even more bald than Ben Butler.

The fine weather here makes us think of the approaching summer, and its coming holidays are anxiously awaited. We expect as "the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest," that our crest will be the neglected "beavers." Although a tall hat is not the regulation article for climbing mountains, still it will be hard on us if we cannot work it in one way or another. We have not determined on a program for the summer as yet, for we have the embarrassment of choice. Most of the English speaking fellows go to the seaside in Normandy, for at least a short stay. They wear the cassock all the time, and it is needless to say, are thus deprived of the pleasures of the roller-coaster, flying horses, etc., etc., dissipations so freely indulged in at our fashionable watering places in America. They stop with some old French curé in a little town by the sounding sea, take a pinch of snuff when asked, and let the old fellow beat in a game of chess. Another way to pass these days is at a convent on the coast, where the fare is good and the rate is reasonable. Mr. P——, the third seminarian for our diocese, did this last year and found it most pleasant and the Sisters very kind and considerate. We have almost settled to first visit Lourdes, and then go to Switzerland for a few weeks. The mountain scenery in this country is the most famous and most beautiful in the world. * * * * *

But I am drawing this letter out too far, and I beg you to forgive this conglomeration of events * * *

Good-bye for awhile * * * * Love to Father
and all at home, and to yourself, Mother dear, from
Your dutiful son,

JOHN.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Issy, près Paris,

June 27, 1888.

My dear Sister:

Several of your letters remain to be answered. The reason is that the examinations have intervened, and left me little spare time. All are over now, the year's work is finished, happily and successfully, thank God, and I hope the remaining ones may end likewise. Glad to hear all are well * * * * * It looks now as if it will be impossible for me to get to Lourdes this summer. Tommie will not be more disappointed at this than I am. For many reasons I feel it is better to wait until I am ordained, if God so wills, and then I can say one of my first Masses there. There is another shrine of our Lady of Chartres, about seventy-five miles from here, to which some of the seminarians make a pilgrimage on foot. This Mr. Q—— and myself intend to do about the first of August. Hope this will, in some measure, make up for our disappointment in not going to Lourdes. * * * * *

This will be the last opportunity I will have to write at length before starting on my trip. The term closes on Thursday next, and while I write all the things are piled up in the middle of the floor. We intend to wait for the ordination of one of our friends, which will take place at the Foreign Missions on the 8th of July.

We have not fully settled our route of travel, but think we will go to Switzerland, stopping at places of

interest such as Fontainebleau, where Pius VII. was confined by Napoleon, and then to the great monasteries of La Trappe and of Chartreuse. I will keep an account of my ramblings and send it home. I use the word "rambling" for that is what we are going to do. We are only going to take a grip-sack, sack-coats and flannel shirts, and rough it for a part of the time at least. * * * * * Say a special prayer for me during the vacation. Love to Father, Mother, and each one at home, and give a big share to my Baby.

Your fond brother,

JOHN.

Before the account of his ramblings were noted, there is a hastily penned article written in his diary on the subject of Foreign Missions, which reveals the spirit of zeal that even at this early period of his life burned in his own apostolic heart. It reads as follows: "To-day I have seen the foreign missionaries leave for their fields of labor. May the memory never grow dim; for such a sight in prosperity will temper joy, in adversity it will lighten sorrow, and at all times it will restore or awaken confidence! The departure of the missionaries is always looked forward to with much interest, and no one misses the opportunity to attend the exercises. The consequence is, that we, the students, must go in alphabetical order, and my initial placed me among the first to attend. Mr. Q—— was fortunate enough to find a place with us and so we went together.

"A long walk of almost an hour brought us well into the middle of Paris, and to the Seminaire des Missionnaire Etrangers. Once inside its solemn porch, the bustle and noise of the city ceases and the placid

quietude of a sanctuary pervades the place. The building is a massive stone structure five stories high and flanking on two sides a neat little park. To the left of the main entrance is the Salle des Martyrs, a room devoted to the relics of their martyred ones. The room is about 25x25 feet, and the four walls with their cabinets are covered with the insignias of death and torture, the thorny path in which these holy men follow their Master up to heaven. Their martyrs number hundreds, and hundreds still await their turn with impatience, when they, too, may lay down their lives for the Faith. In the cases around the room are the crosiers and vestments of several bishops and apostolic delegates who met death in India, China, and the remote East. Here, too, are the knife, fork, and spoon of some poor missionary, the patched and ragged handkerchief of another, the well worn breviary, the piece of coarse habit, the chalice, the rosary of others. Beside these are the ropes with which forty martyrs were strangled, the chains with which they were bound, cotton saturated with the precious blood, a strip of carpet upon which one holy man was hacked to pieces; the death sentence of another written in Chinese characters upon a board which is driven into the ground before the victim; a bloody scimitar near this shows how faithfully the sentence was executed. Here is the awful rack, a consummation of Chinese diabolical ingenuity. It consists of two sticks about eight feet in length, placed seven inches apart, with two braces in the middle and one at each end. The braces in the middle fit about the neck of the unfortunate, and those at the ends serve as handles for the executioners. A hundred different torments, such as only Satan could devise, can be accomplished by this machine.

The end is usually the wrenching of the head from the body. Such are the treasures these men seek in the Orient. When weighed before God, these poor little scraps will be far more precious than the finest gold or fairest jewels that are found in the same sacred spot. 'Tis here the future martyrs learn how to suffer and how to die.

"At about three o'clock in the afternoon the exercises began. First, a large Chinese bell was struck with a hammer, and this summoned us to the lower end of the garden, to a beautiful little chapel of the Blessed Virgin. The bell is about five feet high, and was brought from China. It is struck only on occasions like this. The chapel is made of lattice work, and is sexangular in shape, having four of its sides open. It is dedicated to Regina Confessorum and Regina Martyrum. The statue of the Blessed Virgin stands above a hundred candles on a beautiful altar. The antependium was red, such as is used in the service for martyrs, and bore for symbols the rack and scimitar. Within the little chapel the ten missionaries knelt, without there were at least three hundred ecclesiastics. They first sang a farewell song in French, those outside singing each alternate verse. I could only catch a few words: 'Adieu, mon cher, à la mort,' 'Farewell, my love, until death.' Those within the chapel then sang a kind of litany, in which they invoked three times 'Regina Apostolorum' and twice 'Regina Confessorum and Regina Martyrum.' After this they solemnly intoned the 'Sub tuum praesidium,' or, 'We fly to thy patronage,' and their voices rose like incense on the chilly air of this November afternoon.

"The exercises in the large chapel then followed, and these were more impressive, if such could be

possible, than the preceding ones. The body of the church was filled with ecclesiastics of all orders; behind an iron grating in the rear were the nuns and a few favored lay people; above these were two galleries, the first was filled with friends of the missionaries, and the second was occupied by a choir of male voices. A sermon was preached by a venerable old priest, who dwelt upon the holiness of their vocation, their apostolic spirit, their martyred predecessors, and their crucified Lord. After the sermon they advanced and stood upon the lowest altar step, facing the people. It was at this time we obtained our best view of them. They were ten in number, and apparently between thirty and thirty-five years of age. Nearly all were above the ordinary height, well proportioned, and handsome. All had full beards, some thin, just revealing the oval outline of their lower features, and as they stood for a moment motionless, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, their jet black locks brushed back from their broad, noble foreheads, their large meek eyes downcast, they looked for all the world, as we have seen represented, their sanctified predecessors, St. Francis Xavier and St. Vincent de Paul. This physical perfection of the missionaries is attained and preserved by a course of training, exercise, and diet, and only the strongest men are chosen for this work.

"While they stood upon the altar step the long train of ecclesiastics filed up before them, and each one knelt and kissed their feet, then rising, gave an embrace peculiar but common to these parts. It consists of placing your left cheek against theirs, and then the right. Each one whispered to us as we passed some parting word, as, 'Priez pour moi,' 'Adieu, mon ami'—'Pray for me,' 'Good-bye, my friend.' When

some dear friend gave this last embrace it was touching to see the affectionate clasp, but they always parted with a smile, while those about could not repress a tear.

"During this time the choir sang a canticle and psalms most appropriate for such an occasion. After each stanza those in the body of the church added the refrain, 'Going into the world, teach all nations.' Thus the choir sang 'He hath raised up a horn of salvation to us in the house of David his servant.' The people, 'Going then into the world, teach all nations.' The choir, 'And thou, child, shalt be called a prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.' The people, 'Going then, etc.' The choir, 'To give knowledge of salvation to His people, unto the remission of their sins.' The people, 'Going then, etc.' The choir, 'To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace.'

"This ceremony over, Benediction was given by the Vicar Apostolic of Siam. In the presence of the Blessed Sacrament the missionaries knelt, and, invoking their crucified Lord, the Queen of Martyrs, St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, they made a solemn promise to perform the mission intrusted to them. With Benediction the exercises closed and the people dispersed.

"On their way to the station the little band was followed by a large crowd eager to receive their parting blessing. Mothers brought their children, the sick and the lame dragged themselves to the spot where they knew the missionaries would pass, and prince and beggar alike esteemed their last benediction.

"After contemplating such heroic devotion, who would say that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith asks too much in the few pennies it receives from the faithful?"

The memory of the Foreign Missionaries never grew dim in the years that followed, for they made an indelible impression that day upon the heart and soul of the young seminarian. In after life he was often heard to say that it would have been his delight to labor in distant lands, and that it would be deepest solace for him to work among those "who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." But God was fitting him for labor elsewhere, and he resigned himself to what he knew to be His will.

In July of this same year he says in one of his letters, "You may be somewhat surprised that this letter is dated from Paris, although it is the 17th of July. Well at the close of the term the weather was too cold to go either to the mountains or to the seashore, and as we had considerable to arrange we put up in town with the lady of whom I spoke in my account of New Year's Day. The place is quite removed from the busy part of the city and there are six or eight other ecclesiastics in the house. The lady is very, very kind and thoughtful, and the place is the nearest to home that we could have possibly found. We have passed the time in sight seeing, for during the nine months of seminary life we see no more of Paris than you who are so far away. Many of the common sights of the city we did not see until now. We have witnessed the celebration of the 14th of July, which fête corresponds to our 4th. The principal features were a review of about fifty thousand soldiers and an illumination of the city. The latter far surpasses anything of the kind in America, but the fire-works are inferior to ours for they did not have a single set piece. The

celebration was very quiet—very different from the bedlam of our Fourth. We saw, perhaps, the only attempt at any disturbance. In the Place de la Concorde there are several statues representing the different provinces of France. Among these is one of Alsace Lorraine, the province taken by Germany in the last war. While all the others were gaily festooned this one was draped in mourning and guarded by a company of police. As we stood looking at the statue, a small party of Boulangists made a rush for it, but were repelled without difficulty by the police. The strangest part of the celebration was that there was dancing all night in the middle of the roads of the principal boulevards, sometimes to the music of a hand organ and sometimes to the rasping of an old fiddler perched upon a barrel-head in a convenient corner. The fire-works were sent off from the great tower that is being built for the Exposition of next year, and which is already an enormous height."

For an idea of this first vacation in Europe, some details from the seminarian's own diary, written from day to day as he journeyed on, often amidst many difficulties, cannot but be interesting and instructive.

July, 1888. There are many ways of making a trip through Switzerland; on foot, by rail, pay as you go, or go as you pay. We chose the last. It may seem a little paradoxical, but it simply means that we bought a round trip ticket and of course had to go as we paid. Our ticket included Paris, Bâle, Lucerne, Interlaken, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, and Paris.

PARIS TO BÂLE.

A sudden change in arrangements gave me Mr. H—— for a traveling companion instead of Mr. Quirk who decided to make the trip in the Fall on his way

to Austria. A more genial fellow than this friend of mine could not be found. On nearly all subjects we are a unit and my only fear is, that the law of mating unlikes not being observed, it may result in some unforeseen complications.

The few of our friends remaining in town came with us as far as the "Gare de l'est" to wish us God-speed and give us a "college send off." This latter part of the program had to be dispensed with, as the bulky form of the railroad guard interposed and demanded tickets of the whole party or no admission to the enclosure. So with a quiet good-bye we took our places in the train. We were fortunate enough to secure a compartment with but two others—a very desirable arrangement on a night trip, for it gives a chance to sleep. After a few words in French, one of our neighbors asked us in the plainest Yankee dialect, from what part of America we came. The other, arriving a few minutes later, began some inquiries in French but soon dropped it for his mother-tongue, which revealed him to be an Englishman. This was an additional good fortune, and before the train had started we had become fast friends. When the conversation began to flag and night had shut out from view the beautiful country through which we passed, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and were soon in the land of Nod.

The first gray streaks of dawn revealed to our sleepy eyes a considerable change in the country through which we passed. At first it became undulating, and later rose in well defined hills. A short time after we passed the enormous fortifications of the French frontier. These were mostly earth-works, raised to a great height, and many of them planted

with forests. While yet the moon held her own against the encroaching day we breakfasted at a little station on the roadside. The fare was plain and wholesome, and a good sample of a Swiss breakfast. It consisted of coffee, bread, cheese, and honey. This, after the luncheon furnished by our thoughtful hostess at Paris, filled up pretty well the void made by the night. Another hour brought us to Bâle or Basel, by which latter name it is known to its inhabitants. Here commenced the trouble of Babel; German, French, and English all talking at the same time.

Bâle is situated in the northwestern part of Switzerland, and is the capital of its canton, with a population of about seventy thousand people. It was here we caught the first glimpse of the Rhine, beautiful as a dream and hallowed by song and story. At this point it winds from out interminable hills, and in a half circle sweeps through the town. It is about two hundred yards in width, its waters are of a blue-green color and its current fully five miles an hour. Four fine bridges span its breadth.

The most conspicuous edifice of the town is the Münster, which was formerly the Cathedral of the see of Bâle. It occupies a most magnificent site, on a kind of parapet rising from the river to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The building is of a peculiar red sand-stone and is built in Gothic style, with two tapering towers. The Münster dates from 1010 to 1500. The work of restoration is going on at present and the new tiles, white and yellow, in diamond shapes, make a sad contrast to the sombre pile beneath. The interior of the church—ten cents to enter—is cold and bare as a barn. The elevation for the altar is now occupied by rows of

benches facing the body of the church. Around the sides are several tombs of bishops, built into the walls, with a reclining figure in relief. The nose, ears, fingers, etc., are always missing from these figures, and a sorry sight they present. One of the pillars bears the tombstone of Erasmus. It was in this Cathedral that the council of Basilius was held for the ostensible purpose of the "reformation of the church in head and members." The council was dissolved and its members excommunicated by Pope Eugene IV. in 1448. A mediæval collection of curios occupies three floors in a building adjoining the church. We found the old musical instruments most interesting. Among these were several harpsichords that tinkled like jews-harps. A head connected with the clock tower at regular intervals stuck out a long red tongue. The original Dance of Death is exhibited on stone or plaster fragments about one metre square. They once adorned the wall of the Dominican burial ground and were painted early in the 15th century. Among the church articles were several missals about four feet long and the same in width, and having the notes on vellum the size of large dice.

A beautiful cloister of the 15th century is constructed on two sides of the church. It was used as a burial place. It is covered by a pitched roof, and through the handsome Gothic and glassless casements a fine view is had of the river beneath and the Black Forest beyond.

The attendant who showed us about the place was a queer compound. He spoke a little French, less English, and a great deal of German. He accosted us in such a way that I thought we were going to be arrested. He gesticulated, pointed, talked all the while, and finally pulled out some tickets and de-

manded a franc. We gave him one, and he gave us a ticket and immediately took it away again, for he was ticket taker as well as ticket agent. In showing us the curiosities he would stop suddenly in the middle of a sentence of German and French and say "sword," lest we might take that weapon for a pick-axe. We would say "Vraiment?" and he would add "Yah, Oui, Yes."

Just beneath the walls of the terrace was a ferry plying back and forth across the river. The boat, with a small canopy for the stern, was attached to a single cable that reached from shore to shore. No oar or paddle of any kind was used, and, for a long time, we were at a loss to know what was its propelling power. Finally we discovered that by a simple application of a well-known principle of physics the current is utilized for this purpose. It is like this: An iron rod is attached to one side of the prow of the boat, and this is connected with the cable, causing the boat to make an angle of about thirty degrees with the direction of the stream. Then the pull of the chain up the stream towards the cable, and the force of the current in the opposite direction, causes the boat to move in the line of the resultant of the two forces, or across the river. To return, the iron rod is but shifted to the other side of the prow and the angle made in the other direction.

At Bâle there is a picture gallery, but we failed to gain admission to it. Its most noted pictures are those of the two Holbein.

The University occupies several buildings of considerable size, but, like all European universities, it makes no pretensions to beauty.

One of the works of the Renaissance affected us

more than the rest. It was the sight of an old church, immense in its proportions, and not bad in its design, converted into a dirty storehouse for butter, lard, etc. A lone stork perched upon the shattered spire would at first be mistaken for a weather vane.

We saw little else of the town and took the train for Lucerne, a ride of about four and a half hours.

BÂLE TO LUCERNE.

The Swiss train is very much like our own, and consequently differs from those of France and Germany, which are made up of compartments. Our neighbors on this trip merit description. Across the aisle was a party of Americans, four young men from about fourteen to forty. I say young, for the one of forty wore a kind of lawn tennis suit, and felt as young as the youngest. The one of fourteen was old-fashioned enough to be included in the category. There were also five or six ladies in the party, but these we could not see owing to the high back seats. Our vis-à-vis was a little sandy-haired French abbé and his mother. We had met them a few hours previous and, having inquired the direction of the church we struck up an acquaintance. True to his promise the little abbé had hunted us up, and, through no fault of ours, had found us. He was about thirty years old, short, and as lively as a cricket. She looked too young to be his mother, and I never saw anyone so delighted as she was when we told her that we thought she was his sister. They were a most affectionate pair. He would sometimes pat her on the cheek at some precocious trait she told of him, and call her his "bonne mère." He was too busy,

however, with the scenery about to catch all the good things she said of him. Among the rest, she said she still had to support this "horrid boy" of hers, as he gave all his money to the poor. And I really believed her, for he seemed the best-natured of men. As the train wound in among the valleys and the great hills rose into mountains, Monsieur l'Abbé's enthusiasm heightened accordingly. He was on all sides of the car at once, bareheaded and field glasses in hand. "Voilà une belle eglise!" "Magnifique!" "Mon Dieu, sublime!" Thus he went through the whole vocabulary of exclamations, and his rapture knew no bounds. In striking contrast with this was the "sang froid" of our countrymen across the way. They leaned languidly back and discussed the baseball situation at home, scarcely deigning to bestow a single glance on the magnificent spectacle before them, as if wishing people to infer they had in their country such sights as this in their back yards, or that it was only the vulgar who express admiration for the most stupendous works in nature.

Here and there the road skirted the shores of a placid lake, whose surface reflected every cloud perfectly, as in a mirror.

On the opposite side we caught the first sight of the eternal snows, so like the silver cloud that hung above it seemed a part of it, and, as if tired of its aerial wanderings, had descended there to rest awhile. The day was very hot, and while actually suffering from the heat it was hard to realize that snow and ice were within range of our vision.

It was dusk when we reached Lucerne.

LUCERNE.

The first view of Lucerne is one of surpassing beauty. Directly in front spreads the lake for several miles in all directions. To the left is the Rigi, covered with verdure to its very summit. To the right the Pilatus, black and frowning as that judge of old, pierces the very clouds, while in the arena of the amphitheatre thus formed lies the quaint little city. Our small party soon found accommodations and the first care of M. l'Abbé's mother was to examine our beds, and make them ready for the night. A few minutes later and we all dined together. It was the most pleasant meal I had for months. A stroll through the town after night-fall completed the evening's program. A storm had been gathering for some time, and though the rain did not yet fall, the thunder fairly shook the ground we stood on, and the vivid flashes of lightning showed the outlines of the impending mountains. This gave us an idea of a mountain storm, and when the rain came down, not in drops, but in sheets, we could pity any belated travelers on the heights above.

The principal monument is the "Lion of Lucerne." In a grotto in the face of a cliff is a dying lion, transfixed by a broken lance, and sheltering between his paws the Bourbon lily. It is hewn from the natural rock, and commemorates the death of twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers of the Swiss Guard who fell in defence of the Tuileries, Paris, Aug. 10, 1792. Their names are on the rock about, and in front is a small pool and fountain.

Several large and beautiful hotels command a fine view of the lake, and on the hill sides about are many "pensions," which give life to the scene. The town, for the most part, is quite modern, but preserves several relics of the past, as the old cathedral.

Then, too, in the middle of the Reuss, or water-way, that shoots out of the lake like an arrow, is a tower, said to have been a lighthouse (*lucerna*), whence the name. Its cap is for all the world like the snuffer of a candle, which has extinguished that light for ever. An old-fashioned bridge crosses this stream at an angle. It is of wood, covered with tiles, and decorated by diamond-shaped paintings, hardly discernible now, of their patron saints. Another relic of "ye ancient days" is the wall and watch towers that surround the town. These are, of course, in a dilapidated condition, but show considerable skill, and a little attempt is made at ornament. The city is now on both sides of the wall, its gates stand open, and it winds a tortuous ascent between the houses up and down the hills, like a dying serpent.

The morning after our arrival we climbed a neighboring eminence, from which the whole country spread out as an enchantment, and there we said the morning "office." Never before did I realize the beauty of these lines. "*Lætentur cœli, et exsultet terra, commoveatur mare et plenitudo ejus; gaudebunt campi, et omnia quæ in eis sunt. * * * Montes, sicut cera fluxerunt a facie Domini; a facie Domini omnis terra. Annuntiaverunt cœli justitiam ejus.*"

"Let the heavens be glad and the earth rejoice, and let the fullness of the sea be moved, and let the fields and all things which are in them be joyful.

* * * The mountains have flowed out like wax before the face of the Lord, the whole earth before the face of the Lord. The heavens have proclaimed His justice."

When again we descended to earthly considerations the lines of Goldsmith, written from just such a

place as this, borrowed a force and beauty they never knew before.

“Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.

* * * * *

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread and charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all.”

The cathedral, to which we paid a visit, is a very rickety concern. On the wall outside is a sculpture of the “Agony in the Garden,” so old and coarse it looks as if it might have been done with a pick-axe. The canons were chanting the Office; some, old men with high, cracked voices, others with the resonance of a tunnel; little boys with dirty surplices over yellow breeches, for they wore no soutanes, and all paying more attention to us than to their prayers, was what we found here.

In our rambles early in the evening we wandered on board the little steamer that plys to and fro on the lake, and which was lying for the night at its moorings. It was about eight o'clock, and a few German officials explained to us that the boat did not leave again that night. We pretended to understand the contrary, and were settling ourselves when another was sent to try French on us. He told us that the last boat left at five, and although it was quite dark Mr. H—— innocently asked him if it were yet five. The question almost staggered him, but the offer we made him quite revived him, and in a few minutes we were on the best of terms. He told us he had been in Paris sometime, and how enthusi-

astic he grew over the beauties of the metropolis! So much so, in fact, that he spoke half-contemptuously of his own cloud-capped mountains and heaven-reflecting lakes, and longed for the city again. Few, he told us, of the bumpkins about had been so singularly favored as himself, and seen so much of the world. We learned a few particulars of the Swiss military service. The number of available men is about two hundred thousand. All have to serve a term in the army, though it is considerably shorter than in the French army. The commander-in-chief is the only Swiss official who retains his position for life. The President is elected for one year, and can fill two successive terms, after which he is ineligible. The soldiers wear clothes two or three times too large, and carry equipments heavy enough for a mule. Besides a knapsack of bearskin, an overcoat, and an ammunition box, they have several good-sized tin pans on their backs. They are solemn as undertakers, but are not bad looking, and of a good stature.

After leaving the boat landing we wandered along the water edge, that was lined with trees and well lighted by electricity. Above on the heights was, here and there, a villa or hotel brilliantly illuminated, and having the mountains for an inky background. We followed the direction of music in the distance, and soon came to the "Kursaal," where there was a light opera going on. It was in French, the singing was quite good, and the piece reminded me very much of "Victor, the Bluestocking."

LUCERNE TO ALPNACH.

The ride is about an hour. The steamer is large and very gracefully shaped, and makes very good time. There must have been several hundred on

board, and sheltered by the awning from the hot rays of the mid-day sun, with a gentle breeze blowing, and so magnificent a panorama spread out before us. Once on the way we got a better view of the town. The high parapeted walls and slender towers lift themselves above the surrounding buildings and mark distinctly the outlines of the ancient city. Along the shores of the mountain side are dozens of little villages. The houses are always picturesque, usually of two or three stories, with a low, far-projecting roof, and all of wood. These little habitations number about twenty houses, and every one of them has its little church and church-yard, where

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

There was little sign of life about the place. However, at one point approaching nearer the shore, we did see some indications of it, and a hard life it was. In a quarry on the open face of a cliff, among the laborers, we saw a woman breaking stone, and beside her, in a rude baby carriage, was an infant. If such a conjunction is necessary, God help them both.

Hills closed in behind us, as others rose before, so that neither inlet nor outlet was visible at the distance of half a mile, and the scenes were ever varied and never repeated. All too soon we reached Alpnach. It is a town scarce larger than those we saw along the shore, and nothing more than they, except it is now the terminus of the mountain railway which was finished this spring. Formerly a diligence plied between here and Brienz, in fact our tickets were marked so as to make the trip, but the completion of the railroad was a deathblow to the diligence line. A party we met in Paris had the good fortune to be on the last coach that ran, and described it to us.

The carriage was draped in mourning and the horses wore black plumes, making up a funeral cortege for the old dead line that thus went out of existence. We would rather have made the trip by diligence, but we found that what the railroad missed in romance it made up in sublimity.

ALPNACH TO BRIENZ AND INTERLAKEN.

The mountain railway, I think, is very much like that of Mount Washington and other mountains at home, so scarcely needs a full description. The rate of speed on the grade is about five or six miles an hour. The higher and higher we went the more sublime and awe-inspiring the scenery became. The road is built almost on the face of the cliff, and gives an excellent view of the valley beneath and the mountains on the opposite side. Sometimes we rattled over a chasm hundreds of feet deep, in the depths of which a maddened torrent dashed along. We got a fine glimpse of several of these ravines from the platform of the car. Sometimes we passed beneath an overhanging precipice, and again right through a corner of the cliff. About half way up we stopped to make some connections, and had an opportunity to see a picturesque group of natives, six in number, three of them women, though the first glance would not tell you that. They were raking a few handfuls of hay on a scanty plot. All wore the same high straw hats. They were dressed much after the same fashion, and the women were barefooted. As the train stopped all came to a shoulder-arms attitude with their rakes and remained perfectly motionless in a file, like six scare crows.

The higher we got the broader the view became, and

numerous snow mountains rose on all sides. The effect at first is peculiar. When suffering from the intense heat of the sun, and the verdure of summer under your feet, it is difficult to realize that there above, those silver streaks that fleck the mountain's side are not a part of that scudding cloud, and you watch in expectation to see it rise and betake itself on its aerial journey. But no, there it remains, stable as the ermine mantle just above, that came into being "when the hills were brought forth," and never yet has felt one kindly ray of the summer sun.

At the highest point of the road we made a halt and had a little refreshments, or "restauration" as the sign called it. It was here we saw, for the first time, the picturesque costume of this canton, worn by the waitresses. Though some of them were rather old, this "gentil" dress was not as unbecoming as would be expected, yet these women had the appearance of being "made up."

The descent was made in about the same time as the ascent. By little and little the objects in the valleys beneath assumed their proper proportions, the miniature villages became good-sized settlements, and the waterways that seemed small enough to step across, turned into moderately large rivers. A spin of about a half an hour on the level ground brought us to Brienz. This town has nothing more to boast of than a dozen little houses, and a charming situation in an arm of the lake of the same name. The lake, owing to the high rocky mountains that rise abruptly from its shores, seems but a few hundred yards in width, though in reality it is a mile and half. The steamboat crosses to the Giessbach, the most copious waterfall that we saw, and which, in view from the steamer, leaps over its seventh cascade and falls into the lake beneath.

There is an ingenious railroad arrangement here for the hotel on the summit. Two cars are used; one ascends while the other descends; the gravitation of the latter, weighted with water, forms the motive power.

A good story is told of a fidgety old lady who, when riding on one of these mountain railways—it might have been this one—was very much concerned for her safety, and annoyed the conductor every time he passed by inquiring what means they had to stop the train in its downward rush, should it become detached from the engine. “Oh!” said he, “we have a system of brakes which could do that.” “Well, what if they should break?” “There is a second set, independent of these, that could be used.” “What, if they would not work?” she insisted. “Then there is a rope and tackle that would answer the purpose,” said he, getting somewhat impatient. “But if this would fail,” she continued, “where would we go?” “Well,” replied he, “Madam, that depends on how you have lived.”

INTERLAKEN.

A ride of ten minutes on the railroad brought us to Interlaken. It was growing dark and chilly when we reached our destination, and we willingly sacrificed our grip-sacks to an obliging porter, and followed whither he led, we knew not where. The hotel proved to be a rather rustic concern, though clean and tidy apartments were given us for the night. At supper we were much interested in an old fellow that sat a few seats below. He was a typical “deutsche.” He was a little beyond the middle age, his hair was long and turned in at the end, and a fore-lock hung down on one side. He wore heavy iron-bound spectacles, read a newspaper, smoked a large pipe, the bowl of which

he held in his hand, and between the puffs he supped his beer from a large mug. Such a picture of contentment is seldom met. Our lodgings, after the first day, were just in front of the hotel on the hill, in a little Swiss cottage, with no obstruction between us and the lovely Jungfrau. The principal street is about a mile long, sheltered by fine walnut trees and for a great part of its length, lined with magnificent hotels. Perhaps the only object of historic interest about the place, is an old monastery and convent, dating from 1130. The buildings are now used for a hospital and prison, and the church divided for three religions. It is to the Augustinian monks who first came here that the town owes its existence. They performed the herculean labor of draining this valley between the lakes, making a channel for the waters of the lake of Brienz, which is twenty feet above those of the Lake of Thun, and transforming the bottom of a lake into a smiling valley. The buildings must have been admirably suited for the purpose for which they were intended; the old church tower is perhaps the only relic left intact, and is a monument to its builders. As to the site, there is, perhaps, no spot in the world better suited than this in which to chant, as those monks did, their orisons to the Almighty, Who declares "with Me is the beauty of the field." The monastery was suppressed during the time of the Reformation.

On Sunday we assisted at Mass, and heard the sermon preached in German and French. In the afternoon we took a ramble on the Kleine Rugen, a beautiful wooded hill a short distance from the town. After a good climb we reached the summit, and were more than amply repaid for the effort. From this point, through a clearing in the trees, we could

see the whole valley Bodeli and both the lakes. From the hillside opposite us, and several miles away, we heard music and laughter, and now and then the rattling of a wagon over the road, but could see nothing owing to the dense woods. As we descended the music appeared to come nearer to us, and we determined to find it, but it seemed to elude us, and like a cricket's chirping was first on one side and then on the other. The longer it avoided us the sweeter it became, and the more resolved were we to find it. At last it was just beneath us, and down the hillside we sped, in imminent danger of breaking our necks, and fairly burst upon a poor one-legged organ-grinder, working his instrument for dear life. Well, for a few minutes we were in doubt whether to break the machine or give the poor fellow a few sous for the joke. We did the latter. Later, a little girl of seven or eight years, with bare arms, a tow head, bright blue eyes, and a skin of tan, came running after us with a bunch of mountain flowers in her outstretched hand. We took a few of them and gave her some pennies, which she did not seem to expect, and off she scampered up the hill again. I am sorry there was not some Edelweiss among the flowers, if there were I would send it home. It is a great favorite here, and is worn by all. It resembles a small star fish, is of an ash color, and grows at a great height—too high for me to climb for it. The children here are the picture of health; they wear no sleeves, are always bare-headed, often bare-legged, and form a striking contrast to the doll-like babies met in Paris. Our new quarters in a Swiss cottage gave us an opportunity to see how the Swiss people live. First of all, they are very clean and tidy. The women, at least, have to work hard, even to menial

labor. I had forgotten to leave my shoes at the door, and when I inquired for a blacking brush the next morning a stout, strapping damsel rolled up her sleeves and told me to stick out my foot, that she was the bootblack. She seemed more offended at my refusal to permit her than an American girl would be if I asked her to shine them. At table all were very polite, and your neighbor never forgot to wish you "a good appetite" when sitting down, and "a good digestion" when leaving the table. On the roads, too, young and old would touch their hats and bid "good-day."

THE LAKE OF THUN.

The road from Interlaken, like that to it, is by rail and steamboat. The second lake is more beautiful than the first. The hillsides, well cultivated with grain and vines, slope gently to the water's edge, and here and there a ruined tower and a modern chateau give variety, if such be needed. In the far distance a range of snow-capped mountains replace the Jungfrau. The water of the lake is a bluish-green tint, and specked here and there with very pretty boats. One, nearer to us, carried a bright-colored awning, and was rowed by a woman, who seemed to be piloting a party of pleasure seekers. Our fellow passengers were much the same as those we had met before,—talkative women, men with outlandish suits and the inevitable Alpine stick. Perhaps two-thirds of those on the boat spoke English, and each one supposed he was the only one, and that he could say what he pleased. An Englishman behind me was correcting a French lady for using the word "prospect" in describing a view. "Hi might 'ave a 'prospect' of a 'undred thousand pounds," said he, "but you can't

say 'prospect' of a country." He evidently knew more about pounds than compounds, and the only prospect he knew was the only one he cared for.

While I stood watching the distant hills through a pair of field glasses I noticed a gentleman at my elbow whom I had heard speak English. He, like the rest, thought he was the only English-speaking person aboard, so for the fun of it I turned suddenly and asked him if he wished to look through the glasses. He stammered "Oui,—yes,—no, I didn't know you spoke English." He proved to be an Irishman, and we were soon talking Home Rule, a subject that was very near to his heart, and in the cause of which he was a warm supporter.

The town of Thun, from a distance—for we did not go very near it—is of a very mediæval build. It is on a hill, and counts many chateaux with high towers and conical caps.

From this point the train leaves for Berne.

BERNE.

Berne is a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, and is the seat of government of the Swiss confederation. Of all the cities of Switzerland it has best preserved its mediæval appearance. There are four or five quite large streets, and their width is in no wise impaired by their sidewalks, as these latter are formed by arcades. These arcades are a distinguishing feature of the town, and no doubt are the prototype of those of the Louvre at Paris. They are, however, low and heavy, and usually between the arches are two stone benches, which serve for diverse purposes, from resting a weary tramp to the workshop of a cobbler or the display of wares. The

store windows are at a disadvantage here, but not so at the Louvre, where the same idea is better carried out. It seems a perfect solution to the problem of street widening in large cities, though I have heard the idea was ridiculed in Boston. Through the middle of the street runs an open sewer of perhaps two feet in width, and at about every hundred yards is a fountain. The escutcheon of Berne is a shield with the figure of a bear, and the old bruin is found at every turn, mostly in effigy, yet not always, for a bear pit is kept here at the expense of the city. On the principal street there are several clock towers of ingenious arrangement, by which a crow announces the approaching hour, after which bells are rung and a procession of little bears file around a sitting figure. During the day there is hardly any traffic in the streets, but the early morning finds it busy enough. The whole road is covered with stands, mostly for vegetables, and the people that are not selling are buying. They do not shout their wares, and a better-natured gathering would be hard to find. It is a rare thing to see a horse in the street, and men and women in a kind of harness seem to answer the purpose. The principal building of the town is again a cathedral, and, again, most beautifully situated, but in the same sorry plight as those we saw at Bâle, Lucerne, and Interlaken.

I am sending you a picture of Berne and the Bernese Alps. I have never seen anything in my life so majestically grand and sublimely beautiful as those hundred miles of silver heights that sparkled in the afternoon sunlight. Such a scene is perhaps not so awe-inspiring as the Pilatus, shrouded in a thundercloud like another Sinai, while the voice of the Almighty shakes the ground you stand on, and yet, as Ruskin remarks, "it is not in the broad

and fierce manifestations of elemental energy, nor in the clash of hail, nor in the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in the quiet and unobtruded passages of obtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood, things which the angels work out for us eternally; which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessings of beauty given.

* * * those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and the voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and the glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and distinctness of the simple words, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

We found here a legal requirement that was evidently intended to do away with one species of proceedings not the least interesting on the legal docket, that of breach of promise. It was a number of printed promises of marriage, posted in a public square, in great large letters. In the evening we visited a kind of casino and saw a German comedy. The piece was very well set and the acting quite good, but the plot of the play remains a mystery to this day.

LAKE GENEVA.

On our trip from Chillon to Geneva we skirted the shores of this beautiful lake for almost its entire length, a distance of about fifty miles. The view ob-

tained from this shore is considered one of the finest in the world, and a French writer ranks it with the Hellespont and the Bay of Naples. Unfortunately, we could but form a very imperfect idea of its beauty owing to the wet weather. The mountains on the opposite shore seemed but blackened clouds, and the blue waters of the lake were beaten into white-capped waves, while the picturesque luggers were nowhere to be seen.

The day was wet and chilly when we left Lausanne and the rain set in, in earnest, before we reached Chillon.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

The castle is situated almost at the extremity of the Lake of Geneva, near the little town of Villeneuve. The castle was formerly the stronghold of the Duke of Savoy, who, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, made war against the republic of Geneva. Lord Francis Bonivard, who inherited a rich priory near Geneva, warmly espoused the cause of the republic, and thereby incurred the relentless hostility of the Duke. After various fortunes of war Bonivard was taken prisoner and confined in the chateau of Chillon, where he remained from 1530 to 1536. He died at the age of seventy-four. The castle was subsequently used as a state prison, and later as an arsenal. Such is the history of the place, but Byron has invested the spot with greater interest by the poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." At the time the poem was written, Byron did not know of the history of Bonivard, or he would have, as he himself has said, dignified the subject by an historical basis.

The first sight of the castle is by no means awe-inspiring, as the structure is not massive and is built on the level of the lake, while the mountains

around and above it mock any attempt at the "grandiose." The building was formerly joined to the mainland—from its isolated rock—by a draw-bridge, but now the space between is dry land. It is not high, but so solid that one does not wonder that it stood so well the ravages of time. We, with a party of six or eight others, were shown through the place. The principal apartments above ground are a council chamber—the ceiling of which is in panels fully two feet thick—and a kitchen with a fire-place large enough almost to hold a room. The dungeon is, I should think, a little below the surface of the lake, about fifty feet long and seventy feet wide; its floor and one wall is the naked ledge, upon which the whole structure rests. The roof is vaulted, and seven Romanesque pillars and arches as seen in the dim light admitted through the long, narrow loopholes, give the place the appearance of a crypt, and for which purpose it was undoubtedly intended. The sixth column from the entrance is the one of which Byron speaks. There is still a heavy chain and ring attached to its base, and the stone floor is here worn to the depth of three or four inches. This pillar is inscribed with hundreds of names of visitors, among which we deciphered that of Byron, Victor Hugo, J. J. Rousseau, G. Sand, and others. In fact, every available inch of the walls through the whole building is covered with names. Adjoining the main apartment of the dungeon is a small chamber of torture, in the middle of which is a whipping-post with rope and tackle attachment by which the unfortunate was raised from the ground, and, as the guide said, hot irons applied to the soles of his feet. Nearby was the bed of stone, sharp and jagged, upon which the condemned spent his last night on earth. Lastly

we were shown the manner of disposing of the victim. He was told to pass through the Door of Liberty—a black hole in the floor—and that freedom was his. Just below in the darkness was a balanced plank, from which he was dropped upon knife blades, and then into the lake beneath, which at this point is three hundred feet deep. Such is the blood-curdling recital to which we were treated by the guide, who has repeated the story so often that she now firmly believes it herself.

At the railroad station we had some time to wait for the train, and so we amused ourselves by reading the names and reflections on the walls. Among the rest we found those of Grover Cleveland and William Gladstone, inscribed by some accommodating friends. It still rained; the chilly, dreary weather lent an additional gloom to the old castle, while the waves, now quite large, beat sullenly against its dungeon walls, and we took a last look, like Bonivard, at the mountains with

“their thousand years of snow
On high * * * * their wide long lake below.”

and later we saw

“the little isle,
Which in his very face did smile
The only one in view.”

LAUSANNE.

Lausanne is a city of considerable size but of little historic importance, and consequently less known than most of the other places along our route. A few words of it will suffice. A climb up its steep and irregular streets lined with tottering houses, and a flight of a hundred steps brings one to the terrace of the Cathedral which lifts itself from the vulgar town to gaze

upon the eternal mountains and the fair expanse of Lake Geneva. From this point the graceful little steamboat, far out upon the lake, seemed like a swan, while the sailing boats with their peculiar lateen sail—seen only on the Mediterranean—glide over the surface of the blue waters, for all the world like a butterfly. The Cathedral, built in the thirteenth century, was once a magnificent structure, but now is in a most sorry plight. Of the hundreds of figures that graced the portal and the niches about, there is not a sound one remaining. It is true the work of restoration is going on, but the new part is wholly destitute of the elaboration and profusion that characterized the period to which the church belongs. The interior is no better than a barn, and the admonition in large letters, "No smoking," is all that saves it from this profanation. At the door there were a half dozen persons quarreling and arguing as loud as possible about the fee of two cents. A poor ragged girl of perhaps eighteen, with an old shawl over her shoulders, advanced with us as far as the altar steps, and there sat down, munching a crust of bread, and waited to be engaged by us to explain the tablets and the tombs about the place. One of the most remarkable of these latter had over it the reclining figure of a chevalier, from which the hands were missing. The girl explained that the chevalier in life had been deprived of these members for having lost a judicial duel. The appearance, however, does not warrant such an explanation, for they seem to have been broken off with his toes and nose. Two little hands on a cushion symbolize the ban under which he suffered. Here is also the monument of the Duke Victor Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, elected Pope by the Council of Bâle, under the title of Felix V., died 1451.

GENEVA.

Geneva is the most important city of Switzerland with over sixty thousand inhabitants. It is situated at the southern extremity of the lake which bears its name, at the point where the Rhone, after traveling fifty miles through the waters of the lake, emerges swift as an arrow. The beauty of the city is so well known that I shall not attempt any description. Its history is full of interest. It was here that Calvin came, a refugee from Paris, in 1536. Two years later Geneva refused him shelter. He returned and soon exercised almost sovereign dominion most tyrannically and intolerantly. In 1559 he founded the Geneva Academy and in 1564 he died. Another citizen of whom the town boasts is Jean Jacques Rousseau, to whose influence may be inscribed in a great measure the worst features of the French Revolution. At the instigation of Voltaire his works were burnt by the hangman as being "téméraires, scandaleux, impies, et tendants à détruire la religion chrétienne et tous les gouvernements."

Geneva and its surroundings were the scene of the labors of the gentle St. Francis de Sales. He found but seven Catholics at his entrance to the city, and at the end of six years his flock numbered forty or fifty thousand. This great saint was made bishop in 1599.

It was evening when we reached Geneva, and by gas-light the town presented a very lively appearance. A stroll over the long bridge, in the direction of the crowd, brought us to a brilliantly illuminated garden, where a military band was rendering its sweetest music, it seemed, to the whole population of Geneva. This was much more than we expected, for we had not sent word of our intended visit. Besides this, there

were many boats, gaily festooned with Japanese lanterns, and in the pauses of the music we could hear applause far out on the lake. All this was too good to last, and the elements threw a damper on the whole affair in the shape of a heavy thunderstorm.

We stayed three days waiting for fair weather to go to Mont Blanc and Chamonix, almost a day's ride by diligence, but all to no purpose.

PARAY LE MONIAL.

In itself, it would be difficult to find a less interesting place than Paray le Monial. It is three hours' ride from Macon, on the slowest railroad in France. The accommodations are poor, and the whole town bears the stamp of squalidity. The little stream that passes through the place is almost dry, and forms in places an unhealthy marsh. The only historical feature of the town is the tower of St. Nicholas, dating from the ninth century. So it is easily seen that it is not the natural advantages which Paray offers that attracts hither yearly thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world. No, it is better than that, for it is the place sanctified by the visible presence of our Divine Lord. It was here, in the little chapel of the Nuns of the Visitation, that our Saviour revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary the treasures of His Sacred Heart, and promised to all Its precious gifts. These visions extended over a period of almost twenty years — 1671-1690 — that is, from the time this favored soul entered the convent, until she went forth forever to the immediate possession of that Sacred Heart she loved so well. The promises then made are too well known to be repeated here, and the story of the life of Blessed Margaret Mary, with its

beautiful lessons of continual prayer and faithfulness to duty, is familiar to all lovers of that thorn-crowned, wounded Heart.

The chapel of the Nuns of the Visitation is quite small, not holding perhaps five hundred persons. It is of Gothic style, without, however, any pillars. The walls within are covered with marble tablets bearing inscriptions of thanksgivings for favors received. Hung about are many banners from all parts of France, brought and left here by bands of pilgrims. The sanctuary is very beautiful, and besides the main altar there are several others. On the epistle side, and in front of the main altar, is the reliquary of Blessed Margaret Mary, containing a life-size figure clad in a nun's garb and having a sweet angelic face. Behind the altar, and hid from view, is the choir of the nuns, where they chant, at canonical hours, the office of the Blessed Virgin. We assisted at the Holy Sacrifice in the morning. The chapel was well filled, and Masses were celebrated at all the altars; these were followed in quick succession by others, so that I think fully fifty Masses were offered during the course of the morning. The nuns were chanting the Little Hours very slowly, and as we caught the sweet refrain from that unseen chorus, "Gloria—Patri—et—Filio—et—Spiritui Sancto," it seemed as if Heaven's gates had been left ajar. In such a band, and in this very place, might Blessed Margaret Mary have been found, and even now, no doubt, she joins the sisters in the heavenly song, for with her dying breath she murmured "I will sing the mercies of the Lord in eternity." We waited for several Masses, and in such a place, amid such surroundings, I trust we said a fervent prayer. It was reluctantly we left the spot, but we brought away more than the memory of its deep devotion and

the consolation of knowing we had knelt in the place sanctified by the Feet of Jesus. Yet the Sacred Heart will keep that secret.

Thus ends the diary of the first summer abroad. Its last words linger with us, for they seem to be the key-note of the warm and tender devotion to the Heart of Jesus that so strongly characterized the young seminarian's future life. That Sacred Heart visibly fulfilled its consoling promises throughout his entire career, and from It abundant blessings were bestowed upon all his undertakings. It alone was his secure refuge in life and death.

The opening of the next scholastic year, and the changes it necessitated, are told in the following letters:—

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,

Oct. 12, 1888.

My dear Sister:

It is longer than usual since I have written, but I hope you are not at all anxious on my account. The reason of my delay is, as you know, a change of residence, and the retreat, during which time we neither wrote nor received any letters. All is over now, and we are once more settled down for another year's study. * * * * * Of course you want to know "how I like my new boarding-house." First rate, and that is saying a great deal. I will give you an idea of the place. It is right in the middle of the city, a large five-story, stone building, built in the form of a hollow square. It is perfectly plain, very angular, and bound in by four streets. The grounds are very much less than those at Issy, and beauty did not enter into the contract. The little space there is is surrounded by high walls, and the only evidence we

have of the busy life around us is the hum of the city life that blends with, and is as continuous as the falling of water. All this gives a solitude than which a Trappist could not desire more. But I must tell you of my own luxuries, and how much more I boast of this year than I was able to do last year. First of all, I am nearer Heaven by three stories, and when I am a hundred steps above the ground I am *chez moi*. We used to smile when father would enumerate among the sumptuous fittings of a house in Ireland a slate roof. Well, perhaps you will laugh now when I boast of a board floor, a plastered ceiling, and a little stove. I am afraid if I go on you will not believe me, so grand a picture do I draw. But, in fact, all this is considerable over here. There is still more to be told. I invested in a rocking chair, an excellent thing for one who likes to be always on the go, and never gets far. You would be surprised to know how rare such an article of furniture is in France. Many of the seminarians never saw one before and to watch them throw up their arms when they swing back is truly ludicrous. Moreover, I bought a guitar and some music, and although I shall have but little spare time during the school year to use it, still I hope to do something. The first tune I tried to play was "Home, Sweet Home."

For further particulars of the house: there are two hundred and sixty seminarians here, and one hundred and sixty at Issy. There are nine Americans, and about the same number of Irishmen and Scotchmen. At Issy there are two for the diocese of Providence, one for Boston, and one for Manchester. This last one had a letter of introduction to me from Bishop Bradley. With such a gathering it is not likely that we will get homesick. Mr. Q—— has left for Innsbruck * * *

Just while I am writing this a domestic thinks he has solved the riddle of the rocking chair. He pronounces it a boat arrangement for taking exercise. A thing I forgot to mention in connection with my room is the window. It is more than six feet from the floor, and is about a foot and a half long. This gives me a view of the sky only, which, although

“it is glorious and fair
Is looked up to the more
Because Heaven is there.”

Our classes have already begun, and promise, one in particular, to be very interesting. I think this is all there is to tell of my new quarters. It only remains that some of you should see them. I do wish that Father or some of the folks would come across, if only for a week * * * Continue your prayers for me, and be assured I do not forget any of you in mine.

Your fond brother,

JOHN.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,

Oct. 28, 1888.

My dear Mother:

The letters and clippings came safe and sound, and I found all very interesting. It really seems as time goes on, instead of getting indifferent as to what is happening at home, I am the more anxious and impatient to hear all. So that, if a letter should be delayed, although I know it is a bother to you to write so often, yet I begin to fancy something may be wrong, until I am reassured by the good news to the contrary. But, be not alarmed at a little thing like this, for is it not a natural thing to desire to hear from you, Mother dear, and from those I love best? I have to smile at the wonderful importance of Baby —. He is

spoken of as "coming down to spend the day with us." I suppose this little chap of three months brings his mother with him, though no mention is made of the fact. * * * *

There is nothing new going on here at present. The weather continues to be very fine, like the month of September at home. The leaves, however, do not turn to the red and golden tints of our Autumn, but become deathly yellowish, and a single puff of wind breaks them from the trees. Our holidays have been pleasant and we go to Issy for a walk. The other day we had to betake ourselves to the Prefect of Police, and be inscribed among the other foreigners, in compliance with a law just passed to that effect. The law requires that every foreigner in France will appear before the Prefect of Police, identify himself and be inscribed. I do not know why this is done, but from the enormous number of names inscribed, it seems that the French are justly concerned about the excess of foreigners, who in case of war would be of no help and much in the way. One French paper said that the number of strangers here at present is, not including visitors, 180,000. Just think of it! There were among our party Armenians, Arabians, Brazilians, Turks (Irish ones), Scotchmen, etc. * * * *

Well, Mother, in looking over what I have written, I find, although intended for you, there is little else but the first three words that can be called yours. I know you will forgive my seeming disregard in writing in so general a way, and believe that the lack of endearment is in expression only. * * Love to Father and to each one at home, and a great big share for yourself.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,

Nov. 18, 1888.

My dear Baby :

Your nice long letter came to me several days ago, and I was much pleased with it. I am sure you took a great deal of pains with it, and you succeeded first-rate; too well not to write more frequently. I was glad to hear of the good rank you got in school. Why, you must be a marvel in French. I am sure if marks were given here I would not get half a hundred. By all means write me a letter in French just as soon as you can, even if it is only a page. Try to beat K——, who, I suppose often reads the little "Imitation" I sent her. If you have any difficulty with the language that cannot be decided on that side of the water, let me know, and I will lay it before the French Academy over here. I hardly recognize C—— at the end of the letter, but I suppose you are getting to be a big girl now and want a big girl's name. Well, that is no harm, dear, but the bigger you grow, the better you should be, and the way to become better is to do all that Mamma tells you, and never quarrel to have your own way. You know that your patron saint was Queen of France, and all over here have a special claim on her, so I will pray to her for her little namesake on the other side of the waters, and she will pray for me. I know my Baby does not forget me, and I send her and all at home fondest love.

* * * * *

About this time an answer to a friend's letter that touched on some subject of annoyance was given in the usual kind and charitable manner.

"As to the affair of which you write, let me say that I think it better not to discuss these matters at all, not

even among those who are concerned in them. Do not blame any one, let this be the glory of thy tongue, that

‘Falsehood’s honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained,
If bold in Virtue’s cause it spoke.
Yet gentle concord never broke
That silent tongue will plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.’

“I do not mean this for yourself, for I never heard you speak an uncharitable word, but some of those who have suffered under the trial might tell the truth, still this is not always to be spoken. Pass over all in silence, and let all be forgiven and forgotten.”

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,
Jan. 8, 1889.

My dear F—:

Many thanks for your thoughtfulness and generosity. I prize your gift very much, but I fear you have bankrupted yourself in sending me such a remembrance. You tell me you are fond of reading history, and here is a list of what I would recommend to you. * * * * * I would advise you, also, to take notes on what you read, short ones, of course, and in another letter I will explain a system that I use. Study hard, but do not fail to take recreation, for you will study the better after it. Then, too, keep an eye open for little jobs you can do outside of school hours, such as giving some assistance in father’s store or running on errands for mother. Be very faithful to your religious exercises, and go often to Holy Communion, and pray for me.

To a little suffering friend the following lines were written:—

Paris,

Jan. 15, 1889.

I am glad to see that you have such confidence in the Blessed Virgin, and I know it will not be disappointed; for although you should not get the particular favor that you ask, you will have her aid in another way. You are old enough now to realize that even if others may help you with their prayers, the granting of the request depends in a great measure upon your own dispositions. So you should first try to be the best boy possible. Then, again, you should not expect nor ask for an extraordinary miracle like a cure in a moment. To be sure this would be most welcome, but it is too much to expect for the little claims we have. No, should the cure come in time and in the ordinary way, we will not be less thankful to the "Comforter of the Afflicted." I shall be most happy to join you in the novena to our Lady of Lourdes. I hope the water from her favored shrine, which I sent you some time ago, has reached you long before this.

Now, the last question you ask me, dear —, is one that I cannot decide. Do not make any rash promises. You must consult your confessor, and do then what he thinks best. If you decide to consecrate yourself to God, consider that the yoke of the Lord is sweet and His burden is light. Pray and reflect before making any promise, for such a one is binding, and must be fulfilled. * * * * *

Be a good boy, and trust that the Lord and His Blessed Mother will soon make you well. * * * *

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,
Jan. 28, 1889.

My dear Sister:—

Your letter was by no means the thunder-clap that you expected it would be, for I had long surmised and expected that your vocation was that which you seem just now to realize. I did not dwell on the subject before, for I knew if such were the Will of God, it would sooner or later be made manifest. Another reason why I passed the matter over in silence, was that you might be wholly free, and that no influence whatsoever would be brought to bear upon your decision. This is an important consideration in the final choice of one's vocation, and when you are fully persuaded that no such human motive urged you to take the step, the finger of God is easily recognized, and sweetly and safely followed.

I can readily believe that your decision, dear, was only reached after serious consideration, for you realize what it costs; the almost total loss of all your present endearments, and that for aye. Yet, you are not unacquainted with the life you propose to lead, for your school years give you a very good idea of it, and you must know in a manner how it would suit your temperament. You did right in consulting your confessor, and should follow his advice most implicitly, for such is the means God has given us to know His Holy Will, and as long as we are under such guidance, we cannot go astray. So, if he advises you to go, go by all means. It does not mean that this absolutely settles your vocation, and once the step is taken that there is no turning back. By no means. It is simply that you believe such is the Will of God, and that you go to the novitiate to await His final sanction, which, if it should not come, you will always have a home ready to

welcome you back, and you will even have the consolation of knowing you did your whole duty, and the happiness of having spent some time, be it long or short, in the service of the Master Who most amply rewards. So do not get too much frightened at the prospect.

Now, as to telling father and mother. I am surprised that you did not confide in mother, for I know so well you have never kept anything from her. Yet, I know how you feel, and how you shrink from causing her any pain. But now that you have decided, tell her by all means, and I am sure, much as she will feel your loss, she will be willing to suffer it for the greater glory of God, and for your own reward. Father too, will do the same, depend upon it, and you need have no hesitation about telling him.

I might go further, dear Sister, and enter into sentiment on the subject, and tell you how little you lose in the choice you have made and how much awaits you in return; but I prefer to leave it to your own sound judgment and common sense. Yet I cannot but add one word that will comfort you when weary, and console you when oppressed, it is the promise of our divine Saviour, that, "every one that hath left home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother * * for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." Write to me soon again, and do not be afraid to mention it in your regular letters. You ask for my unworthy prayers, but, dear, I have not waited for the asking, nor do I stop with it, if that be any consolation to you. May God and His Blessed Mother direct you.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,
Feb. 16, 1889

My dear R——:

* * * * * I had received a letter from N—— on the subject you mentioned, and answered it before I received yours, so perhaps by this time you know my sentiments regarding it. I can realize your solicitude for N—— in such an important step, and I hope you will help her to do her full duty whatever it may be. It is not a wholly unfounded notion she has got, or any particular fondness for her own way, it is the advice of her confessor and her own convictions, and such considerations cannot be disregarded without great danger of sin. Yet, as you say, there are other things to be considered. I know the risk she runs in mistaking a vocation, and the humiliation she would have to suffer, which an unthinking and selfish world is ever ready to visit upon a few, whose only fault is, that they were but too quick to do what they believed to be the will of God. I see, too, that it is to spare her such sufferings that you would have her wait a little, until her own convictions are more settled, and you have greater proof of their stability; in which case I am sure not one of you would put an obstacle in her way. I cannot see any great injustice in asking her to wait a little, if you are unwilling she should go at once—but do not ask two years, one will be enough, and even this will be a sacrifice for N——, who, in the fervor of the moment, will count any delay too long. She will not refuse to do this for those who have made so many sacrifices for her, and who have her welfare and happiness so much at heart. Though her inclinations should be otherwise, and her impatience be great, she will have the more merit for the delay. In the meantime consider the heroic sacrifice she will have to make, and help and encourage her as you only can.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,
Mardi Gras, 1889.

My dear Sister:

I would have written before, but I thought that the letter I sent R—— would set your mind at ease. Be mildness itself but firm in your purpose, and all will go well. If father insists on you waiting a little do so, and you will gain more merit by the delay than by following your own inclination. Mother will, of course, be loath to let you go, but you need not feel at all concerned, she will not hesitate when convinced such is her duty. Their only thought is for you and your future happiness. Consider, dear, how much you leave behind, and how much you will have to put up with. You have never been away from home, and in the change you will not find another such as yours has been. You have always had your own way and liberty, and this will be so no longer. This is one of the hardest things to which you must submit. To go here or there, to do this or that, and all without a question or a murmur, comes hard at first, I assure you. Then in a community you will find all kinds of persons, with all kinds of dispositions. Many among them may not be to your liking, perhaps even those you will have to obey will not be congenial to you, and this, again, is not the least annoyance to be met with. I mention these few things, not by any means to discourage or deter you, but rather the contrary, that you may begin now to look conditions in the face and to prepare yourself to meet cheerfully the sacrifice when it comes. I do not dwell upon the consolations you will get in return, such as the consciousness of duty done, and a security for your salvation; these will, no doubt, occur to you of themselves.

But my advice to you is to think over the matter seriously, and to follow what your conscience dictates and your confessor approves. There is one recommendation that I would make. It is to get for your spiritual reading "The Introduction to a Devout Life," by St. Francis de Sales. It is one of the most practical books I know of, and is very interesting besides. It was written to St. Jane de Chantal, the foundress of the Visitation Nuns. Her canonization shows how sound are its maxims, and how faithfully she observed them. Tell me from time to time how you like it.

Mardi Gras, 1889.

I believe that the American baseball players are in town, and will play a game on Thursday. Our prospects for seeing it are not very bright. At Rome the clubs were received at the American College, and the students attended the game in full force. The Frenchmen's idea, however, of the "convenable" could hardly be reconciled with such a vulgar affair as a baseball game. * * * * *

The three days preceding Ash Wednesday are ones of special devotion, offered in reparation for the sins that are committed during this time of merrymaking outside. We have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and a solemn procession, so there is ample opportunity for prayer. The Lenten regulations are much the same as at home for ordinary people, but in the seminary, according to the unchanging and unchangeable usage of St. Sulpice, Saturday is added to Wednesday and Friday in which to make thin "faire meaghre," as they call it. I guess we will survive this thinning process, and come out upon the grand congés after Easter all right, and none the worse for it.

Seminaire St. Sulpice, Paris,

May 1, 1889.

My dear Sister:

Many thanks for the pretty Easter presents you sent. The cards were indeed nicely painted, and they, with the other gifts, have been very much admired. But the eggs—I guess that is what was in the separate package—must have been hatched on the way, for there was hardly a particle of shell left when it reached here. * * * *

I know you would like to hear something of our Easter services. There is one ceremony at which we assisted during Holy Week which impressed me very greatly, it is that of the Veneration of the Relics, which takes place at the Church of Notre Dame. These relics consist of the real Crown of Thorns, a piece of the true Cross, and one of the Nails used in the Crucifixion. There can be no doubt as to their genuineness, for they have been many times authenticated, and during these hundreds of years piously guarded and miraculously preserved from loss or desecration. It is conducive of solemn thoughts to be brought so near the very instruments of the Passion and Death of our Saviour.

On Tuesday last we visited the Chapel of St. Lazare, to venerate the relics of St. Vincent de Paul. It was here he conducted his immense charities, and founded an order of priests and also the Sisters of Charity. A figure of the good old Saint is in a handsome reliquary above the altar. In the house are shown many of his effects, which have been religiously preserved, and among them is his old umbrella. The Lazarists have a Salle des Martyrs like that of the Foreign Missions. It consists of such mementos as ropes by which their mission-

aries were strangled, cotton soaked in their blood, their ashes, etc. These are a few of the sights to which we have access, and which, as you may imagine, are more conducive to wholesome thoughts than the great Exposition, with all its wonders of human ingenuity.

We have had several grand congés, which were spent very pleasantly at Issy. We leave here at six in the morning and return after supper, and if the weather is fine the day is most enjoyable.

The approach of vacation has put several schemes on foot as to how it should be spent. There has nothing definite been settled yet, but what is most favored is an extended bicycle, or rather, tricycle trip, first into Germany and then down the French sea coast. The exercise would, no doubt, be very beneficial after a sedentary life of nine months, and one could see the country much better than from a railroad train or on foot. The great difficulty is to get a machine at a reasonable price. In Normandy, by the seaside, there are several good-natured curés, that take in, now and then, stray seminarians. Perhaps we will pay them a visit during the summer.

* * * * *

May, 1889.

I suppose you get all the news of the Exposition that is now being held. About the only evidence we have of it is that which we get, like yourselves, through the papers. It is out of the question to visit it until school closes, and we have received a sound lecture to that effect. The consequence is that it is almost impossible to get permission to leave the house for any purpose whatever. Still, though we have not been to the Exposition ourselves, we have seen many who have,

and they tell us that the American exhibit is very good. One of the most striking features is a statue of Venus of Milo, full size and in a rich brown stone. A large sign warns the visitors not to touch it, and on examining it more closely one sees the wisdom of such a warning, for the statue is made of chocolate, and any contact with it would soon detract from its shapeliness. A soda-water fountain passes for almost a curiosity. They tell us, also, that there are genuine Boston baked beans to be found there, and this makes us a little impatient. The tower looks quite graceful now, notwithstanding all the hard things that have been said about it. I may be able to say more of the Exposition later on.

June 18, 1889.

We are almost on the eve of vacation. There is but one more holiday. I am writing this at Issy, for it is the day of our walk. This morning we had a little address from His Eminence, the new Cardinal of Paris. He is now in the Cardinalate, but has been Archbishop of Paris for years. Judge Hadley called at the seminary, but unfortunately I was at Issy. I am sorry to have missed him.

* * * * *

My dear Sister:

I am very glad that all is so pleasantly settled in regard to your leaving home. I was always persuaded that father and mother once convinced of the will of God would not, for a moment, stand in the way of its accomplishment, though submitting to it might, at first, cause some pain. I know that mother will feel keenly your going away and that she will miss you every hour, and your absence will make her very lonesome; still, her sense and reason will tell her it

is all for the better. Her only care is for your own sake, and yet, what more could she desire for you than that which is in store. Where could be found a spouse like Him whom you have chosen. If it is an honorable position in life she would ask for you, why to serve God is to reign. If it is your eternal happiness she seeks, where can this be better assured than where you are going? These considerations, with the help of God, will, I know, aid her to let you go, and more, even to make the sacrifice cheerfully. Am glad to hear that you will not have to postpone your departure further than January, for protracted delays dull one's feelings and cause needless anxiety. You have my continued prayers for the fulfillment of God's will in your regard.

Your affectionate brother,
JOHN.

Paris, July 9, 1889.

My dear Father:

The vacation has begun pleasantly, and I have no doubt but it will continue so. The one thing that will increase its enjoyment will be to feel that you and mother and all at home are spending some of the summer weeks at the beach.

I am at Issy trying to do a little of our vacation work and get it off my hands before starting on our tour. It is very pleasant here, and we have considerable liberty. * * * * *

There is a pious custom among the seminarians that may interest you. The first night of vacation is spent at the Church of the Sacred Heart on Mont Martyre, which was erected by a national vow after the commune in 1871. The Blessed Sacrament is continually exposed, and perpetual adoration is carried

on day and night. The seminarians are furnished with mattresses, and watch an hour in their turn. Mass and Benediction are sung at 5 A. M., and a consecration is read to the Sacred Heart. As you may imagine the whole affair is inspiring of devotion. The spot itself overlooks the city, and as its name—the Mountain of Martyrs—indicates, has a holy significance. It was here that St. Denis, the apostle of France, and his companions, were put to death. The church is not nearly completed, but it will be—in fact is so already—one of the most noted edifices in Paris. It is built wholly by subscription and stone is sent from all parts of France to make it a thoroughly national church. In the morning we found another interesting chapel at the foot of the hill, one that is not generally known. It is the sacred place where St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Rodriguez and a few others founded the Society of Jesus. It is now in the possession of a little community of nuns who have for their mission “to work, to suffer, and to pray for the souls in Purgatory.” Another favorite shrine here in the heart of the city is Notre Dame des Victoires, but of this I will tell you later.

I have been to the Exposition, but have not as yet mounted the tower, which is, of course, the feature of it all. The grounds are immense. There is a railroad for the different parts of it. The buildings are very artistic, and it is difficult to say which is the finest of them. In the United States exhibit Edison’s lights and phonograph have the greatest space. Among the most attractive features of the French display are two pieces of Gobelin tapestry about thirty feet by ten feet. In design and color they surpass anything I have ever seen. The Italian statuary is very fine, also, and many of its pieces are already sold to Amer-

icans. There are frequently 200,000 persons on the grounds, and tickets are sold for nine or ten cents. From the seminary grounds the evening illumination is beautiful. I wish you could be here to enjoy all with me * * * * * *

Your dutiful son,
JOHN.

A BICYCLE TRIP IN NORMANDY.

In the Summer of 1889.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

It is a well known axiom in philosophy that nothing is in the mind which has not come through the senses, but no philosopher has ever yet succeeded in laying down a principle to explain the different combinations of those impressions once received. Nor is it strange when we consider what such a principle would have to cover, from the airy fancies of a day dream to the hideous ravings of a nightmare. However fantastic these may be, it is often interesting and amusing to trace them back to simple ideas and to compare these with the image that the dream presents; but seldom are these gnomes of dreamland capable of perpetrating a joke. Yet such was the case with me the other night.

It is now November; the summer days have long passed; the smiling fields, the glistening sea and the sweet breath of the kine have given way to the four stone walls of the seminary cloister, a little patch of leaden sky and the cold-in-the-head and chill-all-over Parisian fog. The events of the summer had become a worn out topic of conversation; we had even ceased to think about them. This night of which I speak, I dreamed I was talking to some one about the close

of the Universal Exposition, and he mentioned many attractions that were to crown its last days. Among them, a man was to jump from the top of the Eiffel Tower to the ground. "With what hope of success?" said I. "Why does he think he can jump from the height of a thousand feet to the ground and live?" "Oh!" said my somnambulistic informant, "he is a bicyclist." The explanation seemed to satisfy me perfectly, and I felt that if anyone in the world could perform so terrible a leap, it was a bicyclist.

I could not but smile audibly, as they say, in awakening, and the remembrance of two twisted elbows, a scraped shin, and a sore back, marked the places where these impressions entered, caused as they were by a bicycle. Well, I thought, after all there was some truth in the dream; "some method in the madness." But I am anticipating matters. Let us commence at the beginning. It was the morning of July 14th, the Frenchmen's "Fourth," and this happened to be Sunday. Mr. H—— and myself took the six o'clock train for Trouville Sur Mer. We arrived in time to hear Mass in a large, though plain, church, situated on a high hill overlooking the town and visible from quite a distance to the sea. The interior was decorated with gaudy banners and streamers of yellow, red, and blue; the singing, for it was a Solemn Mass, was done principally by the congregation and some dozens of school children. And such singing! A saw when it encounters a nail in a plank is sweet music to such discordant sounds. Organ, choir, children, old salts, all had a different key and each his own time. It was difficult to keep a straight face, but all about us looked serious enough and seemed rather entranced by the dulcet strains. If these good people wish to so honor and praise le Bon Dieu, well

then, "soit," as they say, we have no reason to complain.

The town proper bears the stamp of antiquity, and the principal business of the place seems to be fishing. The old hulks with their blackened sails, lined one side of the main street which lies along a little inlet. Invariably they bore some religious emblem: as a cross on the mainmast, or a little statue of the Blessed Virgin on the prow. The usual contingent of loungers and old salts, with their weather eye peeled, hung around to see that no one ran off with these "greyhounds of the deep."

But such were not the attractions that brought us hither. There is besides quite a fine beach. A few miles of a stretch of golden sand is marked off by two long piers that stretch far out to sea. Along the shore is a light-house, some fine large hotels and cafés; behind these, among the trees and rising above them, are many picturesque villas. On one side, a steep bluff, and on the other an inlet or river runs well into the town, and at high tide admits the boat from Havre. On this high bluff that overlooks the sea, the beach and the town, is a handsome bronze crucifix, which forms a striking figure against a background of clear sky.

We spent a few days here quite pleasantly, our principal occupation being to watch the myriads of children, for this seems to be a children's paradise,

"Build their castles in dissolving sand,
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breakers, daily left
The little footprints, daily washed away."

Yes, these little "parlez vous," with their shovels and pails and nets, worked like corals all day long.

One thing remarkable about the bathing here is, that the women and men have separated portions of the beach. We were forcibly reminded of this, when sauntering along we were accosted by an old fellow who gesticulated furiously and ordered us off the place, for we had unconsciously gotten within the enclosure for women. Unless they are good swimmers, the women are usually accompanied by a hired bather, sometimes a woman, sometimes a man.

I will not stop to describe our landlady; suffice to say that she was the most thrifty and stingy person I ever met. She measured everything, from our appetites to our candles. A great shanghai bonne, as long in doing anything as she was in stature, completed the ménage.

For several days back, I had been trying to persuade Mr. H—— that he was a born bicyclist, and that all he needed was a machine. At first he would not listen to anything like a bicycle trip, but one day in examining some machines, we suddenly struck a bargain and agreed to take a tandem in the morning for a trip of a week.

THE TRIP.

The loungers along the old quay this morning might have seen two hardy cyclists in flannel shirts and crush hats, a bag, two overcoats, and an umbrella strapped on behind, move down the principal street at a rather cautious gait, with a kind of weak-kneed motion, and in a somewhat uncertain course. It was not without some difficulty that we managed to steer clear of houses and wagons, but we did so, and once on the highway we had the road to ourselves. I will not attempt to describe the figures we cut; suffice to

say it was mighty hard work and not very graceful. The pedal movement resembled more the turning of a grindstone than the working of a bicycle. A pain in the knees made us slow up and we soon became, so to speak, most accurate levels, so that an imperceptible incline in the road would bring us to a dead stop. The sun beat down unmercifully upon us, and every passing wagon gave us a mouthful of dust. Sometimes an old fellow along the roadside would cry out that the one behind wasn't doing any of the work. Then, of course, I would give Mr. H—— a talking to and tell him I thought it went rather hard, until the next swain would say it was the man behind that was doing all the work. Then it was Mr. H——'s turn at me. But for all that, we were more than repaid for the fatigue. It was a glorious ride. The road lay along the sea, and now and then from the top of a hill offered a most magnificent prospect! The sunbeams dancing on the waves, the shadow of the clouds giving different colors to the water, and one chasing the other; the sails now flashing in the sunshine, now hiding in the shadow; the sky seeming but another sheet of overhanging water; all was most charming, and now and then a cool, refreshing breeze came from the sea.

At one of the turnpikes was an antique chapel. We descended to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The building, a most antiquated structure, had been recently restored. On the inside of the porch were the names of a hundred or more nobles who accompanied William the Conqueror in his conquest of England. He was born hereabouts. The chapel stands quite alone and there was no one who could give us any information about its history or importance, and I feel it has both.

Such was the road we followed until we reached Carbourg, a little after noon. Here we had dinner, and after we had stretched our lengths upon the sand we determined to push on as far as Caen. Things went along smoothly for awhile, but after the exercise of the morning we soon wilted. Evening found us afoot, dragging the machine after us, and sorry, that, since we had to walk we had not left it at home. We had expected that the machine would carry us, and here we were carrying the machine. At length, the spires of Caen appeared, and we mounted again to make a triumphal "entré," but the first pavements we encountered gave each particular bone a voice, and down again we had to come. We found a hotel, we were not "difficile" at that moment, and after a hasty supper made for bed. We had covered fifty-four kilometres, or about forty miles from 10 A. M. to 7.30 P. M. It was not a bad run for the first time, but we paid for it afterwards. Mr. H—— could not stand up and I could not sit down. "Few and short were the prayers we said," and sleep never came quicker nor was ever sweeter than that night.

CAEN.

Caen is a fine old historic town of about forty thousand inhabitants; and was the favorite seat of William the Conqueror. Several old churches date from his time (11th century) and though somewhat dilapidated, their graceful spires still rise majestically and present a charming view from a distance. The most noted of these are Abbaye Aux Hommes where William was buried. (William died a horrible death, suffering and alone. When placing his body in the sarcophagus in

the church, the place was somewhat narrow. A few attendants jumped upon the coffin to force it into place, when it burst and the putrid remains of the conqueror were scattered over the floor. The stench drove the people from the church. At the time it was regarded as a punishment from God for the evils he had caused the church.) The Abbaye Aux Dames is a monument to his wife. The characteristics of these churches seem to be their high and pointed vaulting and their extreme narrowness. The house of Charlotte Corday is also shown. A character not quite so celebrated as any of those mentioned, yet not without some interest, is the little light-haired Monsieur l' Abbé, whom we met last year in Switzerland, and who is stationed here at the Church of St. Pierre. Unfortunately he was not to be found, or we would have had a pleasant time with himself and his Mamma for Auld Lang Syne.

We were more refreshed in the morning than we had expected, and in the middle of the forenoon headed westward. But not before we had sent all our baggage back to Trouville, as we found enough to do to carry ourselves.

THE SMASH-UP.

Once limbered up a little and relieved of our baggage, we made quick work. The national roads are simply magnificent, straight as an arrow, even and broad, and shaded by rows of trees on both sides, and hills, for the most part, quite gentle. Along we sped, working "like niggers" up hill, and letting ourselves go at full speed down the other side. It was most exciting and enjoyable, but, as we found, most reckless. Those who have never been on one of these

machines cannot realize the speed they attain; I am sure a runaway horse does not go so fast. We had toiled up a hill, it seemed as if we were almost an hour in doing so and hard work it was, but we promised ourselves a glorious "coast" on the other side. At last we came to the top; not a soul was in sight and a fine stretch of road lay before us. There was, however, near the foot a covered wagon drawn up on the roadside which served as a habitation for some wandering tinker or gypsy. This was soon well out of our way and down we started. Faster and faster we went. I was in front, not a word was spoken, and we both held on for dear life. Down, down we went with the speed of a railroad train. Noiselessly as we descended, we were not unperceived. When nearing the covered wagon a little imp of a dog started across the road, barking. He mistook our velocity. I tooted the horn and shouted; but it was no use; we struck him squarely, ran over him and then—here is a picture of what happened. The front wheel, bent like a cobweb, turned to the side of the road, into a hedge and ditch we went and "spilled"; that is the best word I can use to express the toss we got all over the ground. I was thrown off to one side and covered several metres on my back, while Mr. H—— took a somersault over the brake. As soon as we got our breath, each inquired if the other was hurt, and both set to work to find broken bones. Thank the Lord, none were found. The damage consisted of only a breaking of the skin here and there. The bicycle was a sad-looking wreck. The hind wheel would turn, that was all. By the time we had made this examination, the owner of the dog and his wife came along to sympathize with us. What we could not say to the dog we said to his master, and in no

measured terms. Of course it was no fault of his, but rather our own recklessness that put us in such a plight. Here we were, way in the country, eight miles from a railroad and but a few farmhouses in the vicinity, with a worse than useless machine, and almost broken legs in the bargain. I will not linger on the details of what followed; how we dragged the machine several miles along the road; how the village blacksmiths shook their heads—they could shoe a horse, but a horse like that they had never seen before; how all the “gamins” in their wooden sabots trotted after us, before us, and around us. At length there was but one thing to be done, get to Bayeux, twelve kilometres away, and try to find some one to fix us up. Off we went in a tip-cart, machine and all. It was now evening, and the long, cold drive was anything but agreeable. Our Jehu, however, gave us some interesting news on the state of religion hereabouts, and simple countryman as he was, showed that his few years in the army had relieved him of whatever religious ideas he once might have had. He never, of course, suspected that we were ecclesiastics. I hope the poor country curés have few parishioners like this fellow.

BAYEUX.

Bayeux's halcyon days are long gone. It is a dull, dead, dirty town of about ten thousand inhabitants, but it boasts of a real gem of a cathedral, one of the five chef-d'œuvres of Europe. It ranks with that of Amiens and Chartres. It has lately been restored, and is in excellent condition, but I fear that the chill penury of the public funds froze the genial currents of the architect's soul, for the profuse ornamentation

that marks its school is sadly wanting in its restoration. A musical chime struck the quarter-hours, and in the stillness of night produced a pleasing effect.

Longfellow has feelingly described the emotions that these sweet midnight bells arouse and the fond memories they awake:

“Perchance a sleepless wight
Lodging in some humble inn,
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dark and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight,
Intermingling with the song
Thoughts that he had nourished long,
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes and finds his slumbrous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.”

Sunday we assisted at Mass here, and were struck by the emptiness of that beautiful temple. The natives of the place know the value of their church, but have learned it from strangers. In speaking to a hotel keeper who was lauding the work to the sky, we asked him about some little detail. This he could not tell, and acknowledged that, although living here ten years, and this being the principal monument of the place—to say nothing of the claims of religion—he had never been inside the door. In a little museum is kept a piece of tapestry, the most authentic account of the history of the Conquest of England by William the Conqueror. It is made of coarse linen, 230 feet long and 20 inches wide, and was worked by Queen Matilda, his wife. It seemed to me to have more historic than artistic value and looked like a child's sampler.

ST. LO.

After a tedious delay of three days at Bayeux, we got away, and this time we were not a little cautious. It was a pleasant, easy road, and part of it ran through a deep forest, which is extremely rare in France. Long before we got within some distance from the town, we met dozens of wagons coming from the fair. It was always the two-wheel "carriole," as they call it, though more like a tip-cart than like our wagon of the same name. In the town all was hurry, and bustle, and noise; the streets and places were lined with booths and crowded with people. What do you suppose the principal commodity was? No less than human beings. It was "Domestics' day," when all the servants, both men and women, for miles around, come hither once a year to seek employment. The women, of course, look their tidiest; they dress mostly in "the customary suit of solemn black" with a neat little lace cap about the size of one's hand, and have all their earthly effects in a bandanna handkerchief. The men wear a frock of shiny blue stuff. The "paterfamilias"—you can easily recognize him by his aldermanic proportions and bon-homme swagger—looks over this human live-stock as he would a cow or a horse and offers a price for the year's service, which is usually about sixty dollars. There they barter away, and if a bargain be struck, off they all go in the inevitable carryall. There was, however, a conveyance that amused us more than this. It was a little donkey with a woman on his back, and a child in a hamper on each side.

It was dusk when we left St. Lo, and we determined to make a night ride to Coutence. A trip by night was at least a novelty, and the cool of evening allowed us to make up some of the time we lost by accident.

In climbing some of the steep hills we hitched on to a dray and talked politics with the bumpkins. It was amusing to hear their appreciation of General Boulanger and the Republic. We found them mostly Monarchists. The Normandy accent became more and more noticeable; that is, they pronounce *oi* like *ai*, and it is sometimes puzzling, though they understand the proper pronunciation without difficulty.

We came very near passing Coutances in the dark, but fortunately found some late birds about, who put us on the right track before we got far astray. It was midnight when we climbed the steep streets of the town. After a cup of tea we rolled in.

GRIMOVILLE AND M. LE CURÉ.

Some people are famous for the places whence they come; thus, the meanest slave from the antipodes, or the country of Emin Bey, would be of considerable interest in the United States. Others impart a fame to the place, which but for them would find no record in the book of fate. But for Shakespeare we would never have heard of Stratford-on-Avon, and, had not Goldsmith sung "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," would be drowned in a thousand other little towns upon a railroad map, or some stage-coach route.

The Curé of Grimoville is by no means the black from the Antipodes, neither is he quite a Shakespeare, yet, to him Grimoville owes a fame, that without him it would never acquire. You would look in vain upon the map for this place; the sign-posts on the road forget to mention it; yet there has not been an English, Irish, Scotchman, or American in St. Sulpice for some years back, to whom Grimoville has not been the Utopia

of vacation. Naturally enough, being in this part of the country we had some curiosity to see the place, though we feared we would scandalize the Curé, for we looked more like two tramps than two seminarians. We wore sack coats, flannel shirts, and had not shaved for three weeks.

It was about noon as we wound in between the little shanties with their mud walls and thatched roofs, perhaps fifty in number, that constitute the town of Grimo-ville. The street—in fact there was but one—was as crooked as a ram's horn and yet the little ones would tell us "Tout droit, Messieurs! Tout droit." With our accustomed body-guards of gamins, all that were in the town,—I doubt if one was missing—we came to the neat little house, beside an old Norman church and separated from it only by the small burying ground.

The Curé was not at home. His prim little house-keeper, in the regulation lace cap and monstrous jaw strings, received us good naturedly, and fired a volley of questions at our heads. Among the first "Were we not seminarians?" No prevarications would do, so we finally confessed. She came to the gate to see our bicycle. You should have seen the children run, helter-skelter, and such whistling and cat-calls as they scampered off, and she shaking her fist and calling after them. A poor, deaf curate showed us about the place and kept us company until the Curé arrived. He did so shortly, and with him a seminarian from the Irish College. They had been fishing, and, with accustomed success, had caught one fish between the two. (In fishing, the Curé never used a hook, perhaps he did not want to hurt the fish. The bait consisted of about a half-dozen worms tied in a knot with a string. This was thrown into the water, and when the bite

was felt, it was drawn carefully to the side of the boat, then a sudden jerk given, and if the bait was tangled in the teeth or stuck in its throat, the fish was caught. This manner of doing things may account for his success.) The first sight we got of him was very disappointing. We expected a jolly, little fellow, and here he was lank, lean, and as solemn as a judge. We had scarcely recovered when we sat down to dinner.

It would require Dickens or Washington Irving to describe that meal. There was the old Curé in the middle; opposite the deaf curate, M. l' Abbé as they called him; at one end of the table the madame, prim as ever, and at the other end an old salt, le capitaine, with clean shaven face and throat whiskers, who looked for all the world like Micawber; we were distributed between these around the table. Mine host did the honors right royally, clad in a shiny soutane, a huge napkin around his neck, a pair of blue spectacles always on his forehead. Anon he pinched from a gigantic snuffbox, or struggled with two cats or the dog for the possession of his napkin. There was a quiet streak of humor in the old man, yet he never laughed and seldom smiled, but no one enjoyed a good story more than he. And what was most strange, he never turned his head when he spoke, but looked at one out of the corner of his eye. He told us of his trip to Rome,—no one had ever been to Grimoville who had not heard that story, once at least.

In the middle of an enthusiastic description of St. Peter's, the old, deaf Monsieur l' Abbé, who heard not a word, would suddenly break in and declare that the price of cider would go up next year. The madame, too, ventured a correction now and then, and Monsieur Capitaine always came in with a "confirmatur" when his mouth was full. Thus all went merrily, the more

so as the dinner went on, and from the clock over our heads a little cuckoo crowed ten quarter hours before we left that table.

I could fill many pages with the drolleries of the rest of that day and evening, but I must hurry on. At six in the morning we assisted at Mass in the little rickety church, and to our great surprise we found the Curé singing Mass, with the deaf vicaire for a choir, and but one poor old woman for a congregation.' The choir was not always happy in the responses, for he—the choir—followed only the motions, and heard not a word; so if the Curé would draw himself up and cough, the choir would respond "Deo Gratias." The Curé, in his turn, served as choir for the vicaire, and thus there were two chanted Masses every morning.

The Curé had an old, deaf sexton, who thought that everybody in a soutane was a priest and a curé. One morning an American seminarian came into the church, and as soon as the old man saw him he started to ring the bell, thinking he was going to say Mass. Mr. M—— caught him by the arm, and told him that it was not time for Mass. The old fellow looked at him a moment and started for the bell. Mr. M—— caught him again, and shouted that it was not time for Mass, but no sooner had he released his hold of him than off he went for the bell rope. Mr. M—— put after him this time, bellowed into his ear that he should not ring for a half hour yet, but seeing even this made no impression he took out his watch showing that it was now eight o'clock, and when the hands should get around to 8.30, then he should ring. The old fellow looked at him with disgust, and said laconically as he walked off "Il fallait le dire!" "Why didn't you say so?"

It was reluctantly that we bade the Curé good bye towards the middle of the afternoon. With many

thanks for his kind hospitality, and most pressing invitations for an early return, we said not "adieu" but "au revoir."

GRANVILLE.

It was a delightful road that we followed; for a considerable distance it ran close to the sea, and a bracing breeze from off the water helped us to make good time. At almost every cross-road a crucifix was to be found,—a sight very common through Normandy, but hereabouts they were more artistic than any we had yet seen. The cross and the figure were both cut from the same stone and stood about fifteen feet high. A little plot of grass and neat curbing at the foot formed inviting halts for the tired wayfarer. A few miles outside of Granville we struck a magnificent military road, straight as an arrow, level as a table, and for the most part on a high plateau overlooking the sea. The heavy clouds had begun to gather, and as we sped along we could see their shadows chasing each other over the waves, and now and then a white sail, scarce visible before in the shade, would flash into the sunshine, and again drop into the shadow.

"Now dark in the shadow she scatters the spray,
As chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail."

It was evening as we wound slowly down the serpentine road that descends to the town. For the space of several hundred yards the high bluff had shut out the sea from view, but of a sudden, just at the foot of the hill, a rent in the rock, about fifty feet wide and spanned by a slender bridge, formed a frame-

work for the golden sunset; bright waves, dotted here and there with a snowy sail, and near, a little strand with variegated bathing tents and fairly bristling with activity. I never remember seeing a scene more charming. It was more like a picture than a reality.

There are two parts to the town, the old and the new. The former is very picturesque. It crowns, as a kind of citadel, a huge rock which overlooks the sea, and in the center rises the spire of an antique church. It is surrounded by a massive wall and the approaches are drawbridges and portcullis.

We had plenty of leisure to enjoy the beauties of Granville, so much, in fact, that for a time they lost all their charms for us. For, like Moore's ship that "sailed gallantly on, but from which at eve the waters were gone," so were we stranded. The Vanderbilts and Rothschilds of this town would not cash our notes; then, one sent to Paris, owing to a mistake, had to be sent to London, and in the meantime, down, down, went our finances, until we had but one sou—a cent—between both of us, and a week's board bill to our account. Is it any wonder that Granville lost its charms? A pawnbroker in English is commonly called "My Uncle," in French it is "Chez Ma Tante"; another day and we would have made her acquaintance.

At last the money arrived. What a change came over the face of the place! The sun seemed brighter, the sky bluer, and the grass greener since we got some money in our empty pockets, and we proved to ourselves, that, after all, the appreciation of beauty is, in no small measure, subjective.

We had flattered ourselves, of late, that, in such a rig as ours, with an air as nonchalant as possible, we could pass for natives, but alas! One day while

passing through a side street, a little girl from an upper window called to a companion, "Pauline, Pauline, venez-voir deux biftecks." ("Come and see two beefsteaks.")

Pleased as we were to get to Granville, we were the more so to get away.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

In the arm of a beautiful bay, scarce less beautiful than that of Naples, at a distance of about a mile and one half from shore, Nature has let fall a gigantic rock, and there it has stood unmoved, unshaken by the waves that beat and the tides that for centuries have come and gone, and which are to it but as time is to eternity. Such a work is a monument to the Creator. But later, upon this there arose another, the work of human hands; it was a temple worthy of the true God. Perhaps in this wide world there is no more fitting spot, nor one better suited to express God's supreme dominion over the land and over the sea, and all things therein, than this. Mount St. Michael is one of the most celebrated monuments of architecture in Europe.

The cathedral has for its foundation this solitary rock that rises three hundred feet from out of the water. About its base and leaning against the rock is a little town, kept from being swept off with the sea by a rampart flanked with towers. A single street that never echoed to a horse's tread follows the wall, and is all the town can boast. Many of the houses are of the Middle Ages. The population is not large, yet almost to a person turns out *en masse* as the tourist comes in sight, and such a hubbub and pulling here and there by men and women, was never seen. We afterwards

discovered how it happened that we were so well (?) received. A watch is stationed on the rampart above and at the approach of a victim, gives a sign by a horn. Formerly the only approach to the Mount was by a boat or over the beach at low tide, but a few years ago a road was built, much to the disgust of artists and archaeologists.

The sea-bed here is very flat and shallow, and the tide comes and goes very quickly; within a few minutes the space of two hundred miles square is covered with water. At low tide a circuit of the island can be made on the sand, but over a few places one is carried by a bare-legged, long-haired, eccentric individual in a Tam O'Shanter hat and red sash, who calls himself the Count of Somewhere and lives alone on a solitary isle in the bay.

We arrived in time to accompany the last group through the building. A few words of the history of the place may give additional interest to what we saw.

This Mount has always been considered as a sacred spot. As early as the sixth century, St. Pair, Apostle of this country, founded a monastery here. In the year 708, St. Michael, Archangel, appeared to Aubert, Bishop of Avaranches, and bade him raise to him a sanctuary on this spot. Childbert III. confided to St. Michael the protection of his kingdom. Hither nearly all the kings of France have repaired, among them Charlemagne and St. Louis. Numerous pilgrimages from the surrounding countries flocked thither. These were always on foot; they came chanting hymns and sounding trumpets, and decked out with medals, shells, etc., which were preserved as relics of the holy place. At the crowning of St. Michael in 1877, twenty-five thousand persons were present. From the beginning of the century until 1863 Mount St. Michael was a

prison of state, during which time it was almost destroyed as a monument of architecture. From 1865 to 1886 it was under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Coutances. At this latter date it was turned over to the minister of Beaux-Arts.

The building is a massive affair, consisting of three parts, quite distinct in every respect and placed one above the other.

The rock on which it is built protrudes into the center and gives the structures there irregularity. The side that is shown in the picture I am sending is called "La Merveille". Here are two vast apartments on each side of the three landings, supported by graceful Gothic columns, which give them the appearance of a church. Thus they have remained during six centuries, as a monument of religious and military architecture of the Middle Ages. Here is shown a huge wheel, about twenty-five feet in diameter, which served as a treadmill, and was used to lift provisions to the prisoners. It is regarded as a new Ixion's wheel for the torture of unfortunates, and consequently has attached the usual number of blood-curdling tales. The wheel was worked from the inside by the weight of the men; six or eight could enter at a time.

The "Salle des Chevaliers" is perhaps the best part of the building; almost a hundred feet long, it could go at once. It dates from the fifteenth century, when were founded the Knights of St Michael, in honor of him—*"qui pour la querella de Dieu victoricusement batailla contre le Dragon, ancien ennemi de nature humnine et le trebuchu du ciel."*

The cloister, or rather "le cloitre," which does not mean precisely the same thing, is a charming piece of work. I am sending a view of it. Open in the center to the sky, its Gothic roof is covered with tiles

of different colors, and supported by a double row of polished granite pillars, each of which is crowned by a graceful rosette, and no two are alike. Through the long, narrow slots in the outer walls a glimpse of the sea and sky is obtained. Beneath all this are the "cachots," or dungeons. Black and dismal holes they are! One of them about four and one half feet high, and arched, about three feet deep and five feet long, was closed with an iron grating, and called The Cage. It would not permit one to either stand or lie. Again the usual number of tales.

As I have said, at low tide you can make a tour of the isle on the sand. In doing so you will meet dozens of fisherwomen with their nets on their backs, their dresses tucked up almost to their knees, their bare legs browned by the sun. At the extremity, on a few rocks, is the hermitage of St. Aubert, who began the present building in honor of the archangel. After having made the tour once, it is a relief to get free from chattering guides and importunate venders, and, in the rich glow of the setting sun from the parapet beneath to watch the changing light and shadow upon the grand old pile.

We lingered here till night came on, and one by one the stars came out. Though the queen of the heavens did not lend her enchantment to the scene, still the soft starlight and a clear sky hung like a canopy over all, while the pinnacles of the church above, softened by the gathering darkness were lifted heavenward, like hands clasped in prayer.

SASSETOT.

From St. Malo we doubled on our tracks and returned to Trouville without stopping, and the day

following we started for Sassetot which is a little town north of Havre, on the coast. Mr. H—— had a laugh at my sea going qualities in crossing the indentation to Havre. A trip that costs but seventeen cents and takes but an hour, yet so rough that many of the passengers could not contain themselves—I among the rest. It was nevertheless amusing to hear on all sides “Lapristé! parbleu! Voila un brave matelot,” as, one after another like Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., would “seek the seclusion that the cabin grants.” When taking the train at Havre at noon, an individual, with a child in his arms was trying to pass the guard by showing a ticket for Paris although this train was bound north. Each time he was put back, the guard telling him he would have to wait three hours, but the poor fellow understood not a word, and each time replied in broken English, “Boot, my vife iz on zat train.” The other answered “à trois heure et demi,” “à trois heure et demi.” We afterwards found out that this poor chap was a German-Swiss coming all the way from California to Switzerland with a wife and five children. He was a laborer and had then been three weeks on the road.

But for Sassetot we were bound, to make a little unexpected call upon some half dozen of our friends, who in this quiet nook

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,” whiled the summer days away. We found them at a little village inn, comfortably installed and enjoying themselves immensely. The surprise over, we settled down for a while at least with our friends, for Auld Lang Syne, and enjoyed the genuine hospitality of true Scotchmen.

It is a charming spot. Far from the hurry and bustle and noise, the people preserve their simple

customs and manners while the great stream of incessant change sweeps by almost unnoticed. Another "Sleepy Hollow," it is like those nooks of still water which border a rapid stream where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. No shriek of the locomotive, no hum of busy industry breaks in upon its Sunday stillness. At morning, noon, and eventide the chapel rings out the Angelus and scatters blessings over all the place as a priest does with the hyssop.

A quarter of an hour brings you to the shore, making bold front to the sea in high, perpendicular white chalk cliffs. 'Twas hereabout we spent the days upon the beach or in a little cabin that we could call our own. The hours were truly sunny ones. Sometimes even here the tolling of the church-bell reached us to claim a prayer

For some souls' serene release,
That the weary spirit may be at peace,
When the tide goes out.

You can tell, too, by the ringing whether it be a man or a woman or a child that is "in extremis."

I have said there reigns a Sunday stillness here, yet on every day but Sunday. This is market day, and long before we were out of bed in the morning we could hear from beneath the window always in the same sing-strain, "*Quatre sous la livre, la grande livre! Voici Mesdames, quatre sous la livre, la grand livre!*" Here were the butcher, the baker, the fruitier, the whatnot, each in his little stall along the street bantering away with the thrifty housewives for the next week's goods. We soon made the acquaintance of M. le Curé and found him very agreeable. He dined with us one day, and we had the indelicacy to beat him in

a game of billards. The fact that it was the curé's first game accounts for his beating. The first Sunday we were there the curé put a cope on me and decked Mr. H—— out in a soutane and a surplice, although we both had beards of considerable length. Mr. H. took up the collection and got the handsome sum of 7½ francs, about one dollar and fifty cents. During the week my birthday came around and the boys insisted on celebrating it as a double of the first class with an octave and we did so.

Although I felt inclined to prolong my stay at Sassetot, a letter I received showed it would be impossible. I had previously made arrangements to meet Mr. B—— and Mr. M—— at Cologne on the twentieth of August, and that day was at hand. So off I went leaving my old friend Mr H.—— to enjoy a little longer the quiet of the country and the cool sea-breeze.

AMIENS—BRUSSELS—NAMUR.

I arrived at Amiens towards evening, but had to wait until midnight for a train for Brussels.

The cathedral of the 13th century is perhaps the choicest little gem in France. Its distinctive feature seems to be fineness of detail. The front is pierced by three deep portals most elaborately sculptured. Within, behind the altar, is a figure of a weeping cherub—"enfant pleureur"—on a mortuary monument, which is said to be worth its weight in gold. At night I spent a few hours at the circus, and found it so interesting as to almost miss the train.

I got to Brussels about five in the morning, found a church without difficulty, and already a good number of pious souls were awaiting Mass to begin.

The streets at early morning present a curious sight. There are dozens of little carts filled with brass milk cans and drawn by dogs. They are invariably attended by women, and go from house to house quite by themselves, they know the route so well. The palace of the King and the Government buildings, with their domes and massive marble columns, occupy an elevation, and are seen from almost every part of the town. The streets are broad and beautiful, scarce less so than the principal ones of Paris.

I was very anxious to visit the Field of Waterloo, which is about ten miles from here, but found I could not do so and reach Cologne on time. All that is to be seen there, however, is a large mound with a lion on the top of it. It is a Belgian, not a British lion.

Namur is about four hours ride on an omnibus train from Brussels, and it is a city, I should judge, of about fifty thousand inhabitants. Found the mother-house of the Sisters of Notre Dame without any difficulty, and called for an American sister whose name I had. I must have scared her half to death. It was about five minutes before we got well started talking. She seemed to think every moment I was going to ask her for something to eat, nor do I wonder, for I looked like a tramp. I wore a flannel shirt, hammock hat, a green overcoat, a broken umbrella, a month's growth of a beard, and was wet as a rat. When I told her I had been over here several years she was more non-plussed than ever. After some time, to relieve her I told her that I was making my studies with the Sulpicians at Paris. "Ah," said she, visibly relieved, "then you are in good hands." She seemed to think that if

anyone could do anything for so hopeless a case it was the Sulpicians. It is thirteen years since she was in America, and her English gave proofs of the fact. She was sorry that, owing to the sisters' retreat, she could not show me about the place, nor the tomb of Mother Julia. I think, however, that she was a little ashamed of me, nor do I in the least blame her. Never saw so many sisters at a time—in the street, on the train, everywhere and every kind. I began to realize what this good sister told me—that although Belgium is but the size of the State of Rhode Island, there are more Sisters of Notre Dame in it than in the world beside.

UP THE RHINE.

COLOGNE.

Passing through Belgium you hear the country people speak a language that resembles French very much; it is the Flemish, and although unintelligible to me, it was far more agreeable than the harsh guttural of Deutschland, where little by little I was reduced to absolute silence.

It was evening when I reached my destination; then came the hunt for my friends. My first move was to find the post-office to seek further directions. But how was I to get there? The plan I had of the town was too small to be intelligible, and although I could manage enough German to inquire the road, I could not make out the directions given. What was to be done? Suddenly—à la bonne heure—a mail-wagon hove in sight. Now the mail-wagon and the post-office ought to have some connection, so here's a go. Off I put after the wagon. It was no easy matter to keep it in sight, but I managed to do so for some

time,—long enough, alas! to find it was leading me somewhere into the country; it must have been coming from the post-office, not going to it, so I was farther off than ever. Well, I found a hotel, and postponed the search until morning. By the aid of the clerk I found the post-office and the instructions necessary, and a few minutes later, my two friends. Here I cast anchor; my troubles were over. Mr. B—— spoke Dutch like a native. I will not attempt to describe the town, Baedeker does that. The photograph I am sending is a view across the river. The bridge is built on boats, and may be opened to pass steamboats and barges through. We had intended to go up the river in a row-boat, but found the stream so strong as to render such a scheme utterly impossible.

Besides the Cathedral, there are several churches of note; the most famous is that of St. Ursula, which contains the bones of this Saint and her eleven thousand virgin companions, who were martyred by the barbarians when returning from Rome. In the church itself, besides several altars full of these bones, there are sarcophagi, equally full. One room, about thirty feet square, is decorated and frescoed in the most fantastic style with these human relics. The picture enclosed will give an imperfect idea of the arrangement. The busts are in brass and contain skulls; the case in the center holds the relics of St. Ursula. I think it was Mark Twain who wanted the guide to come down a little on the number, but he wouldn't take off a rib.

In the Museum is the original portrait of Queen Louise, who, by her charms and beauty, tried to soften the heart of Napoleon and to obtain favorable terms for her conquered country. The picture is that of a young woman descending a few steps; she

is clad in a Grecian robe, the hair bound by a fillet, and a large star above the forehead. Even in a photograph, it makes a beautiful picture, but the warm, rich colors of the original make a painting, that, for my taste, has few equals.

The Cathedral is, of course, the greatest feature of the place. It is esteemed as the finest Gothic church in the world. In it seem to be united all that is beautiful and sublime in art. The slender fluted columns, the majestic vault, airy lightness, and imposing stability, well lighted from above and beneath by immense windows—the roof is supported by the flying abutments, leaving the walls scarcely more than windows—all show to what perfection this style may be brought. From without the building is no less imposing, and may be seen for miles around. The front has three portals; around and above these, like the pipes of an organ, taper tiers of slender, Gothic pinnacles, until they terminate in two most graceful spires. High Mass is sung here every day at eleven, and the best possible order preserved, which is not the case in the churches of France. The town is almost entirely Catholic, and the processions of the Assumption were the most elaborate affairs. Thousands of men, women, children, priests, religious, and bands of music and choirs filled the streets. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in many places on an altar erected in the middle of the street. The houses were decorated, and all was carried on with the greatest decorum and religion.

THE RHINE.

"A blending of all beauties; streams and dells
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain-vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells."
—*Childe Harold*.

The first view we got of the river was from the Cathedral tower. At this point the Rhine is more majestic than beautiful. It is over four hundred yards in width; its waters of a bluish green hue, and the current is very rapid. The country about is flat and uninteresting. A few particulars will help the better understanding of a Rhine trip. The most picturesque and most frequented part of the river is between Mayence and Cologne, a distance of about one hundred miles. Going down the river the trip is made in seven and one-half hours, while it takes twelve to go against the stream. The steamboats are large and fast; the price of transportation is moderate.

After leaving Cologne the river bank begins to rise gradually, and a little further on, about opposite Bonn, swells into proportions pretentious enough to be called the Seven Mountains, though a Swiss would hardly so designate them. The hill sides are green with the vine, the low lands yellow with corn. On the river, here and there, is a huge raft of logs, a trim little steamboat, or a ferryman making amid-stream to put aboard or to land a passenger.

DRACHENFELS.

The "Dragon's Rock," rising almost a thousand feet above the river, and crowned by a dismantled ruin, looked so inviting that we determined to climb it, and so left the boat at Königswinter. At the foot of the hill are half a dozen little donkeys, in bright

saddles and bridles, ready to give the lazy a lift, and bare-legged urchins with a good-sized stick are ready to coax them over the road. We took "shank's mare." When about half-way up an amusing incident happened. We were straggling along the road, I happened to be ahead, when one of those

" * * * peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers "

(though in this case it was not flowers that she offered, nor would I swear that her eyes were blue), came out from a little house on the roadside, bearing a number of crowns of oak leaves, and before I could realize it she had it on my head. Then she started to crown Mr. M——, but he had seen my fate, and wanted none of it. To say I felt sheepish in such a decoration is putting it mildly, and I doubt if Cæsar refused that kingly crown as promptly as I did this one of leaves. The girl took it back reluctantly, and Mr. B——, our interpreter, said she felt hurt, but I did not recover my own equilibrium in time to soothe her ruffled feelings. What this crowning operation meant I will never tell, but I have often been sorry since that I did not keep it for a souvenir. For a crown like this how the poets and heroes contended! It was the only one that Apollo wore, and it is the only one that I will ever get. It was a nobler insignia than the leather medal my prowess once won.

The view from the summit is the finest I ever saw. The hills around us, the river beneath, the fields, villages, and cities beyond, above us a mellow sky, while nearer the horizon hung heavy clouds whose edges were of gold and soft fleecy whiteness. Now and then the sunshine burst through a rift like a glory, and threw, like a benediction, a streak of

light over hill and valley. Even while we looked upon this delightful scene the picture changed. A storm arose out of the west, its path was distinctly visible. Wider and wider grew its circle of sheets of rain; over the river it came, and the waters seemed to rise to meet it in little white-capped waves; in another instant it was down upon us, and we had to put for shelter. The ruin on the highest point is nothing but a few walls. The descent was made on the inclined railway. The better to put ourselves in conformity with the surroundings we had a little bottle of the Drachenblut, "dragon's blood," for supper, and put up for the night.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels

Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells

Between the banks which bear the vine:

And hills all rich with blossomed trees,

And fields which promise corn and wine,

Are scattered cities crowning these,

Whose far white walls along them shine,

Have strewn a scene which I should see

With double joy, wert thou with me."

—*Childe Harold.*

APOLLINARIS.

I confess it was neither the poetry of the name nor any famed scenery of the place that influenced us to make a stopping here. It was but the curiosity to see the establishment of the "Apollinaris Company, Limited," and which, after all, we did not see. It must, however, be an immense concern, as fifty thousand bottles are filled daily. Here we had a good laugh at the expense of our guide. On landing we were surrounded by some dozen hotel porters, each urging the advantages of his own hotel. We gave them no encouragement, and two or three near

by began to pass remarks among themselves not very complimentary to us. Our guide would not stand that, so up he posted to the nearest one, and, glaring at him, asked (translating the French idiom into German), "Was haben sie?"—"What have you got?" meaning "What is the matter with you?" The man addressed touched his hat, looked sober as a judge, and replied, "Wir haben goodes beer von fass"—"We have good beer on draught."

What attracted and took up our attention was a handsome little Gothic church on the summit of the hill. Along the path leading to it are stations of the cross which terminate by a calvary in front of the church. Around, there are several grottos such as the "Agony in the Garden," the "Taking down from the Cross," etc., and shells of many colors and designs form a work of great patience and ingenuity. The church is quite new and admirably kept. The head of St. Apollinaris is in the crypt. One could almost divine that none but patient, plodding monks could have and keep a place like this, did not a large statue of St. Francis on the summit of the rock, and here and there a moving figure like unto that, betray the secret of owners.

COBLENZ.

Coblenz is a town of considerable importance and prettily situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. The most striking feature of this place is the fortification of Ehrenbreitstein perched like an eagle's nest on an almost inaccessible rock. It was from here that we got a splendid view of the surrounding country. We could trace the windings of both rivers far in among the hills and fertile valleys, and could count a score of towns. The waters of the

Moselle are much darker than those of the Rhine, and so gently does the former creep along the bank, that for fully five miles after their meeting their waters are quite distinct. In a square in front of the church of St. Castor, dating from the twelfth century, is a monument that was erected by the French in 1812, and bears the inscription, "Memorable par la campagne contre les Russes." Two years later the place was taken by the Russians, and the commander, with exquisite irony, added to the inscription, "Vu et approuvi par notre Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblenc, 1 Jan., 1816. The monument itself answers equally well for both, being but a square kind of pedestal.

We had intended to make a little excursion up the Moselle, as recommended by a friend, but at this time there was no boat running up the river, so we contented ourselves with a row, more to test the force of the current than for any enjoyment that could be gotten out of it. The experiment convinced us that had we started up the river in a rowboat we would still be at Cologne, or more likely twenty miles the other side of it.

LURLEI.

Lurlei, so famed in song and story, is an imposing rock a little beyond St. Goar, and rises about four hundred and fifty feet. Here the river is narrowest and deepest—seventy-six feet. A sunken ledge, over which the water rushes and seethes, forms a miniature whirlpool, and at this point a pilot is needed to take the boat through. The legend is that a nymph dwelt on the rock, and, like the sirens of old, lured sailors and fishermen to their destruction in the rapids below. Heine (1823) is the author of the

ballad "Loreley," so justly popular. Almost opposite, visible at low water, is a ridge of rocks known as the Seven Virgins, said to have been seven fair maidens of the Schonburg, who were condemned by the river-god for their prudery to this metamorphosis.

RHINE RUINS.

The summit of almost every hill on both sides of the river has its crumbling, ivy-grown ruin, some scarce better than a battered wall, others still showing the outline of their original dimensions. Any of these chiefless castles would, if alone, make a most charming picture, and, in fact, when seen for the first time, are most striking, but these beauties are strewn with so profuse a hand that the marvel wears off, and one hardly deigns a second glance at what yesterday ravished him. So does the commonplace callous our sensibility. These castles, for the most part, belonged to feudal lords, and were often held in lief by the neighboring bishop; many, too, were monasteries and religious asylums. Among those commonly pointed out is one derisively called the "Mouse," in distinction to one on the opposite side of the river called the "Cat." The possessors of the latter were the counts of Katzenellenbogen, *i. e.*, "Cat's elbow," which surname was given them—according to Washington Irving—as a compliment to a peerless dame with beautiful arms. The Rheinfels is the most imposing ruin on the river. Its vicissitudes of sieges, victories, surrenders, date from 1245 until it was blown up in 1812 and sold for five hundred dollars. It now belongs to the Emperor of Germany.

BINGEN.

It was not without some anticipation that we looked forward to Bingen. Certainly there were many places along the river of more historic interest, and not a few that surpass it in natural beauties, yet what neither chronicle nor superficial charms could do one touch of Memory's finger did. Who amongst us does not remember the touching story of the soldier "dying in Algiers, where the yellow sunlight shines on the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

In the evening, in the clear starlight, we wandered along the river bank or stopped now and then to watch some boat drop quietly down the stream. The season, the place, and the hour, called up a thousand reminiscences. "Our guide" was sentimental, "our philosopher" turned moralist, and "ourselves" partook of a little of both. With the thought of home rose the picture which this hour used to bring, and brings yet, though seen dimly from afar.

"It is the hour when with angels children speak,
While we, all unmindful, our worldly pleasures seek;
Eyes upturned, the babes on heaven call,
All at the same time beseeching heaven's throne,
Hands joined, feet bare, they kneel upon the stone,
For us asking pardon from the Father of us all."

English is spoken quite commonly hereabouts, in fact, it seems more so than French, and not badly spoken either. Next morning was Sunday, and we had no difficulty in finding a church. We assisted at an early Mass, and so crowded was the place scarce a seat was to be found. The church was a queer old structure, and the walls were hung with gaudy banners. The women were separated from the men. At times during the service the congrega-

tion sang, then recited a decade of the Rosary, then sang again. At the moment of the elevation one of the congregation read aloud a solemn act of consecration. We all agreed that a more devotional public service we never saw. In fact, it would be difficult to find a more thoroughly Catholic people than those all along the Rhine. On the boats flags were flying and guns fired at intervals. It was the octave of the fête of St. Roch, patron of the place, and to-day's celebration was in honor of Lady Roch.

WIESBADEN.

Wiesbaden is the Saratoga of this part of the world. Beautiful drives, fine buildings, thermal springs, and a handsome Cursaal and park are its chief attractions. We made but a short stay here, for the high life all around us was too chilly an atmosphere for us. We did, however, go to the concert in the evening, and it was a surprise and delight to hear the sweet, familiar strains of "My Old Kentucky Home."

MAYENCE.

Mayence, although not the head of navigation, is the usual stopping place for sight-seekers. There are few European towns that have so long and varied a history as Mayence, but this we must pass over. We came only as sight-seekers, we must pass only as such. In most American cities the centre of public life and attraction is usually the "city hall," "post-office," or the like; in European cities this centre, invariably, is the cathedral. The people of Mayence, like those bodies that approach too near the centre of gravity and fall into it, have built up and on to the church so as to leave not even an entrance of its own. It is a curious old pile, inside as well as outside. Its most interest-

ing feature consists of its numerous tombstones, ranging from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century. Near the cathedral is a statue of Gutenberg, the supposed inventor of printing. His first attempts were made in 1440 and 1450, and the first book printed from movable type was the famous forty-two line Bible. From the citadel above the city we took our last, long, lingering look at the Rhine.

“Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!

There can be no farewell to scenes like thine.

The mind is colored by thy very blue,

And if reluctantly the eyes resign

Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,

'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise

More mighty spots may rise,—more glaring shine,

None so unite in one attracting maze.

The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.”

—*Childe Harold*.

HEIDELBERG.

Heidelberg has twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is particularly noted for its university and massive ruin of a mighty castle. The university was founded in the fourteenth century, and you would think so to look at it. It has about seven hundred students in winter and a thousand in summer. As can be seen from the photograph I am sending, the castle is an immense affair, and is considered the most magnificent ruin in Germany. It dates from the thirteenth century, and the sieges, the stormings, the blowing up, and the fire and lightning of six hundred years have reduced it to its present condition.

BADEN BADEN.

There is a quiet gentility about this place that is of itself restful. The town is not large, but counts many beautiful buildings. The streets are

well shaded and the suburbs offer a multitude of the most charming walks. Like Interlaken it lies between the eternal hills, protected alike from wind and weather. There are numerous thermal springs, and many of the public fountains spout steaming water. Twice a day excellent music is had at the casino. When operas are given they begin at 6.30 P. M. and finish at 9 P. M., so as to accommodate the Sanitarians, who are the principal visitors of the place. The baths are quite a feature here, and the accommodations are on a grand scale. We tried a Turkish bath. Some of the stages of the bath, like that of the hot chamber with the forms in white moving noiselessly about or stretched upon a roasting bed, and the hot, dry air, recalled a circle in the Inferno. In the apartment of the massage, and that of the steaming, it was not difficult to imagine the attendants, as they rubbed and turned and beat their helpless victims, the ministers of vengeance in those dark realms.

Mr. B—— was anxious for us to meet the Curé of Baden, but he was on vacation. He has a very responsible position and seems to be a remarkable man. Besides being very amiable and an excellent politician, he speaks six languages, Scotch, German, French, English, Spanish, Italian, and Russian. The children salute the priest with the words, "Praised be Jesus," to which he answers, "Forever and ever."

Baden is, for the most part, Catholic. There is, however, one church devoted to the use of the Old Catholics who separated from the church of Rome at the time of the Vatican Council.

A few steps from our hotel was a little burial ground, and in it a small chapel. On the iron grating that separated the sanctuary from the body of the church were hung little wax legs tied with bright

ribbons. My first thought was that some children playing hereabouts had brought their dolls to grief, and in expiation had suspended here the mutilated members. The number of them, however, rendered such an explanation hardly probable. I was afterwards told that such a sight is quite common and has some religious significance. Among the good old customs that are still preserved here is that of carrying publicly the Viaticum to the dying. The priest carries the Blessed Sacrament in a small purse hung from his neck, and as he passes along the street, gives a blessing with It to the kneeling people.

There was a delightful spot among the hills, a short distance from town, where we used to go in the early morning for breakfast. Beneath the trees of a farmhouse, with Baden below, the mountains around us, the red sun toiling up the heavens, the fresh breath of morning, and the chirps of the birds, was not this a feast for the soul? And then the snowy cloth, the steaming coffee, the brown rolls, a little honey, and a few eggs, and after this, a fragrant cigar, was there ever epicurean who had a better meal than this? Nor did the sordid cares of expense diminish our appetites. Two and one-half marks, fifty cents, paid for the breakfast of the three.

About an hour's walk from Baden a deep and wooded ravine winds about or tumbles along a little mountain stream. We followed its windings, up and in among the hills, to see, as it was musically called, *Der Wasserfall*, and here it is. So charming a spot I never saw. Were I an artist, I would make that journey over again; such a subject would be an inspiration. Never did sylvan god nor streamlet nymph have fairer nook than this. The hills all around and above us; the little silver brook plunging over the rocks between

mossy banks, now in the shadow and now in the sunshine, now running smoothly, then dashing along, the water comes down just in front of us, where, like a frightened doe, it makes one long leap and lies panting at our feet, on the bright sandy bottom of a miniature fountain. A few rocks projecting over the stream give a view in both directions, while beneath, the stream, having gathered its breath, purls on again in its downward course. A little below is a rustic bridge, and on the bank a bench or two. Here we sat in the solemn stillness of a Sunday afternoon drinking in the beauty of the scene, and—oh, prosaic thought—eating ham sandwiches.

The races are always an event of considerable importance at Baden, so, of course, we must not miss them. They are invariably jocky races, and to one accustomed to baseball matches and college football bouts, these races are tame affairs,—“as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.” The turnouts to and from the race attract great attention. The dashing coach-and-four, tandems, landaus, dog-carts, etc., the crack of the whip, the notes of a horn, the bright colors and smiling faces, all make a most charming panorama. We had the distinction of riding, if not in the best turnout on the road, at least in the worst. Imagine a basket hay cart with a pole for two horses and drawn by but one,—rather a half a one,—scarcely more than a bundle of bones; ropes for harness, and a single rein; a Jehu in keeping with the rest, and you have our make-up. How we ever kept in the road is still a mystery. There was nothing proud about us, so we left our landau on coming into town, as we did not want to monopolize all the attention of the expectant populace. Those in the nicer turnouts would be angry, so we walked home from there.

STRASBURG.

The epithet "most beautiful city," that Strasburg once merited, might be changed a little to-day. "Most dirty city" would more nearly describe the greater part of the town. In the old part of the city are some quaint old buildings with high pitched roofs pierced by three and four stories of dove-cot windows. The cathedral is built of a kind of reddish or brick color stone, which is by no means as pleasing to the eye as the dark gray stone of the cathedral at Cologne. Then, too, the single tower gives it almost the appearance of deformity. It is a gigantic affair, and a church that has few superiors, yet Cologne is certainly one of them.

A monument perhaps more noted than this, and none the less a work of genius, is the famous Strasburg clock. It is in the wing on the inside of the cathedral and is about sixty feet high. It was constructed in 1838-42 by Schwieltguc. It is made of the hardest and most durable metal, and has not been touched since put up. To Catholics it is a matter of honest pride. It is Catholic in its conception, Catholic in its emblems, Catholic in its characteristic features, Catholic in its execution. It has immortalized the name of its maker.

The university is a magnificent affair. There are five or six handsome buildings, all perfectly equipped with the latest conveniences and improvements. They date since the war, and the Germans seem to have outdone themselves to make a show. The cost, thus far, has been about three million dollars. Directly opposite is a palace of the king.

The church (Protestant) of St. Thomas contains the mausoleum of Marshal Saxe. After examining and admiring this splendid monument, and meditat-

ing, after all it was but little to be left to this conquerer of three nations, the woman, the guardian of the place, led us into an adjoining apartment. Here, after showing us a number of old inscriptions, rusty locks, pieces of bomb-shells, etc., she began rummaging through a closet and brought out an old-fashioned iron box. From this she took out something wrapped in dirty, dusty rags, and these, when unwound, revealed a kind of brass case in the shape of a heart. This she held close to my ear, and shook it to make it rattle. What was it? Why, the heart of Marshal Saxe. This heart, "that once beat high for praise," formed part of the show for which we had paid ten cents on entering. The woman was sorry that she could not open it for us as it was sealed, but instead, she shook it well, then put it back into the closet.

PARIS.

Home again. The quiet and tranquility of all about here formed a contrast to the scenes through which we had passed, so that it seemed as if we had stepped off the world into one of those tranquil planets which hang above our heads in the calm still night.

The extracts that follow have been taken from some of the letters of the young seminarian written at various times during his second year in Paris. They give a better insight into his continued happiness and contentment in his theological studies than could anything else.

Seminaire St. Sulpice;

Sept. 9, 1889.

My dear Father:

I imagine when you read the heading of this letter you will draw a little sigh of relief to know, that

after two months' rambling I have returned safely, and that I am now—to use a familiar expression—“where folks can find me.” After an extended trip, it seems good to get back again,—like coming home, for there is always a little colony of stranded foreigners here during the summer, and we meet with a warm reception. * * * * * * *

Oct. 2, 1889.

A thousand thanks for all the presents Mr. Q— brought. It is difficult to say which pleased me most, the stockings, the underwear, the base-balls, the cigars, etc., etc. The American colony have smoked themselves black in the face. The shoes are an excellent fit, and the finest pair I ever saw. I am cutting quite a shine with them. Many, many thanks for your kind thoughtfulness. The seminary is to open on Thursday of this week. Mr Q— and myself have again started housekeeping, and have already had a few cups of tea together in good old-maid fashion. We have a double room overlooking the Place of St. Sulpice. There are several new students from America, but none from our immediate vicinity. All the rooms are taken, and some candidates had to be turned away. * * * * * * *

Dec. 24, 1889.

My dear Mother :

If I needed a reminder that it is Christmas Eve, and that about this time you and Father and the dear ones at home are all enjoying the sweet memories that Christmas-tide always brings, I certainly got it when, a few moments ago, I found upon my desk the pretty gifts that your kind forethought so well timed. They are beautiful indeed, and for them my heartfelt thanks. They have been much admired, I assure

you, the more so as such mementos of the season are quite unknown here. Today I received also "The Eternal Priesthood" from Mr. Q——, and I esteemed myself most fortunate to have so many friends.

Many thanks to T—— for her first Christmas greetings; they were indeed, the first that came to me. May her own Christmas be holy and happy, and may my Baby share the blessings of the Babe of Bethlehem, and you all, none the less.

In regard to the stole which K—— has painted for me, I think it is better not to send it over, but wait until some one is coming to Paris, and in this way you will avoid having to pay duty on it. I have no doubt it is very beautiful, and I will be most happy to please her by wearing it at my ordination. But there is plenty of time to think of that.

On Saturday last—the feast of St. Thomas, and Father's birthday—I received Minor Orders from Cardinal Richard. It would be rather long to explain the dignity and duties of these offices. At present they are usually exercised by the priest, but are necessary for the reception of Holy Orders, and have, of course, certain graces attached to them as a preparation, which I hope I merited. The ordinations this year were considerably broken in upon by the "Influenza." During the week of retreat a number, more than half of the house, became sick. I was fortunate enough to escape it so far, and, though not out of the woods yet, hope to weather it. The influenza—as you have probably seen by the papers—is very common hereabout. Several of the schools have taken enforced vacations for a few weeks. We may be obliged to do so; of course as school-boys we wouldn't mind. The seminarians living within ten hours' journey from here have been permitted to go

home for a fortnight. We hope that there may be no serious consequences, but even so, the amount of misery that this causes in a city like Paris is awful. The weather seems to be the cause of it. For more than a week the sun has not shone, except for a few minutes this afternoon. It is not very cold, but damp and chilly. * * * * *

Compliments of the season to all the friends. You all have my prayers on this Christmas Eve, for a happy holy morrow, and many returns of the day. You know I am with you in spirit and in love, dear Mother.

Your dutiful son,
JOHN.

Jan. 14, 1890.

My dear Mother :

Your letter and invitation to come home reached me last night, and aside from the solicitude that prompted it, it was certainly amusing. To relieve your minds I cabled this morning, and assured you that your alarm was wholly without foundation. It is true that we have been given a fortnight's vacation, but only because of a general indisposition, which was not at all serious and only interfered with the exercises of the house. For myself, thank God, I was not sick an hour, and so the break in the exercises, and the vacation, have been for me, as the children say, a picnic. The letter I wrote at Christmas must have reached you about the time you wrote your letter, and I hope it has reassured you that I am well. On Saturday last I received a cablegram from the Express Company, and what was my surprise to be given five hundred francs without a word. It never came into my head for what it was intended. I thought of

all kinds of explanations—to buy something special—a sudden inheritance, etc., etc.—but to go home, never. Since the vacation we have had no cases at all, and when your letter came we could not help laughing. It is not quite so convenient as you imagine, dear Mother—for as one of the seminarians reminded me I do not belong to myself any more. But there is not the slightest reason for leaving here, so do not worry about me, nor be at all anxious about my health.

Am not surprised that the newspaper reports frightened you, for I picked up a Boston paper the other day and saw in big lines: "One-Third of Paris Sick!" This is but a trick of the trade. They make mountains out of mole-hills. After all you see it is I who am anxious now, for it is passed over here, and you, on the other side, have got to undergo it. You mention that three at home have it. They must be very careful of a relapse, for herein lies all the danger of the influenza. The precaution is to stay indoors, and to keep warm, for a week or two after the malady has passed. Grown folks especially are the more exposed, and have it the more severely. Be not deceived because it seems light in the beginning, so it did here, but as I have said, it was neglecting it, and the relapse that caused all the danger. It was the poor that suffered most here, through want of care, but the mortality was no larger in number than with the rich. There were many amusing episodes among the seminarians, and those, like myself, that were not sick, could appreciate them. The most of the Americans had it very lightly, and all enjoyed the vacation immensely. Besides, I am five hundred francs in. "It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good." Don't be at all alarmed about me, for I was

never better in my life. Write soon again, Mother dear, and let me know how the sick ones are. Fondest love to you and to all.

Your affectionate son,
JOHN.

January 29, 1890.

My dear Mother:

I have just received the several letters from home, and they were doubly welcome, for I was anxious to know how the sick ones were, and to hear of K——'s departure. Am glad all came through La Grippe so well.
* * * * * By this time you have received my letter in answer to the cablegram, and I hope you are perfectly assured of the good state of affairs. We began studies on the 15th, and very few were wanting, so you see we were well over the siege before it reached home. It lasted here more or less for two months, so I doubt if you have seen the last of it. Do not neglect the precautions of a relapse.

Of course you must feel very lonesome for K——, especially as she was so much at home during the past months. But after all, it is she who will be the more lonesome, and besides, the complete change in life may be difficult to undergo at first. But with the help of God it will soon wear away, and I am sure that you will shortly be more intimate than ever. She will be near, and what if she can't run in to return the visit, why double yours, that's all. I am sure too, that after you have visited the convent a few times, and seen the happy life the nuns lead, you will be sorry that you did not enter yourself, instead of bringing up a half dozen wild geese of children that take wing as soon as they are able. It must have been Father's fault. Ask him what kind of a

nun he thinks you would make yourself. I have met a good sister here, who is superior of a convent near by, and who is, she told me, one of five sisters, all nuns, whose mother ran away from a convent, leaving by the window. So the church has now, instead of one, five nuns, which was not so bad an exchange. You have not done quite so well as that, but who knows what may come yet. In such a case I am sure that they would be of more real comfort to you, and help us more by their prayers than by any other thing they could do.

Am afraid that myself and K—— have taken up so much of your consideration and affection that the others at home will be jealous. Do not fret or lose any sleep on our account, dear Mother, and be assured that K—— will get along all right.

The newspaper slip that R—— sent about the one thousand students of St. Sulpice being sick caused a great laugh. The seminarians accuse me of having sent that news to get the money that was cabled to me. I have been presented with a cake, the most successful product of the season.

Love to each one at home and to yourself in particular.

Feb. 6, 1890.

Your letters show me how deeply you were all affected by K——'s departure. I am not surprised at it, but trust that by this time the sorrow has in a great measure subsided. I don't want to preach, but merely to ask you to look at it reasonably and calmly. Has she not done the best thing? What else could she do, than what she felt to be the Will of God? She might refuse His call, if she wished, but with what risk to herself, and what ingratitude to God! To be sure it was hard to part with her, but if you look at

it from a spiritual point of view—the only true way—it will be much easier to be reconciled to it. Then, too, she has not gone so far, nor dropped so completely out of your lives as you think, for I am sure, after a short time, she will be more actively interested in all your affairs, than had she remained a little while longer, and afterwards had a family of her own to look to. To look upon her going away as almost upon a death—that, that's a little too strong. Even if such a thought should come, you should reject it for your own good sense, and faith, should prevent you from taking so sombre a view of it.

There is another reason for bearing her going away at least with resignation; it is for her sake. For if she knew that she was the cause of so much pain to you all, she would suffer more from that than from any incommodities she herself has to put up with.

So now, from all these considerations look upon the matter joyfully, and believe me you will all shortly be more proud of K—— in that old pumpkin hood than in the “loveliest” Easter bonnet. * * * * *

March 21, 1890.

We celebrated St. Patrick's Day as well as we could under the circumstances and rules of the house. We wore shamrocks and got out for a couple of hours to go to the Irish College, which of course kept the day with all solemnity. There was no procession, and no tall hats. I fear that by the time I come to wear my beaver again it will be venerable enough to make its appearance only on “the day we celebrate.”

The weather is anything but St. Patrick's Day weather, for spring has been here some weeks, and the trees are already in bloom. After Easter, which is not far off, we begin the Grand Conges, full holi-

days, which are spent at Issy. We will have a chance to use the base-balls and bats. Plans are already in the wind for vacation. For myself, I incline towards Rome, for this will very likely be the last vacation that I will have. I know a great many students in Rome, and this, with its many advantages and traditions, naturally would make a visit very agreeable. The great drawback to this plan is the warm weather. I have been thinking of taking the last part of the school year to see Rome thoroughly and profitably. But of this later. * * * *

Seminaire St. Sulpice,
Holy Thursday, 1890.

My dear Sister:

I steal a few moments between the exercises of the day to answer your last letter, for I do not consider such writing out of the spirit of this holy time.

I am very much pleased to hear that every day finds you more and more happy in your new home, and that the time passes so quickly and agreeably with you. Your hours—if any one's—are “the golden links, God’s token reaching heaven one by one,” and God grant that the chain be never broken. As you say your postulate will soon be over, perhaps you could manage to have the name of Mary or Marie somehow, to make more complete your adoption into the congregation of our Blessed Lady. But suit yourself perfectly.

You will find the recitation of the Little Office most interesting. In relation to the Epistles and Gospels if you have time and liberty you ought to read Bossuet’s Elevations on the Gospels, which were written for religious, and like everything he touched, this work is very well done. With regard to the novena for T——, I began it as you suggested on the

31st. I recommended it to the prayers of the community, and also to a confrérie of the Sacre Cœur, a band of devout souls that are connected with the church of the Sacred Heart here, which church is being built by a national vow, and where perpetual adoration is held. I asked them to employ the intercession of Mother Julia, so that in case of a cure it may be used for the cause of her beatification, and I promised to erect a tablet to her if the prayers were answered. Certainly a more favorable time could not be found than Holy Week in which to appeal to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. May we have been found as well disposed to ask as He is to give. The ceremonies of these days are, of course, on a much more magnificent scale here than at home. There is, however, one simple ceremony at which we assisted yesterday, which is most touching and impressive. It is the veneration of the Crown of Thorns, a piece of the True Cross, and one of the Nails, which are the identical ones used in the crucifixion of our Divine Lord. The Crown of Thorns was brought to Paris by St. Louis. It is indeed inspiring of holy thoughts to look upon this relic and to know it was this that pressed so cruelly upon the Head of our Blessed Saviour, and that this very Nail pierced His tender Flesh. There is a peculiarity about the Crown that is not commonly known, yet which shows more suffering than is usually attributed to this instrument of the Passion. The circle of the Crown is larger than the circumference of the head, even when the thorns are in it, so that to keep it in place thorn branches were crossed over the top, the whole forming a kind of cap. So that there was no part of the Sacred Head that did not bear the wounds and bruises for our sins, especially for those of thought known only to

Him. Just think of it, dear K——, just think of it! I knew you would like a little souvenir of the relics, so I touched them with a little medal of the Sacred Heart from Paray le Monial which I enclose. I hope you will get it. Holy Happy Easter.

Apr. 11, 1890.

Our full holidays have begun, and the "calls" to receive orders have been given out. I have received mine, and have not been disappointed in anything. Pray for me continually as I do for you all.

SUB-DEACONSHIP.

'Tis over, 'tis done, the die is cast,
 And I, O Jesus, am Thine at last!
 At last, O God, at Thy feet I lay
 The anguish, the doubts, and the harrowing fears;
 And the joy and the peace that is mine to-day
 Is worth a thousand of such years.
 How often, my God, Thou hast been mine,
 But now, only now, my God, I am Thine.
 Why should I merit Thy holy choice?
 Why so long deaf to Thy blessed call?
 At last, O Jesus, I come to Thy voice,
 And from earth and sin rise as a pall.
 I awake, I awake at Thy finger's touch.
 Enough! O my God, of joy too much!

Sassetot le Manconduit,
 Seine, Inf.,

July 17, 1890.

We have been here a few weeks, and most of the time have had unpleasant weather. Sassetot needs hardly any introduction, as the little description I gave of it last year will serve this year, yes, and for years to come. It is

A place for idle eyes and ears
 A cob-webbed nook of dreams
 Left by the stream whose waves are years
 The stranded village seems.

In numbers "we are seven", but expect a large contingent about August. In fact we are getting so numerous that for a little quiet and more freedom to study, Mr. H—— and I will leave here for another small sea-side town a few miles further on.

Already it seems good to get out of the heat and noise and bustle of the city, and to breathe the fresh sea air and hear the birds sing. A walk through the country is a veritable treat. The crosses on the highways, the snugly thatched cottages, the little churches "old, centuries old," with their quaint statues that would make you laugh, and these decked out in the most rustic fashion, then great high cliffs overlooking the ocean and between them broad, fertile valleys, these and the like surround me, and would not anyone enjoy them?

The people too, are very sociable, and very good Christians. How often I have wished that some of you could see and appreciate what Catholicity can do, and has done for a country. At home our religion is looked upon as something good enough for the poor with no past and little present. But on this side of the water, all that is glorious in the past, all that is noblest in the present, in the arts, the sciences and morals belong to the Church. If some of our bigoted New England brethren could just pass over Europe, with their eyes open, they would go home wiser and better men, and they would leave their prejudices behind them. * * * * *

St. Pierre en Port,
Seine Inf.
Hotel de la Plage,
July 24, 1890.

My dear Mother :

As I mentioned in a previous letter, I have made a change from Sassetot, and am now at the above address, but you had better continue to send your letters

to the seminary, as it is more sure. We are now very comfortably installed. Our rooms overlook the sea, so we have the sea-air à volonté as they say.

The town consists of a few dozen fishermen's cottages snugly thatched, and an antique church. There is hardly a store in the place, and no post-office. The nearest railroad is ten miles away, so you see we are well out of the noise and bustle. The beach is small and stony, but the country hereabouts is charming. It would amuse you to see the services at the church on Sunday. The singers—old fishermen, bakers, etc., wear a soutane and a surplice, and are within the sanctuary. They are accompanied by a large trombone, and all these singing at plain chant, if they don't make a noise, it is not because they don't try. Some of them, too, wear copes like the priest's at benediction, and as you may imagine they cut a comical figure. In some of the churches the women are separated from the men. The children sing everything "what they know and what they don't know." They chime in with the priest in singing the preface; sometimes he stops suddenly to catch them, and there they are all singing away.

The church bell is rung here for baptisms and marriages, and it is tolled when a soul is passing away. The other day we asked a person why the bell was ringing, and he replied, "They are bringing the good God to a sick person." These good simple people always speak thus familiarly and affectionately of God, and at all times call Him, *le bon Dieu*.

TO MY MOTHER.

St. Pierre en Port, Aug. 9, 1890.

Today is my birthday, and since early morn

My thoughts and my heart have gone over the sea
To the loved spot on earth where I first saw the dawn,
To whisper, dear Mother, my greeting to thee.

I know that since morning thou'st thought of thy boy,
And mingled his name in thy fervent prayer ;
And asked God to keep him, thy hope and thy joy,
And bring him safe home to those waiting him there.

Then oft through the day I thought I could hear
My name whispered softly, in accents so sweet
That distance and time but render more dear,
And make my heart-pulses now quicken their beat.

* * * * *

Three years have gone and must another
E'er I may fold thee to my breast ;
Yet, courage, God is good, and Mother,
He will direct all for the best.

And am I changed? Ah, short have been
These years, yet they have left their trace ;
But to a mother's heart there is that within
Which time or clime cannot efface.

How go these fleeting years with thee?
Could winter coming bring no snow?
What matter, mother, since such must be,
When beneath all these the heart-fires glow.

Yet while the years of life go past,
We can but wait and trust, and pray
That what for us is here the last
May mark the birth of eternal day.

Seminaire St. Sulpice,
Oct. 2, 1890.

My dear Sister:

You see by the heading of my letter that I am home again, after all my wanderings, and, thank God, I am safe and sound and none the worse of the wear. My last letter written from Venice gave you an idea of my journeyings; between this word and the previous one have come Rome and Naples and the most interesting parts of the trip. I cannot give you any suitable account in this letter, for my time is limited and the mail is almost due.

You will, I fear, be a little disappointed that I did not get to Lourdes this year; yet I think that you will agree that my reason is good for postponing a visit there. It is this: Lourdes is almost as far off the road to Rome as it is from Paris, and it is more easily reached from here. Then it is the custom to go and say Mass there after ordination, a happiness and privilege I could not hope to have if I had gone there this summer. So, my visit is postponed, but by no means abandoned. If you have any particular need of the water of Lourdes I can send for some as I did last year. Otherwise, I will bring some home with me.

What can I tell you about my trip, or where begin? Perhaps I had better commence with the Passion Play. You have read of its origin, and how it is carried out. I found it very edifying and instructive. There is a decided religious sentiment pervading the place and the people as well as the play. A striking feature of the play is that the scenes in Our Lord's life are preceded by tableaux from the Old Testament by which these events were prefigured as: the institution of the Blessed Sacrament by the falling of

Manna, the Crucifixion, by the sacrifice of Abraham, etc. For people who have not studied Holy Scripture the play must have been a revelation. The part that I found most touching was the parting at Bethany of Our Saviour and His Blessed Mother, when He went up to Jerusalem to suffer and to die. It caused many an eye to moisten and grow dim with tears. Although not recorded in the Bible it must have been one of the countless and unknown sufferings in the hidden life of our Divine Lord. The Crucifixion was very realistic, and when the soldier opened Christ's side with a lance and the blood spurted out there was a general cry of horror. The performance lasted eight hours. The man who takes the part of Christ is a devout soul, and makes his living by carving crucifixes.

From Oberammergau I hurried on to Rome, stopping a few days at Venice and at Florence. It is not possible to say what I found most interesting in Rome, for classical antiquities, Christian memorials, monuments of art and shrines of devotion, it would be difficult to crowd more into so small a space. St. Peter's surpassed my expectations, and the Colosseum, the monument of so many martyrs, and the catacombs, their resting place, leave so deep an impression that one

——“cannot express
Nor cannot all conceal.”

I saw the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Ignatius, St. Aloysius, St. Agnes, the prison where St. Peter baptized his jailor, and I went up on my knees the sacred stairs brought from the house of Pilate. But I failed to see the Pope, and in a most exasperating way. With considerable trouble and ceremony I had been granted permission to assist at the Pope's mass, but I was not at my hotel when

the letter came. The bearer of the letter refused to leave it, and the following morning it was too late. The only consolation I got was that the Holy Father blessed a number of rosary beads and other articles for me.

At Naples we saw the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. I shall send you a full account of this later on.

You have read "The Last Days of Pompeii." We saw the city as it was on its last day. It is a wonderful sight; its silent streets and rows of unroofed houses, its stores and dwellings, theatres and temples standing almost as they were eighteen hundred years ago. Hardly one half of the city has been excavated.

Vesuvius, ever active, is but a few hours' walk from here. By day there is a cloud of steam continually rising from its crater, and at night a dark red fire. When we were there some dozen streams of lava, a couple of hundred yards from the top, formed a gigantic red hot gridiron. I never saw such a manifestation of the sublime and terrible in nature.

* * * * *

Continue to remember me in your prayers, and be assured that I do not forget you in mine.

St. Sulpice, Oct. 27, 1890.

I would like to write a full account of the summer as I have done in other years, but this will be impossible, for my work, including the recitation of the office, is just double what it was up to this time. *

* * * * * We had a little visit the other day with Archbishop Corrigan, who is on his way to Rome and the Holy Land. * * * * *

Nov. 22, 1890.

My dear Mother:

I have just had a letter from the Bishop, and he wishes me to be ordained as soon as possible. He has not mentioned the exact date, but most likely it will be in the early summer. That will be rushing matters, as you see, and I have a good deal of sanctity to acquire in so short a time. I depend on your prayers, dear Mother, and those of all my friends, and on the supreme goodness of God to be in some measure prepared. In the meantime—at Christmas—I will be ordained deacon, and I beg you to pray for me especially until then. * * * * *

Seminaire St. Sulpice,

Dec. 16, 1890.

My dear Father:

Our wishes, like our prayers, are independent of time and space, and I hope these will reach you in time to tell you my heartfelt ones of Merry Christmas to all. * * * * * The children have outgrown the thoughts of Santa Claus, but the holy season brings to us all a quiet joy and holy peace unlike perhaps any other of this world. Over here ours is of another kind; not the family reunion, the festal board and music; Christmas always brings to us an ordination, if not to ourselves, to some near friend. It is the season of first Masses, and for many of returning home. I am in retreat preparing for deaconship on Saturday. My next retreat, with the help of God, will be for the priesthood. Pray for me always, but in a special way during the coming months.

* * * * *

St. Sulpice,
Jan. 3, 1891

My dear Sister :

The whole budget of Christmas letters arrived safely and in good time, and I was more than delighted to hear from 'you all, individually and collectively. I sincerely hope the holy season was as happy for you as I wished it to be. * * * * * Was glad to see that my "old friends," G—— and T——, have not gone back on me completely. Their little letters were much appreciated. Tell them not to be too frightened at the Cincinnati examinations. Little girls in Cincinnati are no brighter than those in Lowell, perhaps not quite so bright. I am afraid I won't know "my Baby" when I get home. A baby that sings duets, studies Latin, and speaks French is hard to conceive. If she is a good Baby it is all we ask. * * * *

The holidays passed most pleasantly and memorably for me. I received deaconship during them, and have now to wait and prepare for the holy priesthood. * * * * * We were not forgotten by our new friends on this side of the water. A French lady, whom we met during the summer sent us a plum pudding. Another sent us a cake, and we received beautiful Christmas cards all the way from St. Petersburg. * * *

On the day of our *Sortie* we had a dinner together and some music. Afterwards Mr. H—— and I made some New Year calls. I must say I enjoyed them very much, and realized for the first time how charming and entertaining French people are at home. Tea and bon-bons were the great treat. They certainly do things in a most agreeable and cosy way.

So much for my New Year, the last over here. As I finished the day I could not but terminate it as Father always does: "God grant that we will all be alive and in good health this day twelve month." To which you will all say a hearty "Amen."

Love to all at home.

Your fond brother,
JOHN.

PRIESTLY LIFE.

The day long-desired came on May 23, 1891, when the young seminarian was ordained to the sacred priesthood by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris. In this final step all his hopes were realized, all his heart's dearest wishes fulfilled. When the solemn ceremony was over, while yet his consecrated hands were moist with the holy chrism, he cabled the following words across the sea, "Just ordained. God bless Father, Mother, and all at home."

Father Delany said his first Mass at St. Sulpice. He then offered the Holy Sacrifice at some of the famous shrines in and about Paris, and at Lourdes, where he journeyed especially to ask the blessing of the Mother of God on his new life and work. He visited England and Ireland, and finally returned to America. After passing a few days at his father's home in Lowell he reported for duty to his superior, Bishop Bradley.

Surprise has often been expressed that Father Delany should have left the old and well-established archdiocese of Boston to go to a diocese so young and apparently so unattractive. New Hampshire was then in urgent need of priests, particularly of priests familiar with the French language, and Bishop Bradley was making every effort to secure such. It was this need that induced Father Delany to offer himself. The choice was not altogether approved by his

friends. One of these ventured to say, "If you are determined to leave your own diocese, why don't you go to New York, where curates' salaries are higher and chances for advancement better?"

"I am not to be a priest for what I can get out of it," replied Father Delany, "but for what I can put into it. I go to New Hampshire."

In St Anne's, first pillar of the Church in Manchester, Father Delany began his priestly life. Charity, good nature, unerring devotion to duty, made him a model curate. Many of his assigned tasks were among the young people, to whom he became especially dear, but his love for the aged, the poor, the infirm, led him all unbidden to seek these out and to give them consolation not only spiritual but temporal. He did effective work for the young women of the parish through the medium of the Guard of Honor, which, under his guidance, became a flourishing society.

Though he was nominally only second assistant to the pastor, the illness of Father Quirk made him practically the first, and he was thus brought into close association with Father Lyons, whose efforts for parish upliftment he ably seconded. Both men were devoted to Father Quirk, and tried in every way possible to lighten his labors. This was not easy to do, for though the illness proved to be his last, he refused then to regard it seriously. It was noticed, however, when his turn came for answering sick calls, that he never got any at night. This, in a large parish, was so unusual as to occasion remark, but it was looked upon as a coincidence until someone discovered that every night after the household had retired, Father Delany slipped quietly down, switched the sick-call bell to his own room, and as quietly switched it back early in the morning, having attended meanwhile to what-

ever summons had come. For two years and a half Father Delany remained at St. Anne's. He was then transferred to Portsmouth as curate to the present Vicar General of the Manchester diocese.

Here in a smaller parish Father Delany had abundant hours of leisure, which he improved by reading and studying. Yet for these congenial occupations he neglected no parish duties. On the contrary, during the five years that he spent here, the young priest by his wisdom, his piety, and his zeal won for himself undying affection in the hearts of the people of Portsmouth.

Recalling those days one of the early parishioners says: "Father Delany's charity was as boundless as the ocean while he labored amongst us. Day and night it was exemplified in a thousand ways. He made it a special practice to go to the hospital on stormy days, when he knew the sick and suffering confined there would be alone. To the afflicted he brought presents of various kinds, and above all the sweetest of comforts in his genial presence and cheering words. In the sick room he was gentleness itself and many stricken ones looked for him as eagerly as if he were a visitant from Heaven that would bring them the succor and aid they longed for and desired. One old lady in particular, alone in the world, was a special charge of his, and this guardianship continued until her death. On one occasion he journeyed to a distant city to bring a little child to Portsmouth to visit his invalid mother. Again, at his own expense, he sent children to Boston, to noted specialists, for treatment that could not be received at home.

He was ever zealous for the souls of sinners, and his voice from the pulpit stirred many a sinner to

repentance, while his personal kindly interest in many a hardened heart softened its feelings and led it back to God. Once while a mission was being conducted by the Jesuits, a friend asked Father Delany how he was enjoying his rest. He replied, "Oh, I don't know what to do with myself." Later it was known that he had been out day after day hunting up the most hardened sinners, and that he had the happiness of seeing some of them well started on the road to a better life. A little incident occurred while he was attending a man who was seriously ill which will illustrate his sense of duty. The man had a strong affection for Father Delany, and on this occasion when the good priest was remonstrating with him about his sinful manner of living, the man said, "Well, Father, I will go to confession for your sake." Quickly came the reply, "If you cannot go for God's sake and for your soul's sake, stay as you are." Once when he was asked why he attended every fire he answered, "At such a time a priest may be needed, and if so I wish to be there." The children of the parish welcomed him with joy at their various amusements, for his coming in their midst was always a promise of a new foot-ball for the boys, and some sweets for the girls.

With the non-Catholics he was ever courteous and dignified, yet most approachable, and for this reason he made many friends among those who were not of the faith. One of them remarked: "Father Delany was the kindest and most charitable man I ever met." It was not by his actions alone that his goodness was revealed, it was his delicate thoughtfulness, and constant consideration, which many another would not have, that made his charities unique."

The following extracts are taken from sermons and letters written by Father Delany during his labors in Portsmouth.

AN UNPREPARED DEATH.

"There is perhaps no lesson in Holy Scripture so often taught, so variously represented, so strongly inculcated as uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. * * * No man pretends that he will live forever, no man will insist that he will live for a given term of years. Everyone will acknowledge that he knows not the day nor the hour when the angel of death may summon him.

* * * * *

If death were all, and the end of us, we could afford to put aside considerations of it, and enjoy ourselves while we may. But it is not all. It is not the end. It is only the beginning of another existence far more important to us than the one we leave. That other will be, not a life of a few years, or of a few score years, but a life without end of ecstatic bliss or one of indescribable misery. As our lot depends upon our condition when God shall call, for, "where the tree falls, there it will lie," it behooves us to provide for the same.

* * * * *

To be taken unawares by death in sin is an unpardonable blindness, because we are warned every moment of its approach. * * * *

To be found unprepared is an inexcusable madness because of the dreadful evils it entails. By an unprovided death I do not mean those awful judgments of God by which the sinful are often cut off in their sins for a public example, even as Baltazar in the midst of his debaucheries, or as Herod in his profanation. These are thunderbolts laid up in the store-house of

God's wrath for rare and terrible lessons, and yet His justice and His judgment daily surprise unprepared and unthinking Christians. * * * *

Do Catholics die unprepared? We know that Catholics sin, sometimes live in sin. They are not exempt from sin any more than others, and unless it is through a miracle of God's goodness they, too, die in sin. * *

A few years ago, in a well-known city a woman was dying. She had received all the sacraments with apparent fervor. The morning after their reception a messenger came to recommend her to the prayers of the priest saying that she was then in her agony and her death was momentarily expected. As she had been prepared for the end, and had not again asked for the priest he did not call. In the afternoon he was occupied in the confessional. Towards evening there was a break in the confessions, so the priest thought he would slip in and see if the poor woman were yet living. She was still alive, but hardly more; the death rattle was in her throat, and every breath seemed to be her last. In this condition she had been since morning. With the little strength she had left she waved the people out of the room, and beckoned the priest to come to her. He knelt beside her and she gasped "Oh, Father, I could not die till you came. I made a sacrilegious confession, and received Holy Viaticum in mortal sin." The priest had just time to excite her to sorrow for her sin and confidence in God, to give her absolution anew, and in five minutes she was dead.

This story is no hearsay, for I myself was the priest. This poor soul went to the very gates of death unprepared; but I knew another to have apparently passed through.

I was once called to a young man born of Catholic parents, baptized and brought up as a Catholic, but

by bad reading and evil company he had completely lost his faith. He believed in neither God nor hereafter. As he was in the last stages of consumption, I visited him often. He always received me politely and even affectionately. I gave him the proofs of our religion to which he could make no answer, but it was all to no purpose. I coaxed him, urged him, threatened him, promised him, prayed with him and for him. It was of no avail. Instead of softening his heart the thought of religion excited within him most diabolical rage. Such hatred towards God, such blasphemies towards Our Saviour and His Blessed Mother it has never entered your hearts to conceive, nor did I believe that they could be heard this side of hell. As death came nearer he became more violent and virulent than ever though in the full possession of his faculties. As I spoke of God he raised himself in the bed with the little strength he had left, tore open the bosom of his shirt, and shaking his fist at the sky he spat into the air defying God, if there was one, to take vengeance on him there. Although he held my hand, and begged me to stay with him, the sight of the holy oils which I took out set him in such a frenzy that he yelled like a demon and thus died. Bearing the external marks of reprobation he was buried in unconsecrated ground. God grant that he knew not what he did, or the extent of his malice; but it shows to what an extremity we may go. Let us add to our daily prayers the invocation "from an unprovided death, O Lord deliver us!"

Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 19, 1895.

My dear Sister :

You are the first to whom I write "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." I do so thus early

because we will be quite busy for the next few days and I will not have much opportunity. Tomorrow I am going to Dover for an ordination and next week of course we will have confessions. I will, please God, go home Christmas day and be there for supper and the little joyous family reunion that we usually have.

It is one of the greatest pleasures of the year and we have been so fortunate in being all in good health and being all together. You may be sure your name is often mentioned and you don't seem to be so far away from us either.

We are going to have a very beautiful crib here. It has just arrived from France. The figures are three and a half feet high, and require a space of fourteen feet. They are beautifully done and are finished like those little statues of the Sacred Heart with which you are familiar.

Fr. D—— was here today from the extreme north country and told me how he keeps Christmas there with his few simple country folk. I may be there myself to celebrate next year. I suppose your celebration will be pretty much as ours used to be in the seminary, wholly spiritual, but none the less joyful, perhaps the more. It is a busy, tiresome day for us, but a happy one always, and the only one we do not seem to outgrow. We have not many destitute and it is a satisfaction to know that the good time is shared by all our people.

I hope you found Drummond as interesting as I led you to expect. I preached that notion of "reflecting the character of Christ," last Sunday, of course crediting it, and some of the people were much pleased with the idea. I only wish that I could set them the example as well as indicate to them the way. There

are a few other books by the same author, more scientific but nevertheless interesting and edifying, that I will send you some time if you would care for them.

I will try to find a little present for you but, as you can imagine, the choice is restricted in a town like this to very meager articles. "'Tis not what we give but what we share," that makes the gift appreciated. I will give you a Christmas Mass all to yourself and I know, dear K—, you will prize that most and you will say a heart-felt prayer for me, won't you? I will not be able to see you this time.

Happy Holy Christmas then, dear K—, is my wish to you and to your dear Sisters, and Sister Superior in particular.

Lovingly yours in the Infant Jesus,

JOHN.

Portsmouth, N. H.,

June 26, 1896.

You are no doubt wondering why I did not keep my promise and write to you about my visit to New York. I was very busy last week giving the children a retreat for First Communion and did not have much time to write.

I had a very pleasant stay in New York and found Father Elliott a most agreeable and kindly man. It was a real treat to see his zeal and feel his enthusiasm for the new work. The Paulists are full of this matter and are persuaded it is the great crusade of the century. They are to organize a band in New York City in the Fall and they will make things hum. I spent a few hours each morning with Father Elliott discussing the situation in New Hampshire and what could be done. He gave me some valuable points as to

mission sermons. In the afternoon we went for a walk and talked the matter over on the streets or in the park, so that I came home with my head full of it. I wrote to the Bishop, but of course nothing can be done definitely until Fall. I am sending you a little book by Fr. Elliott which will give you the best notion of his methods and himself, too.

August 23, 1896.

* * * * *

I spent the second week of my vacation in the "north countree" and so may not be able to see you for some time. I suppose, dear Sister, that you were not missioned this year or you would have told me.

The family was much pleased with your letter of condolence. It was very sad having the child die away from home, but God was good after all. Had the child died a week before, and she seemed to be at the point of death even then, it would have broken her mother's heart for she was not at all prepared or reconciled. However, God bided His time and let the little one linger and suffer until all were ready and anxious to have Him take her. She was a dear, sweet little child that we all loved too much. As Grandmother said, "She is none too good for heaven." Her mother would have felt the loss much more but the baby has been so ill ever since it has taken up her attention and she will be satisfied if God spares her. The family felt it very much and being here, day and night, over that cradle, went through a siege they never before experienced. I think that the sorrow will have a good effect on us all, and Alice, little angel, has the best of it.

I hope you had a pleasant retreat—but what a scorching you got from the weather!

I haven't any news about our missions, except that they are to begin in November. I am afraid Fr. E—— will not be able to help us out, as he is engaged on the same work for the New York diocese. We will get some other helper and do what we can.

* * * * *

So you found it a difficult question, an unanswerable one, as to what you wanted. I was disappointed that you would not help me to make a selection. I could not but admire your contentment. Did you ever hear the story of the ducky that was told to name three of the things he desired most in the world? After deliberating several minutes he said: "Well, Marse Joe, I want a pa'r of boots." "Jack," said the master, "when you consider the number of good things in this world, can't you think of something better? Try again, be careful." "Well, Marse Joe, I always want to have plenty of fat meat." "Now, Jack, you have only one more chance. Can't you think of something better than a pair of boots and fat meat?" After thinking a while he gave it up, saying: "Marse Joe, if I had a pair of boots and plenty of fat meat I doan' want nuthin' mo!" My dearest sister, I do not for a moment want to compare you to any ducky, living or dead, but you remember that a comparison does not mean a similarity of the objects compared but only a proportion. Of course I am only joking, and I know full well the things you care for, and the only things you care for are the things of God, and it is from Him and not from me that you ask them. These, my dear girl, whatever they are, I pray God to grant you as the best Christmas present you can have.

You have heard me speak of Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." I tried to get you a

copy, but could not, so I send you the one I have used. I have found it very interesting, and think you will find it profitable reading. There are, of course, a few things for which you will have to make allowance, but your good sense will not let these interfere with the usefulness of the book.

The photo I am sending is a copy of the one in my room, "The Call of Peter and James and John." Perhaps you might like to make a crayon of it, or if you would like a larger one I will get it for you.

I will not be able to spend any of Christmas at home this year, coming as it does on Friday, but will go home the following week. There will be three of us missing—you and Fred and myself; but we may all thank God that it is neither sickness nor death that keep us, but only the "Father's business."

I will say one of my Christmas Masses for you, as usual. Don't forget to say a prayer for me, as I need your prayers every day, and appreciate them more than all beside. Praying God to give you the abundance of His blessings at this holy season, I am as always—

* * * * *

We had our retreat last week, and a terribly hot time we had. The preacher, however, was first class, and that made up for a great deal. This week I have had Father McM—— from Lowell for a visit, and enjoyed his company very much. It is beautiful here about this season, and much more comfortable than inland. I would like to be able to send you some of the sea breeze.

We are all interested in the establishment of your house of studies at Washington. It speaks well for the progressive spirit of the Order, and all the comments I have heard are very favorable. Sister Superior Julia has a good head and good pluck.

Our Bishop has not returned from Europe, and so there is no news. I hope that the Holy Father will urge him to carry out the plan of missions he contemplated.

* * * * *

"Haec dies quam fecit Dominus, exultemus et laetemur in eia"—my greeting to you as you come out of your shell on Easter morning. I wish you all the joys and blessings of that happy day. When Christmas comes I say to myself, "This is the happiest feast of the year," but when Easter is here I say "Easter is the more joyful time." The fact is that, like the seasons of the year, God has filled each with joys and beauties of its own.

I hope that Lent has left you none the worse of the wear—physically, of course, I mean—and that you came through the Valley of Silence with only a temporary suspension of your faculties.

Best love and best prayers for you always.

* * * * *

I suppose you are wondering what became of me since my trip to Washington. Well, I'm "back to the old home again," pretty much as if I had never left it.

We had a very pleasant trip, and Fr. A—— and Fr. D—— caught up to us, and we spent most of the time together. We were fortunate to be in Washington in those exciting days, and got into the Capitol for the debates. From Washington we went to Old Point Comfort, one night's sail on the Potomac, and returned the following night. The season was a month ahead of our own, and the rich Southern country was all new to me and reminiscent of historic scenes—the darkies gave color to the picture.

You wonder, perhaps, what became of my application for chaplaincy in the Navy. When I left you I found a letter from the Bishop, saying he had already granted permission to one of his priests to apply for such a post, and he thought that was all that religion and patriotism required of him. That almost settled my case. However, I wrote to him to ask that I be held as alternate in case the other should be rejected for any reason, and so the matter stands.

* * * * *

I am in this very pretty little town of Hinsdale, on the banks of the Connecticut, in sight of the Green Mountains. I have three towns to attend, and about one half of my people are Canadians, so I have good practice in French sermons.

Last week I gave a mission to non-Catholics, and, with somebody's good prayers, it was a very consoling success. The people came in good numbers, and the interest increased from night to night. The Bishop was very much pleased with the work."

After substituting for a short time for the pastor at Hinsdale, Father Delany came, in 1898, to St. Joseph's Cathedral in Manchester to begin, as secretary to Bishop Bradley and chancellor of the diocese, his more immediate preparation for the great work that was to follow. Soon after when the Sisters of the Precious Blood built their Monastery on Union street, Father Delany was appointed their chaplain. From that time, until the day of his consecration, he said at their chapel his morning Mass and preached his Sunday sermon; he heard their confessions, gave their retreats, looked after their temporal affairs, and established, with eleven of their number, a new house of

the Order in Cuba. He was, from first to last, their father and friend. Besides the daily duties of these offices, Father Delany fulfilled various others, more or less regularly, which, because of their broader nature served to make him widely known throughout the State. He was diocesan director of the League of the Sacred Heart, branches of which he established even in remote districts; he was director of the Society of the Holy Childhood; state chaplain of the Knights of Columbus; a member of the State Conference of Charities and Corrections, and had charge of the State missions to non-Catholics. This last was a work dear to his heart, for, while he did not expect that these lectures would make Catholics of all the Protestants who heard them, he did hope that they would clear away much of the existing prejudice, and thus bring about, if not religious unity, at least more amicable civil relations. The last office which Bishop Bradley assigned Father Delany was that of diocesan director of the Priests' Temperance League, whose members pledged themselves to further the cause of temperance by every means in their power. During these years, too, he became known as an interesting public speaker, and was frequently called upon for lectures and addresses.

Manchester, N. H.,
Sept., 23, 1898.

* * * * *

I have been very busy organizing the League in different parts of the State and getting ready for the first edition of my magazine. The copy is now in the hands of the printer and I am waiting for the proof sheets. I will send you one of the first copies for I know I will have no more anxious nor indulgent reader. It is a big task and lots of work and worry, but I don't grudge it if it comes out all right in the end. * *

We are going to have the Sisters of the Precious Blood here and the Bishop has appointed me chaplain of their monastery. They are a contemplative order like the Carmelites. I took the position with the hope that such good, holy, highly-spiritual women will give me a lift in that direction and supply in a measure what has long been wanting in myself. They are expected about the first of November.

Dec. 8, 1898.

* * * * *

Our new Sisters have arrived and are creating quite a stir. I am sure their very presence will do a world of good. You will be surprised to hear that we have already buried one of them. She was very sick when she came but no one looked for the end so soon. I assisted in extremis and she died a most holy death.

In her poor surroundings it would have moved any heart to see how patient, how resigned she was to die or to live if it were God's Will, and how happy she felt at the thought of seeing Jesus so soon. Speaking this morning over the white pine box that contained her remains I could not but recall that incident in the life of St. Teresa when she met the beautiful Child in the convent garden and asked His name—"Tell me yours first," said He. "My name," said the saint, "is Teresa of Jesus." "Mine," said the Child, "is Jesus of Teresa." When this good nun will give her name "Mary of Jesus" at the gate of Heaven, surely Our Saviour will reveal Himself to her as "Jesus of Mary."

* * * * *

We read of saints being above all earthly affection, scorning the ties of kindred, etc. Perhaps this may be the last triumph of grace but it is not the ordinary way that God works, and such lives do not in the least

appeal to me. They may be supernatural but they always seem to me like sticks and stones that never impel to imitation. It may be almost heresy to say so but I never could have the least affection for the saint of whom it is said that he never looked his mother in the face * * * * I need not tell you how my heart goes with these lines, need I, my dear sister? I pray God to bless you with His choicest blessings.

* * * * *

I have had some pleasant experiences lately with some laborers who are building a railroad in this vicinity. They live in camps along the line and are mostly Catholics. I spent last Sunday night with them, and such a night it was! I heard confessions all night long, and said Mass for them in a stable on Monday morning. In such surroundings I could not but think of the first coming of our Blessed Saviour into this world. It was a stable He chose for his dwelling, and I took this thought for the subject of my sermon to these poor men.

* * * * *

Dec. 22, 1898.

Once more I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and I do it with all my heart.

Last night I received a very touching Christmas present. I don't know whether I ever told you of a Sister P— of Brooklyn, whom I met in Portsmouth, and who used to send me a little box each year. She was a very genial, holy soul, and full to overflowing of religion, pure and undefiled. This year she was getting my box ready when, that very night, she was stricken with apoplexy, and died. Her sister sent on the box just as it was, and as I opened it, on the card within appeared her message, I hope from Heaven—"God bless you!"

I will offer one of my Christmas Masses for you as usual. Say a good prayer for me that day.

In 1898, with the encouragement of his Bishop, the young Chancellor instituted "The Guidon," an excellent monthly magazine, in which the sublimity and sweetness of our holy faith were set before the people in excellent literary and artistic form. The doctrines and discipline of the Church, their exemplifications in consecrated and most useful lives, their out-flowering in art, music, and literature—these were the topics in which the editor's pen was most happy and faithful. He retained the editorship of this publication until his promotion to the Episcopate, when, of necessity, it had to pass to other hands. Bishop Delany's last literary works over his own name were the introduction which he contributed to the recently published Life of his beloved predecessor and his Pastoral in English and French on Christian Education.

The duties of office and editorship by no means exhausted the zeal and vigor of the young priest. He believed in those extra-parochial organizations of Catholics which are now so greatly advancing the Catholic cause. So he was not only a member, but the State Chaplain of the Knights of Columbus in New Hampshire. He believed in meeting our separated brethren on the common ground of patriotism, citizen spirit, and public benevolence, for he was on the State Board of Charities, and an active member of its Committee on Dependent Children. A good Catholic American, he loved the natural virtues of his fellow citizens of other faiths in the spirit of Christ to those "not of his fold," and he wished to give them the chance to see the Church in its truth and beauty. He was at the head of Manchester Apostolate, with its missionary work for non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

Sept. 16, 1902.

* * * * *

All aboard for Cuba! Our arrangements are all made and I expect to start with my little band one week from to-morrow. We will leave Manchester on Wednesday the 28th, and sail from New York on Saturday. The Sisters will spend a few days at their old monastery in Brooklyn. Cuba is a four days' sail, and we expect to be in Havana on the following Wednesday. I do not know how long I will stay. There will be eleven sisters in the party, five of whom are Cubans. I will tell you all about the trip when I return.

THE LAND OF THE GOOD CIGAR.

Havana, Cuba, Oct. 1902.

Last night I sat at the end of the Prado listening to the music of the military band and watching the light of Moro Castle, which stands across the bay, blinking like a sleepy Cyclops. Not two hundred yards away, the fighting foretop of the battleship Maine and a few twisted remnants of a hull, marked the last resting place of a hundred gallant sailors. The sky was as clear as if never flecked by a cloud, the air was warm as our hottest August nights, though a little breeze came off the water. The scene about was the gayest of the gay. The white duck suits and large rounded hats of the men, the mantilla framing the lovely dark faces of the women, and a good sprinkling of negroes in all degrees of picturesqueness came and went under the myriads of electric lights. What wonder if I thought of nothing else! But "le nuit porte conseil" and this morning it dawned on me that it was after the first of the month

and there was such a thing as the Guidon, but really the concern it gave me was very little. There is a charm and quietness about Havana I never found elsewhere. It is not only ancient but oriental as well, with a Moorish flavor. From the sea in the early morning, the sight of the city would charm the gods. Its pink and blue walls, surrounded by the loveliest green on the hills and the red soil of the roads and cliffs make a rare combination. The streets are about thirty feet wide with side walks of eighteen inches, some of them completely covered by awnings. The houses are all of stone, and the rooms are posted twenty-five feet. The windows have no glass but have shutters and artistically designed iron gratings.

Of course I have seen the Archbishop and have an appointment with the U. S. minister at ten this morning.

OUR NEW RELIGIOUS FOUNDATION IN CUBA.

An invasion of Cuba took place the first of last month. It was not heralded in the newspapers at the time, but it is an event whose importance may be far reaching in the future. The expedition was organized in Manchester, N. H., and consisted of eleven women, five of them Cubans, sisters of the Precious Blood, and their chaplain. No secrecy was maintained, though no special publicity was given to the matter, and the route taken by the party was that usually followed by travelers from New York to Havana. No opposition was met until reaching the custom house, when certain suspicious looking boxes were detected by the keen-eyed officials. They demanded to know the contents, and as they tugged and pulled at the unwieldy crates they were told the heavy

boxes held supplies for the foundation of a new religious community. From the looks on the men's faces we judged they thought we had brought bricks along with us. An examination of the luggage revealed nothing more dangerous than a printing press, sewing machines, a handsome Estey organ, the first, by the way, ever brought to the island, and intended only to promote harmony ; a dozen little oratories, each containing all the earthly belongings of a Sister. No more incriminating evidence being found, the expedition was allowed to land and the little band began the work of capturing souls for Jesus.

To understand better the nature of their mission we ought to go back awhile.

Four years ago, at the invitation of the Bishop of Manchester, twelve Sisters of the Precious Blood came from Brooklyn, N. Y., and established themselves in our episcopal city. A modest cottage house was their first abode and this was transformed as well as could be into the condition of a monastery, with a small chapel and cloistered apartments for the religious. God blessed the work. A larger chapel was soon begun and finished and the ten thousand dollars it cost were soon raised and paid off. From the first, the Cenacle, as this new home of religion was called, became a centre of piety. To-day, the chapel is bright, attractive, and devotional. Over its tasteful altar and against a pictured scene of Calvary, stands a full-sized group, a bleeding Christ upon the cross, His sorrowing Mother, St. John, and Mary Magdalen weeping at its foot. Everything about the chapel speaks of the devotion inculcated, that of honoring the Precious Blood of Jesus wherein the sins of the world are washed away. Little by little the daily life of the community became known and ad-

mired. Theirs is a life of prayer and immolation. At midnight the Sisters rise to chant the office of Matins. At one o'clock they retire to rise again at five. Mass is celebrated at half-past six and during the day the rest of the office is sung according to the canonical hours. Watchers succeed each other day and night in perpetual adoration of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. The community lives on the bounty of the faithful. During their years in our city, like the birds of the air, they took no thought of the morrow, and the good God who provides for the humblest of His creatures has not forgotten these, His devoted children. If this trust and confidence speak well for the Sisters, it does hardly less so for the thoughtful charity of so many good people in Manchester, who never for a day have forgotten the recluses of the monastery and let them go unprovided.

For some months the foundation of a new home in Cuba was under consideration and at last the dream was realized.

Wednesday, September 25th, was the day fixed for departure of the colony. It was the feast of Our Lady of Mercy. In the morning the Rt. Rev. Bishop himself said Mass in the monastery chapel and invoked God's blessing on the undertaking. Mass was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The good-bys and God-speeds were spoken and the Sisters left their cloister home never to return. A number of friends had assembled at the railroad station to say adieu, and these with so many religious in the midst and the demonstrations of affection they excited caused quite a little stir as the train drew in.

A stop of two days was made at the Monastery of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn, N. Y., where Mother St. Gertrude and several of the Sisters, now en

route for Cuba, had been received into religious life. It is needless to say a warm welcome awaited them, and the two days spent there were a veritable ovation.

Saturday at three o'clock found us steaming out to sea. Though the day was fair, there was quite a swell on the ocean, and the pangs of parting were soon supplanted by the pangs of mal de mer. But the less said about that the better. The next morning dawned beautiful. The sea was placid, the weather became warmer, the water began to take on the blue of the tropics. It was Sunday. We did the best we could to keep the day holy. The dining saloon was cleared, the sideboard draped with flags and a little table set between the rows of seats to serve as a pulpit or altar. Notice was posted and the gong sounded at 11 A. M. for divine service. Most of the cabin passengers attended. We resolved to have a "dry" Mass, as it is called, and to assist at least in spirit at the Holy Sacrifice since we could not attend in body. The Sisters sang the Ave Maris Stella, for it was the feast of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady, to invoke her who is called the Star of the Sea for a pleasant, prosperous voyage. The chaplain then read the prayers of the Mass in English, the little congregation kneeling, standing, sitting, as we do when assisting in church at home. After the gospel came the sermon. The subject chosen for a last instruction was "The Love for God, in the Person of Christ Jesus." As this was the intention of prayer for the month, so, too, it seemed singularly fitted for a parting word between the shepherd and the little flock he was to leave behind. He spoke of the love of Jesus, in the person of the Apostles and early martyrs; how that love abided in faithful hearts throughout all the cen-

turies since. That it still abides, strong, vigorous, fruitful, your presence here testifies. At His call you have left father, mother, sisters, brothers, houses and land, perhaps never to see them again. But fear not, little flock, it has pleased your heavenly Father to give you a kingdom. Yours will be the reward, a hundred-fold here and life everlasting.

After the sermon "Mass" proceeded, through the holy words of consecration. How solemn they sounded "This is My Body—this is My Blood," though there were no sacred species there. The heart and thoughts of my little flock were far away, I am sure, over the sea, where, at the Cenacle they had left, the Holy Sacrifice was really offered this morning, or perhaps at that other Cenacle where Jesus Himself celebrated the divine mystery for the first time.

At the close of the "Mass" the sisters sang a few stanzas of the Stabat Mater. Our impromptu church service was quite complete, we only omitted the collection.

The presence of the little community excited no end of curiosity among the passengers. Who are they? Where are they going? What are they going for? When told they were Sisters of the Precious Blood, going to Havana to establish a new home, this was satisfactory, so far, but when told these Sisters were of a cloistered order whose mission required them to be sequestered from the world and whose office was principally of prayer, this was by no means so intelligible to the Yankee mind, whose god is Mammon and whose service is hustle. No matter, they may live to learn that "more things are wrought by prayer than we have dreamt in our philosophy." All were exceedingly kind, however, and nothing was spared to make the Sisters happy.

The third day out we came to the coast of Florida and ran near enough to the shore to see the hotels at Palm Beach and the buildings at Miami harbor. All day long we followed the line of shore, and in the evening saw the last of the lights on the keys, then struck across the Gulf.

The first streaks of morning found us off Havana. The pink flush of dawn overspread the sky and the lights of the city still glistened. Morro-Castle's revolving light blinked like a sleepy Cyclops. As daylight advanced what a picture in color the whole scene presented. The buildings wore a shade of pink; they were low and stately and somewhat of the Moorish style of architecture. The brilliant green of the surrounding hills and country was intersected by roadways of yellow and red. The harbor is small, with hardly any approach and once you pass the sentinel lighthouse you are in a perfect land-locked bay. The sounding of our steamer's whistle seemed to awake the sleeping harbor. We had scarcely reached our mooring buoy, (vessels do not cast anchor here for fear of riling disease from the bottom), when from all sides came creeping upon us a fleet of queer little lighters and tugs of officials, and by the time we were made fast, our huge steamer was surrounded three or four deep by all kinds and sizes of crafts.

I venture to say that the first searching glance of every American on board was for the relics of the battleship Maine. And sure enough, there she was, or at least all that is left of her, a mass of twisted iron, but her fighting top still stands defiant, high out of the water. Beneath are the bones of a hundred of our gallant sailors, if the sharks have left even these. It's a gruesome sight and one that for decency's sake should be removed.

The Sisters were expected, and, early as it was, among the little tugs that made their way to our side was one to bid them welcome and to take them ashore. In the group on deck were four priests, and our American Sisters saw for the first time the habit of the native clergy. Two Carmelite Fathers wore the brown habit of their Order, with cowl and sandals, and as they removed their broad, white felt hats they showed their shaven heads. The secular priests were dressed in black cassock, with the Roman cloak, and they wore black bell-crowned hats. One of these two was Father Estrada, Vicar-General of the diocese of Havana, through whose instrumentality the Sisters came to Cuba. The first visit in the new land was to the Church of the Carmelites. The bells rang out a glad welcome and the organ rolled out its sweet music. The Sisters, entering, prostrated themselves for a moment at the door, then, rising, formed a procession to the altar. Father Estrada intoned the *Te Deum*, and at its close sang the customary prayers for occasions of this kind. A sermon was delivered by one of the great preachers of the city.

Leaving the church, the Sisters paid their respects to the Archbishop at the Episcopal Palace. His Grace received them most affably, extending to them a cordial welcome, and gave them his paternal blessing.

From here they went to their new home, the first monastery of the Precious Blood in Cuba. What were the first impressions of the little band at the sight of its new domicile I cannot say, but no doubt their hearts were filled with conflicting emotions — everything was so strange and so different from the country they left. The kind thoughtfulness of new friends forestalled them. The altar of their house

chapel was already in place and covered with an abundance of flowers. Breakfast was awaiting them, and a darky cook bustled about to give them their first Cuban meal, while a company of friends crowded the building and the little black faces of the children peered through the grated windows.

These are but temporary quarters for the Sisters. The monastery intended for them by the Archbishop is not ready for occupancy. Subirano 2 is like most of the dwelling-houses in Havana. Its exterior is plain and neat. Like all of the buildings there is nothing on the outside to indicate the purpose of its use. In answer to the sound of a brass knocker you are admitted into a reception room. The floors are made of beautiful tiles, and its groined ceiling is fully twenty-five feet high. Off this leads another room like the first, with white walls and blue tinted trimmings, that serves as a chapel. Around and behind the altar will be placed the lattice work to form a cloister for the community. There are no glass windows, nor are there any in the houses in Cuba, but large casements, fully twelve feet high, with shutters within and beautifully wrought iron gratings without. Of course all the accessories of a home are found here, not excepting a spacious tiled roof, where the Sisters, like all natives of these warm regions, can get the cool evening breeze.

During my stay at Havana I shared the hospitality of the Augustinian Fathers at St. Augustine's College, an English-speaking day school for boys. Adjoining the college is the chapel of St. Augustine, which formed part of the old church and monastery served by the Augustinians since the middle of the seventeenth century. Father Jones, O.S.A., the rector of the house, kindly suggested that I tell the English-

speaking colony, which attends this church, of the coming of the new community, and try to interest them in its behalf. The Sunday after our arrival I celebrated the principal Mass at St. Augustine's. I took that occasion to answer the question so often asked—Why send a Sisterhood here whose office is only prayer? Why not one occupied with the active, exterior works of religion, such as teaching, nursing, or the like? We answer, these latter offices will not be neglected, and those who are engaged in the active works will be the first to acknowledge the necessity of prayer to sanctify and to fructify the ministry of their hands. It was the uplifted arms of Moses and his prayers that did more to win victory for the people of God than did the brave strokes of the faithful soldiers. This island has been steeped in blood, and blood has been the price of its liberty. But the cause is only half won. There is another enemy, vanquished only by the blood of Jesus. This is the Blood we would sprinkle on the door posts of the new republic, so that the Destroying Angel may pass it by. This is the purpose of the community we send to make known and honored and glorified the Precious Blood of Jesus. Such is the story of the second invasion of Cuba.

“You came to us once, O brethren, in wrath,
And death and destruction followed your path;
You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.”

In gentleness, patience, zeal, and devotedness this little band sets out to make the victory complete.

* * * * *

I suppose you are already wondering how I got here. Well, we got only as far south as Norfolk. We were delayed twenty-four hours in leaving Boston, and missed the Savannah Boat. However, after my experience on the two days' trip to Norfolk, I was not sorry. My worst anticipations were realized, About every story of sea-sickness you ever heard would fit my case,—even that of the passenger who, when asked by the sentimental maiden if the moon was up, replied that if it was inside of him it was up long ago.

We found Norfolk in rather a disturbed state, owing to a street car strike. The militia was on duty and had the place practically under martial law. If you never saw a Southern city, you have little idea of the conditions that abound. And the darky! how can I describe him? Lazy, shiftless, happy, dirty; in all shades from a cream to ebony, in all conditions from the little cherub you feel like stealing to the poor, blind, crippled beggar, and the mammy with her head always tied up in white or colors. They seem to thrive on sunshine and dirt. Sometimes they fish. It is common enough to see a big darky lying asleep in an old flat-bottom dory, with the fish line tied to his toe. If he gets a bite, he wakes up and pulls in. Izaak Walton never invented a better compromise between fishing and idleness than this.

Richmond, a beautiful city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, surprised me very much by its size and modern appearance. We went this morning to the battlefields of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks as it is commonly called in the North. We had for guide an old fellow who had been on the ground thirty-seven years, and he "shouldered his crutch and showed how the field was won." My only impression now is of a

long line of mound over which the contending armies crossed and re-crossed for a single day, until they left on the field fifteen thousand of their number. It is no wonder the soil is red here and that the River James in the spring flood runs almost brick color,—of course they tell us it is from the composition of the soil, but the blood shed about Richmond would be enough to account for it all.

Jeff Davis is buried here and so are Presidents Tyler and Monroe. Tyler has a little stone that cost thirty-five dollars—so the man told me who put it up—as the only monument to mark his last resting place. The monuments are all poor; poor in taste and poor in execution. I wonder if this is to be accounted for by the fact that they were nearly all erected by some patriotic women societies?

To-morrow I am going to the Virginia Historical Society to see if I can find anything by way of correspondence between Davis and Franklin Pierce—here is where the Guidon comes in—then start at once for Washington.

FATHER DELANY AS EDITOR OF GUIDON.

FIRST EDITORIAL BY FATHER DELANY.

OCTOBER, 1898.

SALUTATORY.

With the present issue of the Guidon we make our formal entry into the lists of journalism, and, saluting the public, proceed to introduce ourselves. The reason for the existence of such a magazine as we propose to publish is the need of it, and a better excuse for being could hardly be found.

New Hampshire holds within her borders one hundred thousand Catholics, and, up to the present time, has had no distinctively Catholic publication of her own. These children of the Church are spread out over a vast area, many of them in little towns and villages far removed from Catholic influences that should enter daily into their lives.

Now the Catholic religion is not something for one day in the week, to be put on or off with our Sunday clothes. It is for every day in the year, and for every action in our lives, and whatever keeps this thought uppermost in the minds of our people will bring them closer to the spirit of the Church. It is with the hope to supply in some measure this want, that we undertake the work, and any one who has experienced the wholesome effects of the presence of a good Catholic journal in the family will realize that this hope is well founded.

What the good paper does for the family it does in a greater degree for the community in which it circulates. Its influence is widespread and lasting. "It is," said our Holy Father, Leo XIII., "a continual mission."

Our purpose will be to furnish such reading to the home as will interest and edify, to keep our own people informed on whatever may be of interest or importance to the Church in general or to the diocese in particular, and to enlighten those outside the fold on the teaching and practice of our holy religion.

A glance through our different departments will show the scope we strive to embrace. The "League of the Sacred Heart" is intended for the spiritual nourishment of the soul. The "Instruction in Catechism" is meant to interest the little ones in the great truths of religion. The "Good-reading Columns" will stimulate the appetite for what is wholesome and elevating in literature. The "Question Box" will remove doubts and difficulties that stand between us and the truth, and participating in the great work of the "Propagation of the Faith" will aid to bring about what we daily pray for, "Thy Kingdom Come."

Many of our people in this State speak French, and these have not been overlooked in the work. A portion of our magazine will be published in their language, and all that concerns them and their interests will receive its due importance.

This is the task we have set ourselves, and this is the work which, God helping, we hope to accomplish.

OUR NAME.

The League of the Sacred Heart is a spiritual militia, and for that reason we have chosen a military title for our magazine. The guidon is the little flag carried by a soldier on the right of the line in

platoon formation. We hardly dared call our work the "Standard," or to make ourselves the rallying point in time of battle, but just the little ensign that helps to keep the line straight in "the piping times of peace." The word "guidon" was applied also to one of a community established by Charlemagne at Rome for the purpose of guiding pilgrims to the Holy Land. This, too, in a mystical sense, will be our office, to guide those committed to our care to the City of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

It was, however, as founder and editor of the *Guidon* that Father Delany was best known throughout New England. In October, 1898, Bishop Bradley began the publication of this diocesan magazine, and placed Father Delany in editorial charge. The position was unenviable. Priests and people alike were sceptical of success, and free to predict the doom of the venture. For a long time Bishop and editor stood alone, but they worked quietly on, apparently unmindful of criticism, and their confidence was at last rewarded. At the end of six years, the *Guidon* had won the recognition of its fellows, and the approval of the highest dignitaries in the country. Its editorials were widely quoted, and it wielded a power not to be ignored. It was a vindication of its founder's judgment, and a monument to its first editor's indomitable will and indefatigable courage.

Only a few of the *Guidon* editorials written by Father Delany can be mentioned here, for they are so many in number that they would fill a complete volume. It is hoped that some day they will appear in a separate form, in answer to the many requests that have been made for their publication.

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH DURING THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

As the end of the century approaches it is only natural to look back over the span we have passed to see how the cycle of years has left us. In politics, science, literature and art the accounts have been cast up, and, in some cases, the results have been really marvelous. No one can tell what the future has in store, but, compared with the centuries gone by, this XIX. century of ours may be termed the age of wonders.

How has it fared in things religious? We cannot be indifferent on a subject like this. How stands the Church as the years go by? What progress has she made during these hundred years? Let us see.

The true progress of any society is the advance of that society towards its true end. All other progress, however rapid, however brilliant, however applauded, is only retrogression. In an interesting discourse on this subject, delivered some years ago, Mgr. O'Neill, O.S.B., the venerable Bishop of Port Louis, lays down the following rule to measure the progress of the Church, and this rule will serve as well to-day as when it was first offered.

“‘Go, teach all nations,’ was the commission given the Apostles and their successors by their Divine Master, and this was the end for which the Church was instituted.

“Now, this teaching of the Church is not something purely theological, speculative like that of a school of philosophy, it is essentially practical, and to fulfill her end the influence of her doctrine should be formed not in the mind only but in the heart, the life, the morals of her disciples.”

This is the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century of what? Of Christ and of his Church. The

progress of that church through all these years has not been the triumphant march of an Alexander or a Cæsar. She has gained magnificent victories it is true, but she has, too, borne defeat, suffered defection and loss. See her condition at the beginning of the present century. In the most Catholic country of the world her temples were profaned, her priests massacred, or driven into exile, and the Pope dying a prisoner. It was only by the protection of two non-Catholic powers, England and Russia, that the Cardinals could assemble at Venice to elect his successor. In Protestant countries the Catholic faith was only a spark covered with ashes. In Africa, Asia, and America was here and there a mission, a few bishops and a clergy, often indifferent and sometimes unworthy. The worldly-wise observer would say, surely the end is at hand. "But the end was not yet," says Macauley. "Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was still fated not to die. Even before the funeral rights had been performed over the ashes of Pius VI., a great reaction had commenced. Anarchy had its day. A new order of things rose out of the confusion,—new dynasties, new laws, new titles, and amidst them emerged the ancient religion.

In 1800, Australia counted only two priests and New Zealand only one; to-day in that province there are thirty-four bishops and archbishops. In 1800 India had within her borders four or five Portuguese bishops and the same number of apostolic vicars; to-day, without including the heirarchy of Goa, there are seven archbishops, seventeen bishops, and four apostolic prefects. Six vicars on the peninsula of Indo-China have been increased to fifteen. Instead of eleven in China there are now thirty-six, and Japan that had none has now one archbishop and three bishops.

At the close of the last century, here in our own country there was one bishop, Bishop Carroll of Baltimore. To-day we number nine million Catholics with fourteen archbishops and seventy-five bishops. Canada at that time had one bishop at Quebec; in the same territory to-day there are seven archbishops and twenty-eight bishops.

But why enumerate all these in detail, enough to state that during this hundred years the church has created more than two-hundred and fifty dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures apostolic, each one having its clergy, schools, orphanages, and the rest. Surely this is progress.

In the intellectual order the beginning of the century was marked by a conflict between faith and the so-called science of the time. But it was "the little science," the dangerous thing of which Bacon warned us as leading away from God. The increase of knowledge and the better understanding of the laws of Nature show there is and can be no real conflict between science and religion, for the same "God who gave us the Bible wrote the illuminated manuscript of the sky." The discoveries in Egypt and Assyria, hailed with such acclamation by the enemies of the Church, have only added to and strengthened her position with regard to Revelation. A deeper and impartial study of profane history of such stormy times as that of the "Reformation," the Reign of Henry VIII., and the Spanish Inquisition, has deprived the bigot of his stock in trade of abuse and calumny, and redounded to the credit of the Church. In no place is this progress of the Church more marked than in the standard books of reference where a fair and impartial hearing is given her, which was refused in days gone by.

Her sway on the hearts of men was never greater than it is to-day. What institution in the world is so

admired for works of mercy and of charity? Her hospitals, her orphanages, her houses of refuge, replace the poor-house and the prison. No century of the Church's history has been more prolific of foundations of societies and congregations. The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Society of the Propaganda, the Holy Childhood, the Marist Fathers, the Oblates of Mary, the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie, are only a few stars in the great constellation that has arisen.

It is not for glorification that we cite these facts, it is for encouragement. We know that the Church must ever do battle, but it is better to fight with confidence. Where can we find a greater source of confidence than in this visible protection and aid of the Most High, and the assurance of our Saviour, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

PHILANTHROPY NOT RELIGION.

There is a marked tendency these times to substitute philanthropy for religious faith, and to think that because one is charitable towards the poor and unfortunate, he thereby acquits himself of all his obligations toward God. This great care and solicitude for the mere temporal well-being of our kind is often the distinguishing mark of the utter loss of faith. The greatest infidels have preached humanity loudest. And logically it should be so. For if this life is all and death is the end of us, it ought to be our greatest concern to free that life from as many ills as possible, and to render the present existence as agreeable as we can. Such, however, is not the teaching of Christianity; life is only a preparation and death the beginning of an eternal existence. Suffering is

a means by which our souls may be purified and strengthened in their union with God, and far from being an unmixed evil, as it is often esteemed by the world, it may become one of our greatest aids to salvation. St. Paul tells us how "tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not." And he adds that the tribulations of this world are not to be compared with the glory to come. Looked at in this light, poverty, suffering, and misfortune are by no means as unbearable as people without faith imagine, and beautiful examples of Christian patience, fortitude, resignation may be met with every day. Of course it is praiseworthy to try to lessen the ills of poor human nature, but that is on account of our weakness. It is a higher and a holier thing to suffer them with patience for our soul's and God's sake. When will people learn that true charity does not consist in filling the purse of the poor, while their souls are left starved and shriveled? Only when they realize the words of our Saviour, "Not by bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

THE HOLY HOUR.

The devotion of the Holy Hour is one that should appeal to all Catholics. It consists in giving one hour of prayer and adoration to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. This hour should be spent in the church, if possible, and before our Blessed Lord in the tabernacle. It should be made regularly once each week or, at least, once each month. It can be made in common as is done in certain parishes where this devotion is regularly established. In such case some day and hour is appointed by the pastor; the Blessed Sacrament is exposed upon the altar, hymns are sung,

prayers recited, and the hour closes with Benediction. This is, indeed, a wholesome practice in any parish, and cannot fail to bring the blessing of God upon all its members. Where such public devotion does not prevail, the individual can gain for himself abundant graces by following privately the simple rules prescribed.

One hour's visit to the church may seem long. But think! an hour's visit to a friend would seem short, indeed, and what friend have we like Jesus? How many hours we spend in useless, simple frivolity and deem them only too short. The days, the weeks, and the months go by but we never visit Jesus in the house where He has chosen to reside as the self-made prisoner of love in the tabernacle. It is true we come on Sundays and spend an hour or the part of an hour assisting at Holy Mass, but is it not rather from constraint, from fear of the mortal sin of remaining away, than from the sweet compulsion of affection that should draw us to His divine presence? Day after day He is in the church alone; the door stands open inviting the passers-by, and from out the tabernacle Our Saviour speaks: "Come to me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." Yet we pass heedlessly on. It does not speak well for our faith to leave Him thus alone, and it ill requites His love to pay no attention to His invitation.

One hour with Jesus will make the whole day different, it will make the whole week and month better. Those who knew the Apostles saw a change come over them and accounted for it saying: "They have been with Jesus." We have all of us felt the influence of the presence of some person. While with him we dared not entertain an unworthy thought, much less say an unbecoming word or do an unseemly

action. The influence of even that human presence has been a source of joy and comfort and strength for days and weeks together. What, then, cannot this association with Jesus do for us, if entered into with the spirit of love and faith? Do we not labor and often fruitlessly? Are we not heavily burdened with the weight of sin and sorrow, grief, and disappointment, and where can we find a counselor and comforter like Jesus? "Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from Heaven, * * * * and *was made man?*"

This devotion of the Holy Hour and these visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament are not intended for the pious and devout only. They perhaps need it least. It is the common, every day Christian who needs it most. We recall with the greatest satisfaction the time of the Jubilee visits, when the touching custom of Catholic lands could be seen as described by Longfellow:

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er."

And such we should see every day. An hour stolen from the busy, toilsome day for the working man or woman, and spent in the quiet holy atmosphere of the church will bring rest and refreshment, peace, and light. It will above all bring us in closer union with Jesus Christ. It will increase our love for the Blessed Eucharist; it will give us a more ardent desire for the Bread of Angels; it will help us to receive more and more worthily this food of our souls, in the strength of which we can, like the prophet Elias, reach at last the mountain of God.

THANKSGIVING.

The duty of giving thanks to God is not one that was invented by the civil authorities, but is an obligation imposed upon us by the natural law. However, it is well that this duty be brought before us in a special manner for it is one that is easily overlooked or neglected. In time of distress and trouble we need not be encouraged to look to God for help; we are ready indeed to implore His aid and to storm Heaven with our importunities. But when the need is passed, and when we have all our soul desires, we are very apt to take things as a matter of course and never so much as thank God for all His bounty lavished upon us. Ingratitude among men is one of the unforgiven sins. It displeases God exceedingly. It was the ingratitude of the Jews that called forth His severest denunciations. Our Saviour grieved that of the ten lepers cured by Him only one was found to return to give thanks for the benefit received. St. Paul repeats, time and again, that "we should give thanks in all things, for this is the will of God," and Sunday after Sunday the Church admonishes us in the preface of the Mass, "*semper et ubique gratias agere*," "to give thanks to God always and in every place."

Why does God require our thanks? Is He not infinitely perfect, and supremely happy, and independent of any exterior influence? Yes, but it has pleased God to condescend to be considered as a kind and loving Father, and as no grief is so poignant to an earthly parent as the ingratitude of his children, so, too, does it affect the heart of our Father who is in Heaven.

Have we not many reasons to thank God for the year that has passed? As a nation we have been spared many ills. No war, no pestilence, no great

calamity has visited us. At our very gates Mount Pelee wrought a havoc which has few parallels in the world's history. England closed a disastrous war; France is persecuting the Church. We have kept faith with Cuba and given her liberty, and the troubles in the Philippines seem on the road to a fair settlement. But for the great coal strike, now happily ended, there have been no serious labor troubles, and the business condition of the country is good. For all this we have reason to be grateful to God and should thank Him from the bottom of our hearts.

As individuals we have all of us many reasons to give thanks to God. We should thank Him for having spared us so many ills of soul and body that afflict others, for the innumerable blessings of creation which minister to our needs and pleasure, for the sun and the moon and the stars which He has hung up in the Heavens to give us light and heat; for the animals, the plants, the trees, the flowers, the air, the water, the fire. We should thank God for the care of His watchful Providence, directing the course of the planets, disposing the seasons, sending the rain and the snow when needed with the same loving care with which He watches over us waking or sleeping. These are the blessings of God in the natural order. How much more cause have we to thank Him for His goodness in the supernatural order? For us God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became man and died on the cross. For us He established a Church and left us seven sacraments for all the needs of our soul. For us He abides in the Blessed Eucharist and comes to us bodily in Holy Communion. How can we ever sufficiently thank Him for all these?

Has misfortune, or loss, or sickness been your portion during the year that has passed? No matter,

you have still many reasons to thank God. Even from the depths of your misery like Holy Job you can say: "Naked came I out of mother's womb and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; as it has pleased the Lord so be it done; blessed be the name of the Lord." You can thank God that you still live, that you have a man's heart in your breast, a brain to think with, and hands, if not to work with, at least to be raised in supplication and prayer. Your very misfortunes, if properly prized, will be a source of blessings for you. Ben Franklin was once asked what was his favorite passage in Holy Scripture. Without hesitation he replied: "Though the fig tree shall not blossom and there shall be no spring in the vines; the labor of the olive tree shall fail and the fields shall yield no fruit; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herds in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord and I will joy in God my Jesus." These are the sentiments of no paltry politician or penny-wise philosopher, but of a statesman and a Christian, and may well serve for a text on a Thanksgiving Day.

A WORD TO OUR SUMMER VISITORS.

Summer brings thousands and tens of thousands of visitors to New Hampshire. Of these many are Catholics. We are glad they come and we try to provide for them during their stay and furnish them with the opportunity of practising their religion, if not with all the facilities and comforts of home, at least with the best our resources allow. If we venture a little word of instruction and advice to these, our guests, it is not in a spirit of faultfinding and criticism, but in

all charity, that they may profit the more by their stay among us. In nearly all of our summering resorts the holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered on Sundays. It is not always possible that the place of Mass should be at your very door. The convenience of the greatest number is considered and the few may have to exert themselves to assist. Our first advice would be this: make that effort.

During the week you tramp or drive miles for pleasure; can you in conscience refuse to do as much to fulfill your duty of hearing Mass on Sunday? Nor are you at liberty to sequester yourself so far from a church that you cannot hear Mass. The Church's precept binds you in the country as well as in the city, in summer as in winter, and can be set aside only for grave reasons. Because you like a place and find it nice and quiet, or the company congenial, is not sufficient reason to excuse you from sin. Then, there is the influence of your example. Catholics are known to be obliged to assist at Mass on Sundays. If you stay at home and are ready to take any trivial excuse to exempt yourself, will not your non-Catholic friends have reason to think that you care little for the laws of your Church?

Another source of bad example is Friday meat-eating. This is one of the meanest kinds of apostasy. Is it for the miserable satisfaction of one's gullet? Is it from human respect and a fear of being remarked that you take what is offered you without a word? Either case is unworthy of you. You pay your board and have a right to be suited. Insist then on a substitute for meat for your Friday meals. Instead of thinking the less of you for your strict observance, your friends will think the more of you. And remember that, in the estimation of all men, a Friday meat-eating Catholic is put into the same class with a pork-eating Jew.

There is another precept of the Church which commands you to help in the support of your pastor, and your pastor here means the priest who serves your present needs. You do not realize it perhaps, but it is none the less true, that the priest who attends these summer missions does so at a great inconvenience and sacrifice. He often has many missions to attend and is obliged to make long drives between Masses. He has nearly always heavy debts and few people to meet the demands. During the long winter months, when you are enjoying the comforts of the city, he is still going his ceaseless rounds over the snow of the mountains, attending the wants of his scattered flock, and a little help now will do much to lighten his burden. There are many summer visitors who are lavish in spending money for style and frivolity but who have nothing to give for the support of God's church and priest. There are some whose Sunday's offering to the priest is less than they give to the waiter who serves their dinner. This is exceedingly shameful, though more often the result of thoughtlessness than an intention of being small. Be generous, then, as your means will allow and the Lord will amply reward you.

Stand always for what you are. Be Catholics and be known as such. There are silly women and sillier men who seem flattered to be mistaken for something else. If you are a Christian lady or gentleman you need not make excuses for your faith. If the Church has no reason to be ashamed of you, neither will you have any reason to be ashamed of your Church. During these summer months you will make many new friends and acquaintances. Among them are anxious inquiring souls who, if they know you are a Catholic and esteem your intelligence, will

be desirous to learn of the Church and her doctrines. Help these in all charity and, under God, you may be the means of saving their souls.

The time of vacation is a time of relaxation, but it was never intended to be so in the moral order. The Ten Commandments of God and the Six Commandments of the Church are as binding in summer as at any other time of the year, though many people seem to forget that fact. While everybody else is idle or indolent the Devil is more active than ever. If he takes a vacation at all, it is not in the summer time. Perhaps it is because he is accustomed to warm weather and works best in it.

PEACE CONFERENCE.

The war just past, with all its attendant anxiety and loss of life, has given us more than ever an interest in the conference held at The Hague, where the nations of the world will consider the proposal of the Czar to reach some mode of settling their differences without resort to arms. Yet our experience was far from adequate to give us a complete idea of all the miseries European nations feel from the existing conditions of affairs. With us the issue of the war was never for a moment in doubt; no prescription was needed; we had unbounded resources at command; a few months, and it all ended in a glorious victory.

It is not so, however, with the nations of Europe. These have for years maintained vast armies and navies and for the most part continually recruit them by the forced military service of their young men. To meet these needs the resources of the government are taxed to the extreme. Each nation watches

the other with jealous vigilance, and any day may see begun a struggle that will only end in the annihilation of one or another. The evils resulting from this condition are innumerable. Here are millions of men daily training for each other's destruction; here are fostered a lust for conquest, an utter disregard for the rights of the weaker, an insatiable ambition. The young men of the country are taken from all the walks of life, from the school, from the home, from the workshop, from farms and villages, often sent to do service in foreign lands, and the few years training to which they are subjected, the evil influences to which they are exposed ruin many, unfit others for the place in life they should fill, and delay for all that period when they should take up the responsibilities of home and family. Every country recognizes the consequences of such a system, yet each maintains it from absolute self-defence.

The relief the Czar proposes would be welcome indeed, but we are too far from the millenium to hope for its realization. The good-will, however, is commendable, and, perhaps, some benefit may result.

The attitude of Italy in all this matter is most interesting. There is no nation in Europe that would hail disarmament with greater joy. To keep up appearance among the Powers means bankruptcy for her. Founded upon fraud and force, she has never risen above those "principles," and now suing for peace, she declares war upon the helpless "Old Man of the Vatican," and refuses to attend the conferences if his representatives accept the invitation of Russia. Such are her hypocritical pretensions!

Was there ever in this world a power for peace as the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, the Head of the Christian Church who rules at Rome? Was there

ever a voice that spoke so often to quell strife and said as did his Divine Master, "Peace be still"? And is there any sovereign on earth to-day, though backed by an army of millions, whose influence for peace is more potent than his? Under such a gratuitous insult the noble attitude of the Pope cannot but be admired by the world, while Italy's policy only adds another to her already long list of infamies.

Even the Pagan would think that when the lion, the bear, the eagle and the dragon meet to arrange for terms of peace there might be found a place for the dove.

CATHOLIC BEQUESTS.

There is scarcely a day passes but we read of some magnificent bequests to institutions of charity, learning, or religion, but so rarely are such donations destined for Catholic purposes that when they do occur we are struck with wonder and admiration. Of course an excuse is always handy: "Our people are poor, they have not the means, they give during life and do not wait until they can no longer use or enjoy wealth," etc. Yet when all is said this is far from sufficient to excuse so universal a neglect as really exists, and it speaks badly for our faith and zeal.

Again Catholics are accustomed to point with pride to their magnificent churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals, and claim these as a testimony to their generosity and devotedness. But again it happens that those who boast the loudest have the least cause to congratulate themselves. These institutions are, for the most part, built and supported by the offerings of the poor, the working-man, the mill-girl, and are maintained only by the rigorous economy and

self-sacrifice of those in charge of the work. The well-to-do and the rich are the first to complain of the demands of charity and religion.

With the poor a dollar is esteemed for what it can buy of food or clothes or shelter, and every dollar above the necessary is their surplus, ready to be shared with the needy. Not so, however, with the rich. To them a dollar represents not what it can "buy" but what it can "do," and every dollar in their possession, even to the millions, is turned over and over and made to bring in its five or ten per cent, and the dollar that does not is counted lost. Accustomed to reckon gain only from a ledger account they lose sight altogether of reward promised by God to charity done in His name. They forget that "To whom much has been given from him much shall be required," that they are only stewards of these treasures from whom one day an account will be demanded.

In the old law God claimed one tenth of every man's earthly possessions, and although there is no formal decree in the new law to that effect, no one would say such a demand is exorbitant.

Do Catholics give God one tenth of their income? Do they give one twentieth or one hundredth part? They certainly do not. "Thou art my God for thou hast no need of my goods," say they in a sense that was never intended by the prophet.

Many spare and save, heap and hoard, and to what end? To leave to others who will scarce thank them for the gift, who will squander their hard earnings, nor say even a prayer for the repose of their soul.

What a consolation on the other hand it must be to feel in leaving this world that the good you have done will live after you, that the prayers of a grate-

ful church will follow you, that the blessings of the orphan and widow will accompany you to the throne of grace.

This is to make friends of the mammon of iniquity, and when all else shall fail they will receive you into everlasting dwellings.

Remember the reproach, "I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat, I was thirsty and you gave Me not to drink, naked, and you clothed Me not." With such a blessing or such a curse within our reach we can surely conclude with Cardinal Manning, "The will that has not God in it is a bad will."

IS THE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN ON THE DECLINE?

Looking backward ten or twenty years one cannot help but admit with sorrow that the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God has, outwardly, at least, suffered a diminution. Who does not recall with tender emotion the touching devotions of the month of May in those years past, the devotions of October, and of the different feasts of Our Lady? Time was, too, when every church held her shrine second in honor only to that which contained Our Blessed Saviour under the sacramental species. Children were consecrated to her protection and dressed in her colors for the first seven years of their lives, and their elders wore her livery of the scapular with due appreciation.

We do not mean to say that all these things have passed away, they are still found in part and in places. In theory, her place in our devotion is the same as ever, but, practically she is not honored as her sublime position and office demand, or as the Church intended she should be.

As to the cause we do not pretend to say. Sometimes it is attributed to the many other devotions that have come recently into common practice. But such can hardly be the case, or, at least, should not be the case. These devotions, approved by the Church, have their place and their order, and if carried out according to the intention of the Church ought to increase rather than diminish the honor due to the Mother of Our Saviour and the Queen of all Saints. The mind of the Church is readily seen in the feasts she appoints to honor the Blessed Virgin. Two whole months, May and October, are consecrated to her, and one day in each week. Three times a day in the prayer of the Angelus we invoke her aid, to say nothing of the many feasts which mark the events of her life from her Immaculate Conception to her glorious Assumption. No such honor is given to any other creature of God.

It can hardly be the indifference of the people, for, if asked, they will readily acknowledge that there is no one in heaven above or on the earth beneath, save God alone, on whose help and protection they rely more than that of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

It can hardly be the neglect of the clergy, they above all others know her rightful place and the honors due her; she is the queen of the clergy, *Regina Cleri*, and none, perhaps grieve more at this apparent neglect of her devotions than do they.

Whatever the cause may be the fact is there. Such a condition is as deplorable as it is dangerous for the individual or the community, for when the sweet influence of Mary does not enter our daily life, faith and morals must surely suffer. On each and every one of us, priests and people, depends the remedy. Let us then be faithful to our daily devotions and practices in honor of the Blessed Mother

of God, observe her festivals with all becoming ceremony, instil into the hearts of our little ones love and confidence in her protection and testify to the world our loyalty to "our hope, our refuge and our strength."

Every family should be a "holy family" modeled on that of Nazareth, and would be, did parents but realize the sacred duties of their state in life. The Holy Father asks the members of the League of the Sacred Heart to pray during this month for "the family for Christ." Let us enter heartily into the spirit of that prayer, but practically make our own family what Christ would wish it to be. Here is a touching prayer by St. Hilary for his children that will serve Catholic parents as well.

"Grant me, my God, that I may regard them as your creatures, not mine; as your children, not mine; grant that I may always look upon them not as a part of my body, but as the temple of Thy Holy Spirit; grant that I may never do anything that would cause them to offend Thee and bring malediction on us both. You blessed the little ones presented to You. Put Your holy hands upon these, my children, bless them, and keep them forever thine."

EASTER.

"If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God; mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth." St. Paul to the Colossians.

The lesson is old, yet as new as Easter, and twenty centuries teaching it has not been sufficient to impress it on the hearts of men. How does the close of Lent find you, still grovelling, still "of the earth,

earthy," with all your thoughts and affections centered here below? Roll away the stone from the tomb of your heart. Rise as did your Saviour to the newness of life.

THE EASTER PROMISE.

What a glorious promise Easter holds for us all! If Jesus died for us, He rose for us, too. His resurrection is a promise and a type of our own. Let then the world do its worst. What does it matter? Suffering, sorrow, loss, poverty, neglect and cold and hunger may come to us, but did they not come to Jesus, too? Yet there will be an end, and a glorious resurrection. "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?" Our bodies will moulder in the grave, but our souls will go into the house of their eternity. If we have shared the chalice of His salvation here, we can say with all confidence: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the last day I am to rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God." This is what Easter means to us. Is it any wonder then that we should sing with the Church, "This is the day the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it?"

The inspiring lesson of faith and valor furnished by the banner of the Sacred Heart, lends more than a passing interest to its history. There recently died at Chagny, France, the rector of the parish after forty years of priesthood, the second son of the Count of Musy. While attending the seminary of Annecy, preparing for Holy Orders, the young man lost his power of speech. Later by special favor he was admitted to the Holy Priesthood, notwithstanding his infirmity, but shortly after lost, too, the use of his eyes. Again, paralysis afflicted him, and henceforth he was confined

to an invalid's chair. It was to this poor, helpless creature that came the thought during those terrible days of 1870 to save France through recourse to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He caused to be made at Paray le-Monial, a banner of white silk on which was embroidered the emblem since so familiar to us all. Though it led as gallant a charge as was ever made, it failed in the purpose its donor intended, for God had other designs. What these are we know not. Perhaps France's defeat was a merited chastisement; perhaps it is because France was not to be saved by force of arms, and they who boasted that they "knew no God but their mitrailleuse," were destined to learn how futile the arms in which they trusted.

But God rewarded in a most singular way the poor afflicted priest whose confiding faith was placed in the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On the 15th of August, Lady Day, Mons. de Musy was brought to Lourdes in company with thousands of pious pilgrims, to seek the help of Our Lady. At the moment of the elevation of the Sacred Host in the Mass, the poor paralytic felt his body revive, his eyes were opened and his whole being strengthened. He left his roll-chair and when the faithful raised their eyes from adoration they saw him kneeling in their midst.

For many years after Rev. Fr. de Musy ministered to a large and devoted parish, a living wonder more eloquent than words.

Over the city of Paris has since been raised the beautiful basilica of the Sacred Heart. It is a church of expiation and intended by millions of faithful Frenchmen who contributed for it as a work of national reparation for the national sin of an outraged religion. Never more than at present does France need this public acknowledgment of her crime and her sorrow.

But may her reparation through the Sacred Heart of Jesus soon take the blush of shame from the face of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

A SCIENCE THAT PAYS.

The recent trial of our neighbor, Mrs. Eddy, head of the latest religion fad, Christian Science, so-called, brought out one fact at least. Of whatever other folly this good lady be guilty, and however impractical and absurd her theories regarding mind and matter, no one may henceforth accuse her of any nebulous notions concerning the getting and keeping of money. Mr. William G. Nixon of Boston, formerly publisher of Mrs. Eddy's books, gives a statement as to the profits derived therefrom. Here are a few of the figures: The cost to produce the book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," is forty-seven cents, and the book is sold for from \$3 to \$6. Mrs. Eddy says she has sold 200,000 copies, and any one can compute the profit. Mr. Nixon places it between \$200,000 and \$400,000, and the sale goes on. It owes its success,—the *Sun* remarks, as much to curiosity as to credulity. Every death due to the rejection of medical or surgical care and to blind belief in the Eddyite nonsense, helps the book in which the Eddyite creed is set down, and the lady herself is scientific enough to look after carefully her immense royalties.

But this is not the only source of revenue. She charges \$300 to initiate novices into the art of healing, and claims to have instructed personally more than 4,000 persons. $\$300 \times 4,000 = \$1,200,000$ represents a tidy sum for this part of her labor. To place her present worth at \$2,000,000 is not to exceed probability.

There is a proverb, not found in those of Solomon, but well known to wiseacres in every age which Mrs.

Eddy learned long ago and put to good use ; it is " that a fool and his money is soon parted." There is no novelty to the fact, but the method is somewhat new and if the initiates profit in anything like their instructor, the price paid cannot be called at all exorbitant. That some of them do we can hardly doubt.

Mark Twain's experience is not altogether fabulous. He asked the "healer" who tried to mend his broken bones by suggestion if she believed "there was nothing real but mind and thought." She said she did. So he gave her an imaginary check and now she is suing him for substantial dollars.

We would not for a moment intimate that all these people are fools or knaves. Life, health, and souls are too serious subjects to trifle with. We cannot help but think that the belief in so sublimated a doctrine as that of "Christian Science" is a natural revulsion against the materialistic spirit of the times. Yet, leaving the only infallible teacher that God has given us, the Church, these deluded people have realized to the letter St. Paul's prophecy "that the time should come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires, they will heap to them teachers, having itching ears ; and will, indeed, turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned into old wives' fables."

CONVENT SCHOOLS VS. SECULAR FEMALE COLLEGES.

There was a time when Catholic girls who were to continue their studies after the common school course was finished never dreamed of attending any other school than one of our convents or academies. Unfortunately this is no longer the case. It too often happens now that some girl who has finished a high school

course in our little country towns will have her head turned with foolish notions of college and nothing short of a term there will satisfy her aspirations. More unfortunately still, there will be found parents silly enough to consent readily to such a proposition, and the result is what any thoughtful person might anticipate.

It is not our purpose to weigh the comparative values of instruction received at convent schools with that obtained at secular female colleges, but this we hold without fear of contradiction, that the proper place for Catholic young ladies to receive the higher education is in a school of their own religion. It is bad enough to expose our young men to irreligious influence in the great universities, but that our young women should be subject to like exposure is shocking in extreme. It is very well to count the many inducements these colleges hold out, the scholarships, the social circle, the chance of obtaining a position as teacher in our public schools, etc. Even if we admit these, put them beside the cost at which they are obtained. There is the weakening if not the loss of faith, there is the absence of those little practices of religion that warm every true Catholic heart, there are the numberless graces and charms acquired in a convent, and nowhere else, that mark the true Christian gentlewomen. Parents may rest assured that secular studies and worldly accomplishment will not be neglected in such schools, and we never had to blush for our convent graduates when compared with those of other schools. But the parents' first and last desire should be that their girls should be children of Mary, not daughters of Circe.

THE POPE AND OUR OWN UNIVERSITY.

Pleased as no doubt the Pope was by the token of esteem from the Protestant University of Glasgow, he must have been exceedingly gratified by the account

which Cardinal Gibbons brought him of the university of his own founding here in America. No one better than the Holy Father understands what goes to make up a great university, and no one appreciates more than he the power for good such an institution exerts in guiding the intellectual progress of a nation, when the school is all it should be from a Christian, Catholic standpoint. In the ages past, a hundred years was not considered too much time to bring an institution of learning to the dignity of a university. Royal bounty was lavished upon it; eminent teachers were sought the world over to grace its staff; students gathered from every corner of the earth to share its instruction; saints and statesmen, pontiffs and rulers were proud to be numbered among its children. Such is the dream and the wish of our Holy Father for the Catholic University of America. Why should it not be realized? And, again after four hundred and fifty years, the faculty and the students of the university at Washington, Catholic always with their proud record behind them, will send their greeting to him who fills the chair of Peter, recalling with gratitude the name of their illustrious founder, Pope Leo XIII.

Hardly more than a decade is past since the university was begun and already it has taken its place among the foremost institutions of learning in this country, and its authority is recognized abroad. Its beautiful buildings and spacious grounds, valued at several million dollars, are an ornament to the most beautiful city in the world. All this has been accomplished not by the munificence of a few millionaires, but by the generosity of those of limited means and by the devotedness of those in charge who deemed no labor too great, no sacrifice too exacting, to make a university worthy of the Catholic Church, the Mother of Christian art and science.

ANARCHY.

The assassination of the president has brought us face to face with an enemy we hardly dreamed existed in our land. As long as it was only European rulers who fell victims to the monster Anarchy, we looked on, with horror, it is true, yet we took but a speculative interest in the conditions which rendered such happenings possible. We had a vague feeling, too, that this evil had its birth in oppression, class distinction, misgovernment, and the like, and vainly flattered ourselves that being free from all of these the spawn of anarchy could not live in our free soil. We have been rudely awakened. There never was a ruler who gave less cause for violation, and few more loved and honored than President McKinley. There was no inequitable law to undo, there was no oppression to be relieved. What, then, was the cause for so shocking a crime? Does it still exist, and are our rulers still exposed to a like violent taking-off? And what is the remedy? When the first pangs of sorrow for the dead are passed, these are the thoughts that naturally arise in our minds.

The newspapers of the country were soon into the field of speculation as to all these questions. Some were not slow to lay the blame for anarchy upon the sensational press, which by every means possible seeks to belittle and malign those in high places. That such methods do incalculable harm cannot be denied. Such influence upon the unthinking and easily-led,—and these are the majority of the people—is deep and lasting, and brings discredit with it. But does it go to the extent of exciting to murder? We do not believe so.

Some have declared anarchy to be an exotic, transplanted from European soil, and recommended restric-

tion of immigration to stamp it out. This, too, is unsatisfactory. All the slayers of our presidents were native born.

To our mind there is only one explanation and that is exceedingly simple. The reason of anarchy is the absence of belief in God. This and this alone can account for its presence. Without belief in God there is no sense of responsibility here and no hope for a hereafter. Then follows the denial of the rights of man. If the one has no right to the goods he possesses neither has another any obligation to respect his claims, and may possess himself of his neighbor's goods by force or by fraud. All this follows from the denial of God; for without God there is no order, no authority, no right, no wrong, and what is all this but Anarchy?

Where is the remedy? We may punish the offender, yet there is not one of us but feels poignantly that we have not removed the cause, and this is the saddest feature of it all. The unfortunate homicide is only one of a class, how numerous we know not, but how capable of doing harm we know too well. Not a few have suggested repressive legislation. By rigorous laws they would strike terror into the hearts of those disposed to violence. Vain Russia is an example of the futility of laws like these. No country has such stringent laws for the suppression of anarchy and no where else does anarchy so abound. What remedy did the pulpit of the country offer? In many cases, lynching, annihilation, etc. The heat of indignation might excuse such utterances as these but sober reflection will tell us that law and order are not to be maintained by the violation of both.

The remedy for anarchy is religion, and that is the only remedy. Our holy father, Pope Leo XIII., has,

with almost prophetic vision, pointed out, from his very first encyclical, the ruination of society from the loss of faith, and bade the nations return to God if they would preserve their very existence. The French have a saying "Entre l'eau bénite et la dynamite il n'y a pas d'arrêt," "between holy-water and dynamite there is no logical stopping place." Happily most men are not so logical, and the man without belief in God does not always go to the length that his want of belief might lead him, but it is none the less true that the anarchist who does, has no other reason for it than his absence of faith. Give men Christian faith and there will be no anarchy.

ALL SOULS.

The month of November begins with the Feast of All Saints, but it is our duty to *all souls* that should occupy us most for the whole of the month beside. The intention of the Church in this matter is plain enough. Her charity is universal and, on these days of grace, she directs our Masses and petitions in behalf of all her suffering children, who may yet be detained in the prison-house of God's justice till their debt of sin be paid. When our friends and relatives die our natural affection and our faith prompt us to beseech the throne of grace for them. How many poor souls leave this world with no relative or friend behind to say a prayer for them or to have a Mass offered in their behalf? Then the insufficiency of human friendship! How many friends are forgotten and how often are the natural claims neglected? Yet the justice of God abides and demands that the debt be paid to the last farthing. It is here that the Church's charity is seen. No one is omitted, no one

is overlooked. Year after year, as regularly as the earth turns upon its axis, does Holy Mother Church turn her face to God in prayer and supplication for these abandoned and neglected ones. Can we do less than heed her appeal in their behalf?

The mere handing in the names of our friends for the Mass of All Souls is by no means doing our duty toward the dead. There is every other day in the year when the Holy Sacrifice might be offered for them. There is the weekly or monthly Communion; there is the daily recitation of the beads or some suitable prayer; there is hardly an hour in the day but we could offer some act of kindness or mortification for the souls in purgatory. If our charity does not move us to help them, will not self-interest prompt us to do so? As they are we will be, forgotten and abandoned by the world. The faithful souls helped by our prayers never forget, and being freed through our instrumentality will surely help us in turn.

A TEMPERANCE TALK FOR LENT.

The recent legislation of the Church has been so indulgent that hardly any man or woman is now obliged to fast during Lent, but the usefulness, the necessity of some mortification or penance is as pressing as ever for us all. If we were asked what substitute we would suggest for abstinence from food, we would say without a moment's hesitation, abstain from liquor. Let us talk the matter over. First, see its useless extravagance. The annual drink bill for the United States is \$1,000,000,000, while the sum raised by taxes of all kinds, national, state, county, city, town, school, and all others, is but \$700,000,000. We read that the nation's expense during the last war

was \$1,000,000 a day; we are astounded, but the drink bill of the country is three times that amount for every day. Again, we are accustomed to compute the amount of money spent in the maintenance of religion, but if all the church property in the United States was destroyed by fire, abstinence for six months would rebuild it all. And remember that this money is spent not for a necessary, not even for a useful article of human diet. Liquor, even in its most harmless form, is but a luxury, and when taken in more than moderate quantity, becomes a slow poison. This vast expenditure of money reproduces nothing, and no benefit is had from the outlay. If all the liquor produced were dumped in the sea it would be so much the better for mankind and so much the worse for the fishes.

What is it that makes men poor and keeps them so? It is their accursed appetite for liquor. It is only five cents now and then, a dime or a quarter to treat a friend, but their wives or their children at home want bread and clothes and fuel.

Does drink kill men? Any physician will tell you that a body saturated with alcohol is exposed to any disease, and is unable to withstand its ravages when attacked. Insurance companies are not very sentimental, but they will not insure an immoderate drinker because his life is too uncertain for them to risk any money upon it. One hundred thousand drunkards annually sink into early and dishonored graves, and at the devil's call for recruits another hundred thousand take their places. Will you be one of them?

Drink begets vice and is the father of crime. It inflames the passions, it breaks down the barriers of self-respect and decency. It feeds immorality and

leads to murder and suicide. It dulls one's conscience so as to make remorse impossible and conversion out of the question. It transmits the curse from generation to generation, imparting to children the fatal craving for drink. Can we imagine any greater curse than this? Well has Gladstone declared: "Greater calamities, greater because more continuous, have been inflicted on man by drink than by the three great historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined."

But this has been told a thousand times, and the man who needs the lesson most is the one who heeds it least. It is all very true, he will say, but it is meant for another. He only takes a drink once in a while; he can take and leave it alone. So said the other man, the poor, besotted fool that fills a drunkard's grave. But here I take you at your word. You can take it and leave it alone? That you can take it we know. Now show us, show your family and friends that you can leave it alone, if only for the space of forty days. Be Christian enough to make that sacrifice for the love of the good Saviour who fasted from food and drink that length of time for your sake. Then, too, for the sacred thirst He felt upon the cross do you mortify your inordinate thirst for drink at least during this holy season of Lent.

THE SORROWS OF CHRIST.

Lent is a time set apart by the Church to commemorate the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. The forty days recall His fast in the desert, where He hungered and thirsted for our sake. Then comes Holy Week with its story of His passion and dreadful death. If that were all, it were enough; but

it is not all. True, "Christ rising from the dead, dieth no more," but the cause of these sufferings and of that death still abides in the world, and is daily renewed.

It is the teaching of our holy religion that Christ died for us individually as well as for us collectively, for you and for me; for me who writes these lines and for you who read them. By His divine foreknowledge He saw every one of our offenses, from the first to the last. In His agony in the garden they were before Him as plainly and separately as if we alone were in the world. It was the vision of our sins, the sins of yesterday, the sins of to-day, and the sins of to-morrow that made Him sorrowful even unto death and caused the blood to break forth from every pore.

Let us look about us in the world to-day and count if we can the causes which afflict the tender heart of our Divine Saviour. How many there are, even after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, who never so much as have heard the name of Jesus Christ? One half the human race are yet practical idolaters. And what of those who call themselves Christians? How many never hear His holy name but coupled with some vile oath or blasphemy? See how the Christian world is divided and rent with schism. Think you that it is a matter of indifference to God that millions should deny divinity to two persons of the most Blessed Trinity? Is it of no consequence that among those who have known Jesus Christ and the works He accomplished, there are millions who still refuse to believe Him God and continue to reject His holy teaching? Is it not a source of sorrow to that Divine Master that those whom He came to save know nothing, or care noth-

ing, for the sublime sacraments He left them as so many channels of grace? Is not His heart moved with grief to see His divine presence in the Blessed Eucharist scoffed at and denied, while from the depths of the tabernacle He says, "All the day long have I spread my hands to a people that believeth not, and contradicteth me?"

How many treat His vicar on earth contumeliously, even as His enemies treated Him? Then realize how He "is wounded in the house of His friends." What a heap of sorrows bad Catholics daily lay upon His thorn-crowned Head. Think of the sins of drunkenness, to atone for which our blessed Lord thirsted on the Cross and drank the bitter draught of vinegar and gall. Yet how few there are among us who, even for the short space of forty days, will forego the drinking habit and make that little atonement for our own excesses and the excesses of others. Then there are the sins of the flesh. Who can number these? Only Jesus, and the drops of His precious blood are not as numerous as those sins committed every day.

The last great act of Calvary is daily renewed on our altars in the sacrifice of the Holy Mass. How little do many Catholics appreciate it! Not even Sunday and holy days, with the penalty of mortal sin, can bring them to assist at the Divine function. Easter comes with the joys and the blessings of the risen Saviour, but is not His heart, even in the midst of all His joy, saddened by the thought that the season of grace only brings additional guilt to those who neglect the precept of the Church and fail to make their Easter duty.

Let us ask ourselves if we be among those who add to the sorrows of Christ.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

What a desolate place this world would be without Christ! What a dreary round our years without the festival of Christmas! Who can enumerate the blessings the Christ Child brought with Him into this world, and who can tell the innumerable graces the recurring feast of His holy birth still brings to the children of men? At the time of His first coming the world was sunk in idolatry. The knowledge of the true God was lost to all except a handful of the human race, the faithful of the Jewish nation. In the place of God men deified their passions. Lust, drunkenness, thievery, war, all the baser instincts of human nature were personified in gods like Venus, Bacchus, Mercury, Mars, and men rendered divine homage to these things. It is no wonder that society was debased, that slavery was universal, that wars were incessant, that injustice prevailed, that the poor and the suffering filled the world with a pitiful wail. Yet God was mindful of him whom He had created to His own image and likeness, no matter how much that image had been defaced and defiled. God was faithful to the promise He had made penitent Adam and, in His own good time, He sent us a Redeemer in the Person of His own divine Son, the Child Jesus who was born on that first Christmas night.

As gently as the dew falls upon the grass, as noiselessly as the sun rises upon the sleeping world, came the Great Child King to His kingdom. The glad tidings were announced only to a few poor shepherds who watched their flocks on the hillside. The rest of the world knew not, nor cared not for His coming. The winter night was not so cold, nor His stony manger so hard as the hearts of those He came to save. Had they not told His Blessed Mother that very

night, while she bore Him in her holy breast, "they had no room for them?" Yet He would not be repulsed. They would learn to know and love Him. He would save them in the end. Nineteen hundred years have passed since then. Who can count the millions of souls who have kept the Saviour's birth with joy and thanksgiving? That day is the pivotal day in the world's history. The years that went before are counted to His coming and all that come after are reckoned from His birth. So did the old order cease to be and the new order begin. Charity, the true love of God and the true love of men, was born into the world with Christ the Lord. Well, then, might the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good-will."

The reign of the gods has passed away. Justice, truth, and virtue have been established in their stead. It is true there are many still, in this world of ours, who have not heard the glad song of the angels, who have not seen or who will not follow the star which leads to Bethlehem; many still sit "in the valley of the shadow of death," but the kingdom of God has been established and it will last to the end of time. Other kingdoms come and go but that of the gentle Jesus abides forever. On that first Christmas night His worshippers consisted of His Holy Mother, St. Joseph and a few humble shepherds. To-day they number five hundred and fifty millions. All this has been accomplished after the fiercest struggle. The world, the flesh, and the devil are redoubtable adversaries, but the little Child of Bethlehem has overcome them all.

But what does Christmas mean to us individually? Ah, desolate, indeed, is the heart which feels no quickening impulse at the coming of Christmas day! God

forbid we should be ever so insensible as not to be moved by the prompting of love for that sweet Saviour, "Who left His high home to be born in a manger." We have not the excuse of those who could find no room for Him in the inn. We know who He is and what He is. We know His whole life's story from the crib to the cross. We know what He did and suffered for us. We know, too, that He knocks daily at our hearts and seeks admission, but more especially on festivals like this. Will we close those hearts to Him? Surely not.

Admitting Him, we must let in our poor and suffering brothers. Christ never comes to us alone. We must receive His friends as well. And our Christmas joy will be complete when we receive Christ the Lord and all mankind in perfect Christian charity.

PRAYERS FOR DEAD PRIESTS.

The Church is ever solicitous for the dead. The souls of her faithful departed are always a source of anxious care for her, and she neglects no opportunity to raise her voice in their behalf. Hardly has the soul left the body when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the sublimest offering she can make, is sent up to Heaven's chancery in its behalf. Again on the third and on the seventh after the demise her liturgy prescribes a special remembrance. Thirty days and then comes the Month's Mind. Each recurring year brings its solemn anniversary, and throughout the year to nearly all of her prayers is added the supplication:—"May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen." As if all this were not enough, one whole month, that upon which we are now entering, is consecrated

entirely to remembrance of the dead. How admirably suited is the provision of the Church! It calls us to a sense of duty in behalf of the suffering souls in Purgatory. During the rest of the year, notwithstanding the frequent monitions of the Church, we are apt to turn away our thoughts from so mournful a subject, and we are too ready to forget our obligations toward the dead. But with November, the month of all souls, comes the solemn question—What are we doing for the dead? For most people the claims of nature are sufficient to awaken a prayerful remembrance for relatives and friends, but it is for another class which is too often forgotten that we would bespeak your charity here. It is for the souls of your dead priests. How few there are who think to pray for them!

When November eve comes around and the names of the dead are handed in; when the priest looks over the list, and that often with dimmed eyes, seldom does he find mention of the priests who have gone before. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, distant relatives, even strangers, but the dead priest's name is not there. Is it because he is forgotten? No, his memory may be still fresh, his words quoted, his example cited. Is it because the people whom he served are ungrateful? No, that is not one of the failings of Catholics. Why, then, is his name so seldom found upon their lips in prayer, or the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is never asked in his behalf? We have often heard people say of their dead priests, "They do not need prayers," "If they do not go to heaven who will?" Ah, my brethren, that may be very flattering for the living, but it is poor consolation for the dead. The priest himself feels no such assurance. He knows better than any one else how much he needs the prayers of his people. If Saint Paul asked his brethren to pray for him, lest while he

preached to others he himself should be cast away, with how much more reason can the every-day priest, far from the holiness of Saint Paul, ask his brethren to intercede with God for him?

It is true that the priest is the channel through which grace comes to the souls of men for their salvation. But he is only a human channel withal, and that grace may pass by and leave him barren and dry. He receives special graces from God, it is true, and helps for sanctification which others do not share, but his accounting will be the greater for that,—“To whom much is given, much shall be required,”—and what priest is there who does not tremble at his responsibilities? The fact that he is a priest does not imply that his salvation is assured. And even though he save his soul, how many defects have entered into his work! He has been dealing with souls, and God’s graces have been the talents entrusted to his care. Can he say, “Of those whom thou hast given me I have not lost any one?” Though God, in His mercy, may save him in the end, yet, his reckoning will be great and his punishment severe.

What Claims Has the Dead Priest Upon Your Prayers?

He was your father in Christ. He it was who engendered you in the Lord, he who poured the saving waters of baptism upon your head and made you children of God, with the right to heaven. He it was who cleansed you again and again from sin, in the Sacrament of Penance. He it was who broke for you the Bread of Life. In sickness he succored you, in sorrow he consoled you. He blessed your marriage, instructed your little ones in their duty towards God, and lighted the dim vision of your dying with the glory of heaven beyond. He prayed

for your dead and lightened your bereavement. Who can count his many offices for you? And are not all these so many claims upon your Christian charity? How can you better repay them than by the tribute of your prayers? Ah, your poor dead priest will prize these more than anything else earth can bestow. It matters little to him whether a costly monument be raised over his last resting place, or that his form be moulded in imperishable bronze. A place in the hearts of a grateful people and a memento in their prayers he prizes more than these. It is for this reason that many a great and holy bishop has asked to be buried, not in the crypt of a cathedral church, but in the chapel of an orphanage, where the little ones will see his simple monument and offer a prayer for his soul, or, like the late bishop of Portland, whose wish was to lie in the common cemetery, with the hope that his name would find place in the prayers of the people who came there to pray for their beloved dead.

If you, the sheep of his fold, do not pray for him, who will? Father and mother he has none. They have gone before him. Children, he leaves none behind. Family and friends he forsook for your sake. Surely you will not turn a deaf ear to the voice of his petition coming from the grave: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me."

EASTER'S PROMISE.

What joy, peace, and refreshment Easter brings! The flowers have been waiting for this glad festival. The earth is brighter, the sky bluer, the birds are merrier and friends happier, it seems to us, than at

any other time of the whole year. Easter is the world's resurrection morn. Out of the cold tomb of winter comes the glad summer. Up from the dead earth rises a new and glorious life.

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Yet, what is Nature's joy compared to that the Christian soul feels at the message the angels bring, "Christ, the Lord is risen to-day?" For us, Easter is not simply the coming of life, it is the promise of life eternal and the assurance of a blessedness without end. Spring is only a temporary victory over death. Winter will come again and take its revenge. The flower, which blows to-day, will fade; the grass will die, the tree fall, and the song of the bird will be hushed. Another spring will come, it is true, but the flower that fades will never bloom again, the tree that falls will lie forever, and the bird that dies returns no more. But it is not so with us. Christ rising from the dead "lead Captivity captive." His resurrection is a guarantee of our own and with Him we can say: "O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?"

We need the promise of heaven. We do not think often enough of our heavenly home. Let us, to-day, raise our hearts, and forgetting our trials and sufferings, our losses and desolation, lift our eyes and see, as far as it is given mortal eyes to see, the joys God has prepared for those who love Him.

We Shall Be Changed.

First of all, to prepare for an eternity of bliss we shall be changed and yet not changed entirely. Death is the alembic. The same consciousness we now have

will remain, the same memory of the past, and, when time shall be no more, we will again animate the same bodies we now possess. "The dead shall rise again, incorruptible, and we shall be changed. We shall all indeed rise again, but we shall not all be changed." Christ's resurrection is the type of our own. But, some will say, how is it possible? Does not the human body change during life? Are not particles cast off continually and is not our body renewed within the space of some years? We answer, yes, but, in all these changes, do we not still abide the same persons? Not all and every particle that once was ours is necessary to constitute a body for us now. Neither shall it be hereafter. Can a body reduced to ashes be called back to form? Again we answer: Science shows that no material element in this world is ever destroyed, and it only requires knowledge and skill for man to restore it to any form it once had. Cannot God do as much as this? Did He not form the first human body out of the dust of the earth, and why cannot He do the like again? Our belief is the same that Job expressed when he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth, and I shall be clothed again in my skin and in my flesh I shall see my God."

We shall then be the same, but perfected. These bodies of ours will bear none of the infirmities or deformities which now render them defective or unsightly. All that is good in mind and body shall be ours. Some of the learned doctors of the church have pursued these speculations far and have propounded curious and interesting questions. If we are so perfected, say they, what will become of infancy and old age? St. Thomas thought there

would be no children and no old people in heaven because both conditions imply defects. For our part, we would rather have it otherwise. Infancy has its charm and old age its beauty, and could not God preserve these while remedying the defects of each?

The glorified body will be freed from the trammels of the flesh. There will be no need of eating, drinking, sleeping, for these are only the means of sustaining our wasting earthly elements. Like the angels we shall feast on the vision of God and never tire of His infinite beauty. Space will be no barrier to us then. The elect of heaven can travel with the ease and rapidity of thought. If it were accorded to us to see thus and visit the bounds of the universe which hang over our heads on a starry night, would not that be heaven enough? The body of the risen Saviour found no obstacle in the material world. He entered the upper room where the apostles were assembled, "the doors being shut." So shall the bodies of the saints find no hindrance to their passing.

What Heaven Is.

So far we have considered only our preparation for heaven. Where and what is that future home? Is it a place or is it a condition of mind? So far as the enjoyment of God's presence is concerned, heaven is not confined to a place. God is everywhere and the angels and saints never lose the consciousness of His divine presence wherever they go. St. John describes in the Apocalypse a city of gold. St. Gregory tells us it is situated beyond the bounds of space and Dante names the very planets where we may look for the abode of the just. All of these must be taken only figuratively for it has not pleased God to enlighten us thus far. It would seem, how-

ever, from the writings of the Apocalypse that, after the day of Judgment, this world will be purified by fire, then renewed and regenerated for the dwelling-place of glorified man.

But the joy of heaven, in what does that consist? Ah, here is where human thought fails and human words prove inadequate. If St. Paul, to whom was given a glimpse of that abode of bliss, could find no words to describe it, who can give us an adequate idea of its joy? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God has prepared for them that love Him."

Nevertheless let us strive, however imperfectly, to realize, if only for a moment, in what the joys of heaven consist. There will be no sickness, no suffering, no mourning, no loss, no separation, no doubts, no fears, no temptations, no dangers. Peace, perfect contentment, and joy shall reign supreme. There we shall be in the company of those we loved here upon earth and in union with the blessed saints of God, the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, virgins, martyrs, confessors, the world's greatest and truest heroes. There we shall see the Blessed Mother of God whom the angels vie to honor and serve.

But above all and beyond all this, we will be in the enjoyment of God Himself. "I will be," said He, "your reward exceeding great." And this only is heaven.

An old catechism says, we will *see* God and *love* Him and *possess* Him.

We will see Him, not as in this life, through the obscurity of faith. "We will see Him as He is." All the beauty of this world is but the faintest shadow of the beauty of God. It was but a partial revelation

of the divine glory that transfigured Our Saviour on Mt. Tabor, yet, at the sight, the apostles would have remained there forever. Aided by the light of grace, the glorified soul will see the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Three yet One, distinct yet not separable, ineffable in perfection and knowing no change. Here is Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, Infinite in degree and duration.

We will love God. Who could see Him and know Him and not love Him? We will love Him, not as we do to-day, with a weak inconstant love, but with a love strong, ardent, and perfect. We will love Him without tiring and only for the pleasure of loving Him. Our heart, now so eager, yet insatiable, will then rest content, for it will be united to the great heart of God.

We will possess God. What is the great and sole desire of the just upon earth? It is to be united to God. That union begun here will be consummated in heaven. We will possess God in the highest, holiest, closest possible manner. He will be ours and we will be His. This is the supremest reward of love, and God Himself could not grant a greater.

One consideration only remains. The joys of heaven are without end. "Never, forever, forever, never," how these words stir the very depths of our heart! Never to grieve, forever to rejoice.

"Let us so strive that we may obtain that incorruptible crown."

BISHOP BRADLEY.

Elsewhere in this magazine we have given the story of the life and death of our good Bishop. Others have given many beautiful, touching, and just tributes to his work and character, and now it devolves upon us

to pay our last duty of love and gratitude to one of our dearest friends on earth. In Bishop Bradley The Guidon lost its truest friend and warmest supporter. This magazine was his creation. All that it has accomplished was due to his support, encouragement, and advice. It was he who planted, he who watered, and if God gave any fruit the credit is due wholly to him who has passed away.

The diocese of Manchester mourns the loss of a good shepherd; the people of the city, a devoted pastor; the state, an eminent citizen; the poor, a friend; the suffering, a comforter; the bereaved, a consoler; the doubtful, a counselor; but to us he was more than all this. He was a father and a friend in the highest, holiest sense the terms imply. We are fully aware that an editorial notice should be of an impersonal nature. We know that an editor is supposed to be a kind of intellectual abstraction and not a creature of flesh and blood with a heart and soul to feel and grieve, but, in an affliction such as this, it is hard to play the part and conceal entirely one's feelings. It is not, however, our purpose to obtrude here our personal loss, nor to parade our sorrow before the world; it is to apologize, rather, if in the course of this, our last tribute to the beloved dead, these feelings should betray themselves.

Were we to take a text to summarize the life of Bishop Bradley, it would be this: "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."

Early in manhood he heard the call of God to His holy service, and, prompt as any Samuel, he answered the summons. From that day to the day of his death he knew no other object in life, and followed no other than his Divine Master. For more than thirty-two years he labored in the holy ministry. The days and

the weeks were all too short to satisfy his ardent zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Many a time during these last two years when his labors had made grave inroads on his health, he was expostulated with by well-meaning friends, and urged to take a well-earned rest. He listened patiently to all this advice, but, once to a friend who pressed him with more than usual insistence, he betrayed the secret of his zeal: "When I was ordained," said he, "I promised God to do all that in me lay for His service, and I must go on to the end."

The twenty years of his episcopate were full of arduous labors. It was his to organize a new diocese. The field was vast. Long journeys had to be undertaken, and conveniences in travel were not then what they are now. All over the State of New Hampshire went the Bishop, like the good shepherd that he was, seeking the stray sheep of his fold. Every city, town, and hamlet knew his fostering care. During these journeys he bore all kinds of hardships and discomforts. He preached many times in the same day, often driving twenty and thirty miles over mountain roads between mission stations. On these visitations no fatigue ever caused him to omit long hours in the confessional. He was always accessible to the humblest in the parish, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of these poor people to meet the Bishop on these yearly rounds, and to receive his cordial greetings. No man in the State had so extended and varied acquaintance, and no one followed with such interest all that concerned the individual members of his flock, wherever they might be. It is no wonder that he grew into their affection.

He lived to see the population of his diocese increase almost threefold, and the number of priests

multiply in the same ratio. New churches sprung up everywhere, and it is safe to say that, to-day, there is not a portion of this great State that has not been provided for spiritually.

But it was the people of Manchester who knew him best. To the stranger coming to this city we may say: "You seek his monument? Look around." Everything speaks of him. It was he who built our beautiful cathedral and chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. It was he who built St. Patrick's Church and the Rosary Chapel, our schools, our orphanages, our hospitals, our asylum, and in the hearts of men, women, and children he built that other temple, not made by hands, when he prepared them as fit dwelling places for the Holy Spirit of God,

His daily life was full of work and prayer. He always rose at six, no matter what were the fatigues of the day before. His morning meditation and prayer over, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at seven o'clock. The people of the parish always esteemed it a privilege to assist at the Bishop's Mass, and almost invariably, even on a week-day morning, he addressed them a short instruction appropriate to the feast or the season. Mass was to him a morning paradise. Once, during the last few months, when asked to desist from so taxing a duty, he said pathetically: "If you knew what the Mass is to me, you would not ask me."

All day long he was ready to receive any caller, and his threshold was worn by the footsteps of the poor and the unfortunate. Patient, indulgent, sympathetic, he listened to their tales and relieved their wants. Hither came the sick and the infirm to ask his blessing and to seek his prayers. Mothers brought their children that he might lay his hands

upon them, so great was the veneration in which he was held. The institutions about the city looked for his daily visit. His cheery smile and encouraging word left peace and sunshine behind him.

As the beginning of his day was spent with God, so also was the end of it. The little chapel of the household held his greatest treasure, Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. Many an hour he passed here, seeking light and refreshment. Though we knew the hour of his rising, we were never sure of the hour of his retiring, so long were these vigils of prayer. Once a priest of the house returning from a sick call after midnight, hastily entering the chapel stumbled over the Bishop, kneeling there in prayer.

As might be expected, the relations between the Bishop and his priests were most intimate and cordial. With them he was more like a father than a superior. Charity and forbearance marked all his dealings. Bishop Bradley never had a case of contention in any ecclesiastical court. When correction or reproof was administered, it was always done in the kindest, gentlest manner, and the one admonished never bore resentment. Severe and strict for himself, he was indulgent to others, and where leniency failed, rather than employ the authority he possessed he invoked God most earnestly in prayer to come to his aid, and in several instances known to us, God did intervene in a most striking manner. No bishop was ever more beloved by his priests. No guest was more welcome than he in their homes. His intercourse was always affable; his conversation easy and entertaining. No man ever heard him say an unkind or uncharitable word of another, and he was always ready to take the defense of the timid, the weak, or the unfortunate. He, in turn, held in high esteem the priests of his dio-

cese. To him they were the best priests in the world; they were to him a source of pride and joy, and he loved every one of them to the least and last with the tenderness of a fond father. Nothing they did or undertook was a matter of indifference to him. He shared their joys and sorrows. Who was in want that he did not feel it? Who was scandalized and he was not on fire? During the course of the twenty years he presided over the diocese the priests gave him many marks of appreciation and esteem, but none was more noticeable or sincere than the genuine grief manifested when they learned that he, their Bishop, was no more. His memory will be ever to them a source of edification and inspiration.

Loved as he was by his priests, he was loved and revered more, were it possible, by the religious women under his charge. Between him and them was a delicate, holy bond which united both closer to God. None better than they knew the higher spiritual side of his nature, for he it was who led them along the steep road to perfection. The sorrow these devoted souls felt for the loss of their spiritual father was tempered only by the assurance that he will continue to watch over them from his high place in heaven.

In his dealings with people in general, Bishop Bradley was "all things to all men," that he might win all to God. He remembered names and faces, and never forgot family concerns. Though always dignified and reserved, he always made one feel at ease in his presence, and inspired confidence without fear. Even those who came in daily contact with him, chose him for their confessor, and the biggest sinner, as well as the timidest child, felt no hesitation in approaching him in the sacred tribunal of penance.

Such was the life of our good Bishop before men. But there was another that he lived before God, an interior life which, strive as he might, he could not wholly conceal. His union with God shone on his very face, and impressed people who met him for the first time. This became more and more marked as the end approached. Was it because heaven was nearer? His faith was as simple as that of a child. In all the practices of religion he was as humble as the humblest, If we would single out any of his particular devotions it would be that of the Blessed Eucharist and that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. During all his priestly life he never omitted the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass when he was able to perform it. During his last sickness he received holy communion every day, and the last time was only a few hours before his soul passed away. We might cite many instances of his love and reverence for our Eucharistic Saviour, but it would lead too far. We will, however, give one such, to show his anxiety to avoid even the least disrespect to the Blessed Sacrament. Once, while giving the children their first Holy Communion in a country parish, a little girl was so frightened as to be unable to swallow the Sacred Particle placed upon her tongue. The Bishop waited patiently a few minutes, spoke kindly to her, and urged her to try to swallow. It was no use. The little one was as if paralyzed, and the Sacred Host remained, satuated with saliva, in her mouth. Seeing the plight of the child, and fearing any irreverence would occur, the Bishop took the Host from the child's mouth, put it into his own, swallowed it, and passed on.

It was his care to establish in every parish of the diocese, the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. When at home he invariably gave the First Friday instruction and explained the intention of the monthly prayer. More than once, the person who sorted the

petitions for prayer, dropped into the box at the foot of the statue of the Sacred Heart, found simple and heartfelt petitions in the handwriting of the Bishop.

Like all great servants of God, the Bishop cared nothing for the goods of this world. His treasure was in heaven. At his death he left nothing. He kept only one bank account, and that was in the name of the "Roman Catholic Bishop of Manchester," the legal title of his office, so that his successor has but to sign his name and he inherits all that the Bishop possessed. During all the years he acted as pastor of the Cathedral parish he drew no salary, and all he asked was that the parish pay his funeral expenses. The collection of Christmas day was taken up for that purpose. A small amount of insurance was divided between two orphan nieces of the Bishop and the charitable institutions of the city.

His death is described elsewhere. He died as he lived, at peace with God and man, with the full assurance of a blessed immortality.

We will not try to estimate the value of such a life. We do not dare to calculate our loss. We only bow in humble submission to the Holy Will of God, and thank Him fervently for having given us so good, so true, so holy a man as Bishop Bradley.

Necessarily the qualities that made Father Delany succeed in the discharge of these various and diverse duties commended him also to his superior. He thus came to be not only Bishop Bradley's secretary, but his confidential friend and adviser. The plans, the hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his superior,—all these Father Delany shared, but so truly loyal was he to the trust reposed in him that even his best friends hardly guessed the close relationship between

the two. He often accompanied the Bishop on his travels, and frequently represented him on public occasions. His duties as chancellor, too, which brought him into intimate relations with the pastors throughout the State, were always so admirably performed as to command the respect of both Bishop and priests. Thus widely known and esteemed, it is no wonder that on the death of Bishop Bradley in December, 1903, Father Delany was prominently mentioned for elevation to the vacant see, nor did the announcement come as a surprise that on the priests' list of candidates John B. Delany was marked *dignissimus*. At the *turna* of the New England Bishops, held some weeks later, there was read to them a letter, written by Bishop Bradley months before his death, naming Father Delany as one of the three priests whom he would recommend as his successor. Further commendation was unnecessary.

FATHER DELANY'S VALEDICTORY.

The September issue of *The Guidon*, of which Father Delany was editor up to the time of his appointment as Bishop, contained a beautiful "Editorial Valedictory" as the reverend editor laid down his pen to take up the more important duties of Bishop of the New Hampshire diocese.

It read as follows:

"With this number the editor of *The Guidon* lays down his pen and takes up the episcopal staff; he severs his official connection with this magazine and assumes the government of the diocese of Manchester. In so doing he feels he should say a word by way of valedictory to the readers of *The Guidon*, with whom he has been associated so long and for whom he has the tenderest regard.

"Six years ago the publication of this magazine was begun at the instigation of the late beloved Bishop Bradley. Our capital at the time might be summed up thus: An abundance of good will, a desire to fill a long-felt want, what little aptitude the Lord gave us for the work, and a confidence born of inexperience. These were not very tangible assets, but, God helping, they have realized something in the end.

"During these years there have been work and worry. The road of Catholic journalism, like the road to Jordan, is a hard road to travel, and in our six years we have seen not a few of our fellow-travelers fall by the wayside. Yet withal ours has not been an unpleasing experience. There was never a kinder master nor a more appreciative one than our dear departed Bishop. We labored under his eye and his direction, and our least effort was esteemed a personal favor. He consoled us in our trials, he encouraged us in our disappointments, he was ever ready to listen to our plans and to suggest ones of his own. His ripe judgment and broad charity shed light on the subjects we treated, and his far-seeing wisdom saved us from many a pitfall. His ever-ready generosity came more than once to our aid when we had grim visions of the sheriff's visit.

"Our dealings with the priests of the diocese have been exceedingly pleasant. They realized from the beginning that *The Guidon* was undertaken for the general good and not for any personal or pecuniary purpose; that it was the institution of the Bishop himself; and they have given it their cordial support. They allowed us the use of their pulpits to introduce it to their people, and often served as our voluntary

agents without pay or reward. Many a time since has their patience been taxed by ourselves and our patrons, but they have been charitable and indulgent. After four years' existence and single-handed endeavor The Guidon was turned over to the management of a body composed of the clergy, who formed a corporation for the purpose, thus rendering the work entirely diocesan. It might be said here that most of the stock subscribed was transferred to the charitable institutions of the State, thus giving these what profits might accrue.

"Our relations with the patrons of The Guidon have been intimate and affectionate. During all these years from month to month we have tried to instruct and edify. From the pulpit of the editor's chair we have addressed an invisible audience. We have never looked into each other's faces, but we have talked heart to heart. No editor ever had a more indulgent clientele. When we taught, you learned; when we approved, you responded; when we reprov'd, you accepted; and when we condemned, you acquiesced.

"The editing of a religious paper had its many disadvantages. We preach doctrine and morality, but if there ever was a case of 'casting bread upon the waters' it is just here. Again and again the editor questions himself: Who will read it? What good will it do? Is it not lost after all? The effect of his preaching is always remote. He knows not, and may never know, the souls he has influenced for good. Yet such consolation was not always denied us. Many a time, when discouragement assailed us, some little word reached us, like a sweet-scented summer breeze, to tell us of good accomplished for a weary-laden soul, and that, too, in most unexpected places. More than once God seemed to make our little publication the

vehicle of faith to some one who had sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. More than once were the words we spoke just what some poor anguished soul sought for. Surely with such visible rewards as these no man would grudge the pains his work entails.

“The secular press of this and neighboring States has been uniformly kind and courteous. The daily papers have given us ample space in their columns. They have treated our opinions with deference and respect, and have often lent their aid to our claims of right and justice. The editor feels that he cannot lay down his pen without expressing to these gentlemen of the press his appreciation of their kindness to himself and *The Guidon*.

“It has been said that if St. Paul came back to earth in these, our days, he would be a newspaper man. And it is not unlikely. Any one who knows the power of the press will realize that the Apostle of the Gentiles would not neglect so mighty a means for good. In the case of your editor things have been reversed. Instead of the Apostle becoming the newspaper man, the newspaper man becomes the apostle, for such is the Bishop of your church, and that, too, by the design of the Holy Ghost. But be assured that his interest in *The Guidon* and its readers does not cease with the change. It is his hope that the magazine will continue its good work, that its sphere of usefulness will be enlarged, and that its life will be long perpetuated. To you, dear readers, I am no longer your editor, but I am your Bishop, the shepherd of your souls, placed by Almighty God at the head of the flock to guard and to guide. With God’s holy grace, I shall speak to you often through these familiar col-

umns. I know you will harken to my voice. And now, for my leave-taking, I impart to you, one and all, my episcopal benediction,

“JOHN B. DELANY,
Bishop-Elect of Manchester.”

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS.

THE BLESSING OF BELLS.

We give the bells a holy name to put them under the protection of the saints, those powerful friends of God. These bells have been called by the names of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and what patron in all heaven can compare to these. The gospel is sung to indicate that hereafter the brazen tongue shall recall its holy precepts.

We pray that at the ringing of these consecrated bells God may protect His people from the lightning and the storm, from the power of evil spirits, from temptation and sin, that God will preserve them in the fervor and practice of their blessed faith.

Who but the unbeliever will deny efficacy to the prayers of the Church? God's Providence rules all creation, spiritual and natural. He created all things and keeps all things in existence. Ah, my friends, God does marvelous things, and does them with divine simplicity.

He said, “let there be light,” and there was light. Our Saviour commanded the sea to be still and there came a great calm. By a word He cast out evil spirits. By a word, as is recited in the gospel of this ceremony, He called Lazarus back to life when he had been four days in the tomb. So much of His power did he manifest through articulate speech. Nay, He even went farther. To His apostles and to His priests, through

the words of their mouth, He seems to have exhausted His omnipotence. He gave to them by the power of a word to forgive sins in His holy name to bring Him back to earth again, in the second incarnation.

Nor has God despised the inarticulate sound. It, too, is His creature. We have all experienced the mysterious influence with which He has endowed the song of the birds, the rippling of the waters, the rustling of the leaves, the whispering of the breeze, diapason of Niagara, the thunder of the storm, the roaring of the sea. We know the mysterious stirrings of the heart, the keen emotion and strange yearnings excited in us by God's marvelous gift of music, that would seem to have escaped from some higher sphere and be the symphony of eternal harmony, the echo of our heavenly home, the voice of angels or the magnificat of saints. Hence, the Church employs this inarticulate voice in her service to excite us to more fervent devotion.

But it has pleased Almighty God to employ inarticulate sound in especially marvelous ways. We read in holy scripture that, "When Saul was troubled with an evil spirit David took his harp and played with his hand and Saul was refreshed and was better for the evil spirit departed from him."

And we are reminded by the prayer of the Bishop consecrating the bell, of the extraordinary victory over their enemies which the Lord pleased to give to His chosen people by the sounding of the trumpets of the priests around the walls of Jericho. It was not by arms but by the sounding of the trumpets that the walls of the city fell when they had been compassed seven times.

Who, then, will say that these bells, blessed and anointed by the prayer of Holy Church, shall not have a sacred power?

I have said this is an occasion of singular suggestiveness. And so it is. It carries us back to the distant past; it speaks to the living present; it has a solemn word for the future. As we look at these silent bells, ready to begin their holy mission, our minds revert to bells of childhood and the sweet influence they wrought in our tender years. They are forever associated in our minds with the altar and the Mass. Their sweet cadence dwells within our memory, like the songs of God's angels, too sweet for mortal ears.

If I will be pardoned a personal allusion, I might tell you the sweet message the bells brought me, when years ago, in a foreign land, I heard the chimes of the Bayeux cathedral ring out its midnight song. It was the familiar strophe of Mendelssohn's oratorio, this sweet assurance, as it were, from heaven: "Who watches over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps."

But far beyond our earliest memory the Christian mind loves to wander. We see the village spire, the cathedral tower, the campanile; we hear the Angelus sounding over Europe. We hear the joyous Christmas bells telling the tidings of good joy; we hear the Alleluias of the Easter bells; we hear the bells celebrating Christian marriage, and its solemn tolling for a soul that is passing to God. The bells ring out the praises of God everywhere, and everywhere a faithful people bow in reverent prayer. Truly is the bell the voice of the Church. While there are evidences of the use of small bells in pre-Christian times, it is admitted that the marvelously formed and proportioned church bell is of ecclesiastical origin. To Paulinus of Nola, who lived about the year 400, is ascribed the first use of the bell for church purposes. Its appearance at that time seems, indeed, providential. The era of persecution was just past. The Church had begun her work in

the open light of day. Previously, her retreat was in the ground like that of a hunted animal, but now she comes forth full of life and joy and energy. She makes her bells and blesses them and sets them ringing praises. She calls believers and unbelievers to Him; she invokes His blessing and protection upon all.

MILITARY MASS.

The ceremony took place in St. Joseph's Cemetery in West Manchester, and the Rev. Fr. J. B. Delany was the celebrant. Following the exercises, the members of the G. A. R. and the younger veterans joined forces, and the 213 graves of the soldiers of two wars were marked with the customary wreath surrounding the Stars and Stripes.

At the cemetery a temporary altar had been erected on the steps of the chapel, and the military companies, with the Knights of St. John, formed a square directly in front, while the veterans of both the G. A. R. posts and the Spanish-American War Veterans formed in line on the inside. The military Mass, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church, was celebrated by Fr. Delany, and the National Guardsmen fired the usual salutes. The following is the address delivered by Fr. Delany, who, speaking in a clear, distinct voice, was heard by the hundreds that surrounded the military square:

"Making a gathering, he sent 12,000 drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection."—II. Machabees, xii., 43.

These words were spoken of Judas Machabeus, that valiant soldier of the Jewish nation who fought so well the battles of God's chosen people. Victory

had crowned his effort; his cause had triumphed, and the joyous shout of the people had hailed him as their saviour. In the midst of all this acclaim the mind of the leader turned to those who fell in battle. Their eyes were closed, they saw not the wreath of victory that graced his brow; their ears were deaf to the voice of praises; stark and stiff they lay upon the bloody field with their blanched faces turned toward the sky or buried in the dust. The noble heart of Judas was moved; he could not share with them the joys of victory won, but there was one duty he could do, there was one office he might perform. "Making a gathering, he sent 12,000 drachms of silver to Jerusalem for a sacrifice" to be offered for their souls that God might pardon whatever offenses they were guilty of and admit them to His blessed presence for ever.

In like manner you soldiers have come here to-day to pay your tribute of love and prayer to your departed brethren and to offer a sacrifice to God in their behalf. It is the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, offered for those who fought and died by your side in defence of the honor of our country.

Other days may have their glory, but this day, of all civic days, is the tenderest and holiest. With reverent care you come to the last resting-place of these heroic dead to mark the green sward that lies over them with the tiny flag they loved so well and place the offering of Spring upon their graves to show the world that the memory of their deeds is ever fresh and beautiful. It is a day of tender recollection. In the quiet of the graveyard the clash of arms is stilled, the roar of the guns is hushed, the groans of the dying unheard. It is the beginning and the end we think of to-day, and we willingly for-

get all the horrors that lie between. The day of their departure arises before our mind. There was the tender farewell, the striving to keep down emotion, the tear hastily brushed away; then a wave of the hand, a turn of the road, and our soldier boy is gone—for ever.

“Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheek of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.”

* * * * *

“A grave in the woods with the grass o’ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother.
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O’er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But his memory lives in the other.”

Twice in our generation has sounded the call to arms. Twice have our fathers, sons and brothers answered. To the younger of us the Civil War is not even a memory, yet we have lived near enough to those stirring days to know what it meant to our nation. We have heard the ghastly tale of those hundreds of thousands slain on the fields of the South to save the integrity of our country. The cost was great, but in blood we wiped out from our land the black stain of slavery. Is it any wonder, then, that we honor the memory of those who paid the price, and we, the heirs of freedom, gratefully acknowledge our debt of gratitude? To the honored dead we give the tribute of our praise and the offering of a heartfelt prayer. Of the living war-scarred veterans of those earlier days we say with all truth, “We prize even the bits.”

Patriotism is not dead. You veterans who stand here to-day need but look about you for the proof of

it. The cause for which you fought and bled, the honor of our country, the claims of humanity, were vindicated by those later veterans who stand around you to-day. The dastardly deed that blew up the battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana, not less than the guns that were fired on Sumter, woke the nation, not to vengeance, but to justice. And the youth of this generation that took your place in the ranks of soldier defenders yielded not a jot or a tittle to their patriotic sires.

It was my good fortune to be in the national capital on the occasion of the declaration of war. The scene that attended this was by no means such as my boyhood had fancied would accompany so important a crisis. Excitement there was, but most of it was confined to the newspapers. Deliberation and determination were the characteristics that marked the scene. Did this mean lack of patriotism, want of courage, or disregard for right and justice? By no means. It meant the possession of all of these virtues in the highest degree. It meant that when a decision was reached it would be such a one as God would approve, that the nations of the world would justify, and that the people of our country would sanction without reserve.

Returning north through ten states, I found on every hand that other kind of patriotism that seeks expression by love for the flag, and readiness to fight and die for the cause it represents. It was not in the crowded cities that it found its most touching expression, but in the little towns and villages of our own state where every humble home on the hill-sides and in the valleys had its Stars and Stripes waving proudly there. From homes like these went forth our sons. The mother of the Horatii gave her

three sons to do battle for their country, and her example has been held up to the admiration of the world ever since. On the camp ground at Concord, when the New Hampshire regiment left for the front, one of your mothers knelt there on the sod to ask God's blessing on her four sons, all she had, brave soldier boys, who answered the first call of their country. Is not this as illustrious an example as the pagan nations of old could furnish? This is Christian patriotism, too, and the country that can inspire such patriotism is safe.

Many of you, enlisted at duty's call, were not destined to face the bullets of the enemy. You had a more terrible foe to encounter. It was the fever and gaunt death that stalked abroad at Chickamauga that slew hundreds and thousands of your number. Again it was my lot to meet you on that awful journey home. Never will I forget that ghastly train, with its freight of living death, of fever-ridden victims, helpless and dying, the wrecks of humanity returned to us in place of the stalwart youth that we sent forth.

No braver hearts ever faced the fire of an enemy than those that waited patiently and dutifully where death came in this hideous form. To them, as to the rest, is due honor and praise for "they serve who only stand and wait." On our soldiers' and sailors' monument we have inscribed the text: "*Dulce et Decorum Pro Patria Mori.*" "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country." And it is all true. I would add, it is far harder to live and suffer for one's country, and consequently more honorable and praiseworthy. This is your title to reward.

Do we grudge the price we paid? No. Another republic has been added to the nations of the world

and the flag of Cuba now waves above a free people, made so by our instrumentality. Cuba is a Catholic republic. As long as she is faithful to Catholic principles, so long will she abide. Pagans knew not freedom nor the principles of democracy. It was St. Thomas, the greatest doctor of the church, who declared that democracy, a government of the people was the most perfect form of human government.

Your battles are over, and, please God, not again in our generation will you be called upon to give the supremest proof of love for your country that a man can give to defend it with your life. May God give you many years to serve your country and enjoy the blessings you and your heroic dead have striven so manfully to maintain. Be loyal to the dead. To the voice of praise add the voice of prayer. 'Tis the noblest tribute Christian souls can give to their dear departed ones. Thus live as good soldiers and when your time comes to lay down your arms you can say, with all confidence: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me in that day, and not only to me, but to them also that love His coming."

ADDRESS GIVEN IN LOWELL BEFORE THE UNITED
IRISH LEAGUE, 1902.

It was not my intention to make a speech. I consented to come only on condition that a few remarks from me would be all that was expected. To such an invitation I felt it my duty to respond. It is your purpose to unite for the cause of justice and strive by all legitimate means to obtain fair play and just treatment for the land of your birth or the land of your ancestors.

That such a movement as the United Irish League is timely and just you have but to look to the other side of the Atlantic. For a few years back Ireland has been comparatively free from persecution and oppression, but within a few months new measures of tyranny have been devised and a perfidious coercion law has been proclaimed. Is it because of rebellion or disorder there? By no means. There is neither rebellion nor disorder. Ireland, above all the countries of the world, is a crimeless land, and the only object such laws can have is to provoke crime, to incite to bloodshed if possible, and to furnish a pretext for the unspeakable cruelty that England's hirelings have exercised over Ireland in the days gone by.

After a war of two years and a half outnumbering her adversaries ten to one, beaten at every turn, her ablest generals acquitting themselves hardly better than corporals of the home guard, England gave the Boers peace at their own terms and paid for it with 100,000 men and a thousand million dollars. It was, forsooth, a famous victory. All London went wild with joy. Kitchener was voted a pension and a medal—it should be a leather one, for it lasts—and in a few days the King will be crowned with his realm at peace.

There is only one discordant note. A gallant soldier who has fought nobly in the cause of liberty for the Boers was honored by the electors of Galway by being named for a place in Parliament. The war being over, he claims the amnesty granted to those who bore arms, but as soon as he sets foot upon British soil he is cast into prison. He made a mistake. The amnesty granted to the Boer, the Dutch, the French, the American, the African negro, was never given to an Irishman. High treason is the charge, and he is in

danger of his life. The charge is false. He is guilty of no treason. A man may be born in a stable, but that does not make him a horse, much less an ass. An Irishman born under the British flag is not a subject of England, let the laws say what they will.

Ireland is ever at war with England and it is no treason for an Irishman to take up arms against her in whatsoever quarter of the world the occasion may present itself. Col. Lynch is a soldier, and a patriot, but not a traitor, any more than was Robert Emmet, though like Emmet he may die on a scaffold.

But it will be asked, what do you expect to accomplish, what can a league such as this do to alleviate the sufferings of the Irish and right the wrongs of their land? We answer, such a league as this can do much. We have but to appeal to history, even to the memory of most of us to see what such an organization has done in the past.

With a handful of men, united, determined, Charles Stewart Parnell went to the British Parliament and raising his hand in the face of the British empire declared no business would be done in the halls of legislature until his cause was heard, and until Ireland's wrongs were righted. Did he succeed? You know he did. He got not all he asked for, it is true, but he did compel the greatest living statesman of that day, William E. Gladstone, to shape his policy to that end and forced the then dominant liberal party to pass a Home Rule Bill through the lower house of Parliament. If it was lost in the senile House of Lords, something of a lasting benefit had been accomplished. The Land Bill has since been passed, and the County Council's Act gives Ireland almost as much freedom as she enjoyed when her own Parliament met in Dublin.

Lord Russell has declared that the Land League accomplished more for Ireland than all her armed revolutions ever achieved.

Now how is Ireland's freedom to be won? By united, concerted action at home and abroad.

Michael Davitt was asked by the Pope recently what was the population of Ireland. "Twenty millions, Holy Father, but they are mostly in America," was the reply. It is from America, then, will come support and encouragement; it is that nerves the arm to strife. The support we must give is financial. In this great battle it is money, not bullets, that makes the munition of war. And we should give freely and generously.

I have no patience with those who are ever ready to condemn a movement by declaring it is a money making venture. It is often but a convenient excuse for such people to tighten their purse strings.

Members of Parliament are not paid by the Government. It is brains, not men of means that Ireland needs. Nor should we grudge them their meagre support. How many disinterested Congressmen have we in Washington who would serve their country without pay? I never heard of any Irish patriot making money on his patriotism, though I have heard of many whom it cost their fortune and their life."

The speaker then told a pathetic story of an Irish patriot of the Boyle O'Reilly and Michael Davitt stamp, a man who had visited his home in this city in the Land League days and whose story of self-sacrifice made a lasting impression on his mind. He, of late years, had wondered where this man was, but some time ago he read an account of his death in a New York poor house. This was the manner in which poor Patrick Melledy was rewarded for his patriotism.

In conclusion Rev. Fr. Delany said: "God has given us freedom in this republic and in appreciation thereof we should show proper sympathy for every land struggling to be free. We should especially give our moral and financial support to the present movement for the benefit of Ireland. It is a movement adopted by the people as best calculated to achieve reforms and it is one in which we can all assist by contributing even a small amount to the support of this branch of the league."

EPISCOPACY.

When the Manchester diocese was bereaved of its first Bishop all hearts turned to the young Chancellor as his logical successor. And so it came to pass.

On the ninth of August, 1904, the fortieth anniversary of his birth, Father Delany received word from Rome that he was to succeed the late Bishop Bradley.

The following tribute paid to Father Delany at this time, by a New Hampshire paper, reveals the attitude of the people toward their new leader. "The appointment of Reverend John B. Delany to be bishop of Manchester is one which every citizen of New Hampshire will cordially commend. It will add to the Catholic hierarchy of New England a young, vigorous, cultured prelate, trained to the duties of his new office and looking forward by God's will to many years of fruitful labor. Best of all, Father Delany's appointment carries the assurance of the continuance of that wise and saintly policy of church administration by which his gifted predecessor made this diocese noted for its spirit of progress; for while the new Bishop will be no slavish imitator, it cannot be but that his years of intimate association with Bishop Bradley have enabled him to take in much of that zealous prelate's gracious habit of mind and manner. Under his guidance we shall look for the Catholic Church in New Hampshire to extend its work of education, philanthropy, and spiritual elevation to a degree of which its past history is merely the faintest promise."

CONSECRATION.

On Thursday, the eighth of September, 1904, in his own cathedral Church of St. Joseph, the Rt. Rev. John Bernard Delany, D. D., was consecrated second bishop of Manchester, by the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Diomedé Falconio, D. D., Archbishop of Larissa. A date more beautiful and fitting could hardly have been chosen,—the feast of the birthday of the Mother of God, and the first of the jubilee in honor of her Immaculate Conception. Heaven itself seemed to smile, for the weather during the hours of consecration was all that could be desired.

The cathedral itself never looked better. The sun, shining through the storied windows, cast far into the church brilliant rays of varied hue, and the new electric lights in the sanctuary showed to best advantage the chaste designs of the marble altars, the beauty of which had not been marred by any attempt at decoration.

Not before in the Catholic history of Manchester have so many distinguished strangers been her guests. They came by scores during the day and evening previous, and that morning every incoming train was crowded with visiting priests and laymen. The family of the Bishop-elect and their personal friends from Lowell came to the city in a special car.

Admission to the church was by ticket only. Long before the doors were open, the streets in the immediate neighborhood of the cathedral were lined with patient waiters eager to secure good seats, and with hundreds of spectators who, unable to gain admission, had to content themselves with a view of the procession. Once the doors were opened, the church was soon filled to its utmost capacity.

The ordinary seating capacity of St. Joseph's is 1,600, but by the judicious placing of benches and folding

chairs, it was for this occasion increased to 2,000. A glance about the church just before the services began disclosed a gathering both representative and interesting, composed as it was of people from every walk and condition in life. There were delegations from all the religious orders of the city, both men and women, and from many of those in adjoining states and in Canada; members of the various organizations with which the new bishop had been associated as spiritual guide; clergymen of different Protestant denominations; the mayor and other city officials; the governor of New Hampshire and his staff in full uniform. In the pews nearest the altar was the immediate family of the bishop-elect.

The procession formed at the episcopal residence, marched down Lowell Street, and entered the cathedral by the great middle door. As it moved in solemn grandeur down the broad aisle, to the inspiring strains of *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, the vast congregation turned expectantly. They beheld a sight long to be remembered. First came the cross-bearer and the acolytes. Then, two by two, to the number of nearly 400, the other clergymen followed, passing slowly to seats assigned them in chancel or aisles, the secular priests in black cassocks and white surplices, the religious in the sombre habits of their respective orders. Toward the end of the long line came the monsignori and the bishops, their purple vestments lending brilliancy and impressiveness to the scene. Just behind these, between the assistant consecrators, was the Bishop-elect, in white cope and purple biretta. Last of all, with his attendants, came His Excellency the Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate and consecrating prelate, in full official robes of gray,

his cappa magna borne by two little pages. Every eye was upon him as he passed down the aisle, yet he was seemingly all unmindful of the homage he was receiving. Indeed, throughout the entire service, his modesty, his simplicity, his reverence and piety, were at all times evident, and made on every beholder, irrespective of creed, an impression deep and lasting. So near he stands to the Holy Father, whose direct representative he is, that his presence on this day seemed to bring all in a special manner near to him who guides the Universal Church, and whose watchful care, as mentioned in the brief of appointment, provides bishops for all the churches in Christendom.

After a brief prayer, the Apostolic Delegate went to the epistle side of the main altar, the Bishop-elect to St. Joseph's altar, where each was clothed in the vestments prescribed for the occasion. This done, Mgr. Falconio sat on the fald-stool in front of the altar, the Bishop-elect and the two consecrators sat directly in front, facing him.

First came the reading of the Papal mandate. Then the Bishop-elect took the solemn oath, in which he promised obedience to the See of Rome, observance of apostolic decrees, fidelity in the discharge of the duties of his office, and in rendering to the Vicar of Christ on earth a correct account of all things pertaining to the welfare, both material and spiritual, of the churches and souls committed to his keeping.

During the examination that followed, the Bishop-elect further promised to be faithful to the teachings of Scripture and the traditions of the Catholic Church; to refrain from evil and to direct his ways to good; to observe and teach chastity and sobriety; to take hold of things divine, and abstain from things worldly and from sordid gains; to be merciful to the poor, to pilgrims, and to all in need. He also made a profession of faith.

This finished, the Mass proper began, and went on as usual to the Gospel, various minor ceremonies of the consecration being performed as the service proceeded.

The preacher of the day was the Rev. Wm. F. Gannon, S. J., President of Boston College, who gave an able sermon, strong in its very simplicity. He spoke as follows:

FR. GANNON'S SERMON.

"You have not chosen Me but I have chosen you * * * that whatsoever you shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."—JOHN xv., 16.

"Your Excellency, the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate; Most Reverend Archbishop; Right Reverend Bishops; Right Reverend, Very Reverend, and Reverend Fathers; and Dear Brethren of the Laity:

"When our Lord and Saviour established His Church He destined it to be the one and only true Church, apostolic and universal, to embrace all nations and peoples, and to extend through all time 'even to the consummation of the world'; a Church so near and so dear to the heart of the God-man that He saw fit to shed His life-blood for every soul in it, and every soul that should be won to it.

"And, therefore, when He chose apostles, his first bishops, to rule over this vast kingdom, this wondrous amalgamation of peoples of all nations, tribes, and languages, He created for these rulers and their successors a position of such high and awful responsibility that no man could dare accept it were it not pressed on him by the God who can give and does give the strength to sustain it. 'No man takes to himself this honor unless he be called as was Aaron'; 'for the Holy Ghost has placed you bishops to rule the Church of God.' Acts xx., 28.

"The words of my text were addressed by our Saviour not only to the first bishops of His Church, but

to every bishop in the Apostolic line, from St. Peter to our right reverend and beloved Bishop whose consecration we are witnessing to-day.

"Allow me, therefore, to place before you, with all needful brevity, a few thoughts suggested by the words of our Saviour: 'You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.'

"The sublimity and power and responsibility of the bishop's office are hinted at in the words of Christ, but the office is far beyond human language to compass in expression. It includes the power of priesthood and goes beyond; for the bishop has power—as St. Chrysostom terms it—'over the real body of Christ.'

"We read that when Joseph of Egypt had gained favor with his king he was placed in power second only to the king, and all Egypt was at his bidding.

"But when the priest, or bishop, enters the sanctuary to say Mass, and, coming to the altar, takes mere bread into his hands, he acts in the name and with the almighty power of God Himself as he utters the words: 'THIS IS MY BODY.' The priest, or bishop, does not say: this is the body of Christ, but, 'this is *my* body'; the priest is allowed by his Divine Master to lose, as it were, his own personality and to become one with his God as he utters the words of consecration, and instantly a startling change takes place. In the bishop's hands there is no longer any bread, but the God of heaven and earth, the Judge of the living and the dead; He who in the hollow of his own hand holds and poises the universe, is resting in the hands of his priest. 'I have chosen you' to this.

"And a second great power, almost equally sublime, rests with the priest or bishop; the power as it is called, 'over the mystical body of Christ,' over the members of the flock of Christ. To bishops and priests God

has given this power to restore sinners to God's friendship. They are the judges of their fellow-men. 'The tongue of the priest,' as a saint has expressed it, 'is the key by which hell is closed and heaven is opened.'

"Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, must submit to the priest's judgment and sentence, so that when you come to confess your sins, even though the crimes be such as cry to heaven for vengeance, if you are sorry for them; if you are determined to sin no more, when the priest raises his hand above you and tells you that the sins are forgiven, such is the power that God has given to man, that the judgment of God's minister is ratified in heaven, sins are blotted out, and man by the power given to man, is received back into God's favor.

"These are powers so great and so alarming that St. Anthony, St. Benedict, and St. Francis, despite their sanctity, refused to assume such weighty responsibility.

"Yet a bishop has all this power, and more. He is the consecrator, model, director, ruler, and creator of even the sublime priesthood; he must shield his people by foreseeing and warding off danger; he must feed his flock in the rich pastures of the sacraments, and of revealed truth; he must watch and pray, 'taking heed for his flock.'

"A bishop must be a man of prayer. When you desire to build a house, and you call in an architect for consultation, you explain to him your views and wishes. He frequently consults you to learn every detail; for he is not to act according to his own ideas but according to yours. It is to be your house and not his. A bishop is God's architect. He is building God's house; he is to do God's works. Therefore, he must consult with

God, learn God's wishes, views, plans, follow every detail prescribed by Almighty God. He cannot do this without coming to God, talking with Him, learning His desires, following His directions. This means prayer; and as the work goes constantly on, constant prayer is required. The bishop must be a man of prayer.

"More than this, the bishop is a ruler and a king, whose power and whose sway as far surpass the sovereignty of an earthly king as heaven is above earth, as eternity transcends time, as eternal life eclipses death. An earthly king has power, but with limitation of time; his subjects are but temporal and decaying; his helpers are mortal. But the power of a bishop goes beyond the boundaries of earth and time; his sceptre will fall from his hand in death, but he is the king of immortal souls whom he must rule and guide into eternal heaven, and whom, with his indelible 'character' stamped upon his soul, he must follow; but not until he has stood in presence of God to give account of every soul under his jurisdiction.

"It is awful enough to be responsible for one's own soul, but it is a crushing and overwhelming obligation to stand before God's searching eye and answer for thousands of souls, for whom Jesus Christ died. Yet, this is the unevasive responsibility of a bishop. 'I have chosen you' for this.

"Yet, there is consolation in the words: 'You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.'

"The responsibility of a bishop is indeed great, but it is a God of infinite power and of all consolation who has imposed it. Men may impose obligations and leave us to our own fretful resources to meet them, but not so does God act. Every act of duty has its accompanying helpful grace; every irksome obligation has its attendant soothing consolation.

“‘You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.’ The responsibility of choice of this position is not yours but mine, our Lord says, and mine shall be the care to sustain and console you. Our Lord will see that you draw consolation from your people. Your people, who are God’s people, will work with you. These same people of Manchester who faithfully labored with the pious, discreet, saintly, and model Bishop Bradley, will, heart and soul, enter into the plans and views of their new Bishop, be obedient to their prelate and be subject to him.

“Indeed, my dear people, gratitude alone should force you to loyal obedience to your Bishop. You remember how our Divine Lord appealed to the gratitude of His people. ‘When,’ He said, ‘I shall be lifted up from earth I shall draw all things to me,’ and He meant that when we, His people, should gaze upon Him nailed to the Cross, and see the ghastly state into which our sins had brought Him through love for us, we should be moved to love Him and then do whatever He asks of us.

“When, therefore, dear people, you realize the position of your Bishop, that through love for your souls his whole life will be devoted to you, and that he stands ready ‘to render an account’ for your souls, you shall love him and love God who has placed him over you, and enter heartily and obediently into all his plans. Then in his consolation the right reverend Bishop will be able to give you the blessing given by St. Paul to his flock. ‘May the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, fit you in all goodness that you may do His will.’

“As the people must be united with their bishop, so the bishop must be united with his fellow bishops,

and they all with the Holy See. A bishop is a Catholic bishop not because bound to the apostles by the links of time, but because by apostolic succession he derives from the Vicar of Christ his power, his authority, his jurisdiction. This unity it is which gives him strength and encouragement, this unity of bishops with their head makes the teaching body of the church (under divine assistance and guidance) invincible; and this unity is not simply a unity in doctrine, but in heart and sentiment, leading all bishops to enter into all views of the Holy Father to further the interests of the Holy Church. And I look upon this, dear Bishop, as a guarantee of your future sentiments towards the Holy Father, that you had the singular privilege of being consecrated by the Apostolic Delegate, nearest in authority in this country to the source of authority. I doubt not that when his hands were laid on you in consecration, you felt a thrill as if they were the hands of Pius X. that touched you.

“Our Lord will again sustain and console you in His and your priests who, by their zeal, coöperation, and loyalty, will support your hands and fight with you the battles in the cause of God and of His Church.

“You will have the support in prayer and in Mass of your fellow-bishops and other prelates of God’s Church, who from their own experience know the weight of your responsibility.

“Then again will come the sacramental grace to aid and bring to success all your episcopal work.

“And, with it all, comes Christ Himself who has chosen you to your office. He who will stand with His church to the consummation of days, behold He is with you! Whom or what shall you fear?

“And now, dear Bishop, I am sure I may be allowed in union with the assembled prelates, priests, and

people, to wish you every blessing, every joy, and all success in your episcopal work. May we ask a great favor in return,—the aid of your prayers and the gift of your episcopal blessing.”

After the sermon, the consecrator, turning to the Bishop-elect, announced the responsibilities to be laid upon him: “A bishop judges, interprets, consecrates, ordains, offers, baptizes, and confirms.” Then, while the consecrator, his assistants, and the Bishop-elect, were prostrate before the altar, the clergy, in the solemn chant of the Litany of the Saints, invoked for the new prelate the aid of God’s saints and of His own divine grace. After this came the essential part of the rite, the imposition of hands by the consecrator and assistants, with the words, “Receive the Holy Ghost.” The hymn *Veni Creator* was intoned by Mgr. Falconio, taken up and chanted to the end by the assembled priests.

Next the hands of the newly-consecrated were anointed with holy chrism. He had already received the pectoral cross; now the pastoral staff was blessed and given him with the admonition to be lovingly severe in the correction of vices, to judge without wrath, but to let not love of peace cause him to neglect discipline. The pontifical ring was likewise blessed, and placed upon the third finger of his right hand. “Receive the ring,” said the consecrator, “the symbol of fidelity, in order that, adorned with unspotted faith, you may keep inviolably the spouse of God, namely, His Holy Church.” The book of the Gospels was now delivered to him with the charge to go forth and preach, after which the consecrator and assistants received him to the kiss of peace.

From this point the Mass again went on as usual until the offertory had been said, when Bishop

Delany made to the consecrator the customary offerings of two candles, two loaves of bread, and two tiny casks of wine. The new Bishop then read the offertory in unison with the consecrator, and from that time the two together celebrated the one Mass; one host was consecrated, of which both partook; both, too, drank of the Blood of Christ from the same chalice.

At the close of the Mass proper the new Bishop was crowned with the mitre, the helmet of protection and salvation, and was invested with his gloves. Then by the consecrator and the senior assisting bishop he was led to the throne, the crosier was placed in his hand, and the long-vacant See of Manchester had its second bishop.

After the singing of the Psalms, and just before the *Te Deum*, Bishop Delany descended to the altar rail, and in tones clear and steady, yet full of emotion, delivered his

FIRST ADDRESS TO HIS PEOPLE.

"It is consummated! The event so long looked for has been accomplished. The widowed diocese of Manchester has again a spouse and a bishop. You have seen the most august ceremony of Holy Church. Not in all her rites and ritual is there so solemn, so sublime an act as that which you have this day witnessed, which makes of one of her priests an apostle, imparts to him the plenitude of his office, and establishes him in her hierarchy forever. I, the unworthy subject of all these honors, am filled with conflicting emotions. The first is confusion and humiliation, knowing as I do my unworthiness of these favors. Fear, too, I feel, lest by my incapacity I fail in the great charge committed to my care. Yet there is

joy, withal. For what priest of God would not rejoice to know that he has this day received the Holy Spirit of God in its fulness, and that henceforth it is his right and privilege to engender sons in the priesthood, to cause that Holy Spirit of God to take up His abode in the temple of the human heart, and to perpetuate as none other than a bishop can the kingdom of Christ upon earth!

“You have seen how this has been accomplished. The outward rite is full of mystical meaning and represents to our bodily eyes what has transpired in the soul.

“My head has been anointed with holy chrism, as was the head of the first high priest, Aaron, to symbolize the spiritual unction that God pours forth in the soul of His elect. On my head has been placed the mitre, a helmet of salvation, that I may lead the people in the battle and that they may safely follow. In my hands was placed this crosier, the symbol of authority, that I from this day forward may rule in the Church of God, being admonished at the same time to correct with loving severity, to render judgment without wrath, and to neglect not discipline through love of tranquility. On my finger has been placed the episcopal ring, the sign of fidelity and the mystical tie that marks my espousal to this See of Manchester. God grant that I may keep her, my spouse and the spouse of Christ, ‘without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.’

“The ceremony is over. Let me thank His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, who has honored our city and our diocese by his presence here to-day; let me offer him, the highest representative in this country of our Holy Father the Pope, our sincerest homage and gratitude. I assure him for myself and

my people of our undying love and loyalty to the Holy See of Rome, proclaiming that our first and last prayer will be for the great and good pontiff, Pius X., who fills the chair of St. Peter as Christ's vicar upon earth. I thank the other illustrious prelates here who honor us on this occasion, and my brothers of the clergy who in such great number testify by their presence their love and veneration.

"It only remains for me to impart my first episcopal benediction. This I do: first, to those who are united to me by blood and kinship, and to whom, under God, I owe that I am what I am. I give that blessing to my brethren of the clergy, especially to the priests of this diocese, with whom I have been associated all the years of my priestly life in the closest bonds of love and friendship. I give it to the religious of the diocese, the men and women who, having consecrated their lives to God, are laboring with unselfish devotion for the salvation of souls of this generation and of generations yet to come. I give it to the people of this Cathedral parish, who know me best and from whom I have received so many kindnesses in the past. I extend my blessing to the people of this city of Manchester, and to the citizens of the State whose spiritual welfare is committed to my care. I ask God to bless this our country, our rulers, and our institutions born of freedom."

Crosier in hand, and attended by the assistant consecrators, Bishop Delany then went down the broad aisle, blessing the congregation as he passed, but stopping a moment at the front pew to give his first greeting and benediction to his beloved mother. Upon reaching the main door of the cathedral he stepped outside, and gave his blessing to the throng that had

been unable to gain admission. The singing of the *Te Deum* concluded the ceremony, which had occupied a little less than four hours.

The determination of the new Bishop to have even the least detail of the consecration ceremonies in strict accordance with the highest religious spirit of the Church, led him to select for his musical program the "Mass of the Angels" in plain Gregorian chant. This was a fitting tribute to Pius X., the more so as the occasion was the first of its kind in America at which the desires of the Holy Father in this regard had been fulfilled.

The success of the Gregorian chant depends entirely upon the work of the chorus; there are in it no solos, no elaborations, no orchestral accompaniments to hide defects or heighten effects—only the organ aids in the production. How well the chorus of this day—consolidated from the various Catholic choirs of the city—performed its difficult task may be judged from the fact that Mgr. Falconio said he had never heard in America, and seldom in any other country, music so effectively rendered. Archbishop Williams, too, and not a few of the bishops and the priests, added their word of praise.

It is safe to say that no layman present had ever before heard the "incarnatus est" given with such religious devotion and finish. The mystery, the sublimity of the birth of the God-Man, its message of promise to the human race in every age—all this was whispered in tones so hushed yet so majestic as never to be forgotten by those who heard. In striking contrast was the "unam sanctam Catholicam." In this the real strength of the chorus was evinced. The volume of tone was tremendous, the expression

triumphant, as those hundred and fifty voices rang out that grand finale of Catholic hope and faith.

The gathering of priests was notable. From all parts of this country they came, from Canada, Ireland, and France, testifying by their presence their faith in the Church they serve, and their affectionate regard for the new bishop.

Most prominent among them was His Excellency Diomede Falconio, D. D., the consecrating prelate. Next to him the figure that attracted greatest attention was the Most Rev. John J. Williams, the beloved and venerable head of the Archdiocese of Boston. All the bishops of New England were there: the Rt. Rev. John Michaud of Burlington, the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins of Providence, the Rt. Rev. M. E. Tierney of Hartford, the Rt. Rev. T. D. Beaven of Springfield, the Rt. Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell of Portland, and the Rt. Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. Other prelates were the Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen of Mobile and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Decelles of Hyacinth, P. Q. Archbishop Farley of New York was represented by the Mgr. D. J. McMackin, D. D., of St Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, and from Boston came the Rev. Frederick J. Delany, brother of Bishop Delany.

From Paris came the Rev. Paul de Foville, S. S., of the faculty of the seminary of St. Sulpice, where Bishop Delany made his theological studies. Ireland was represented by the Rev. D. I. Donnehy and Rev. D. W. Kent of Queenstown.

The monsignori in attendance were the Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. W. Murphy of Dover, N. H., the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thos. Magennis of Jamaica Plain, Mass., the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. J. Teeling of Lynn, Mass., and the Rev. Mgr. Thos. Griffin of Worcester, Mass.

St. Anselm's College in Manchester was represented by its president, the Rt. Rev. Hilary Pfraengle, O.

S. B. From St. John's Seminary in Brighton came its vice-rector, the Rev. Matthew Flaherty, A. M., and the Rev. J. C. Brophy; from Boston College the Rev. Wm. F. Gannon, S. J., who preached the consecration sermon; and the Catholic University at Washington was represented by the dean of its faculty, the Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, S. T. D.

Still other well-known clergymen were the Very Rev. T. F. Doran, V. G., of Providence, the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V. G., of Boston, the Very Rev. E. F. Hurley, V. G., of Portland, the Very Rev. John I. Madden, V. G., of Springfield, and the Very Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan, V. G., of Concord, N. H.

After the services Bishop Delany entertained the clergy at dinner in Mechanics' Hall. The decorations of the interior of the big building were most artistic, the central theme being a combination of the papal colors, yellow and white, in honor of the Apostolic Delegate, and of the episcopal colors, purple and white. The ceiling was almost hidden by the national colors. These covered, too, the edges of the balconies, where potted plants were also used with charming effect. The stage, where the orchestra was stationed, was almost hidden behind a mass of green.

During the banquet Archbishop Williams was asked to respond to the only toast of the day, that to the Pope. This he did in a most interesting manner, pointing out a few of the characteristics that mark the Holy Father, especially in his relations with the poor and the common people. The Archbishop spoke with all his old-time vigor and eloquence, his every word being distinctly heard throughout the great hall.

Later, two presentations were made to Bishop Delany. The first was by the Very Rev. E. M.

O'Callaghan, who, in a finished address, offered to the new leader of the diocese the homage of his clergy and a substantial testimonial. Fr. O'Callaghan spoke in part as follows:

Right Reverend and dear Bishop:

"We, the priests of your diocese, deem it a pleasing duty to offer you our sincere congratulations this memorable day, when, having received by consecration the fulness of the priesthood, you have been placed by the Holy Ghost amongst the rulers of the Church of God.

"Were a stranger to our diocese appointed by the Holy See our bishop, we would receive him in fitting manner, and promise him reverence and obedience; for, in common with all loyal Catholics, we recognize the Vicar of Christ as the supreme source on earth of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but to-day we approach our new spiritual leader with far warmer feelings; for in him we see one associated with us all through his priestly life, one whom we know well, and who, knowing us so intimately, cannot but be interested deeply in our welfare and that of our diocese.

"Hence, Right Reverend and dear Bishop, all unite this day in hailing you as their spiritual chief, and in the sincerity and loyalty of their hearts pledge you their sympathy and co-operation.

"By your ability and zeal, by your loyalty to those under whom you have served, by the thoroughness with which you have performed all your clerical duties, and by the success which has crowned your efforts as a priest of the diocese, you have won the esteem of your superiors, and merited the respect of all.

"As one so long near to our late beloved Bishop, as one who has honored his ministry, we welcome you and salute you, raised this day to the exalted dignity

of Prince of the Church, and with crosier in hand and mitre on brow solemnly enthroned as shepherd of the flock; and we pray that all through the years of your future life—and may they be very many indeed—you may be ever enthroned in the hearts of both clergy and people. * * *

“By you we know the traditions of our diocese will be loyally and carefully observed. Hence, Right Reverend and dear Bishop, we feel that its future is safe in your hands; and we only hope and pray that the same measure of success which attended the labors of our first Bishop may crown also those of your episcopal life.

“In conclusion, we beg to assure you of our constant sympathy and hearty support in all you may undertake for the advancement of religion and the welfare of the diocese, and we pray you to accept this gift which we offer as a proof of our good will and of the sincerity of our professions.

“Lastly, that God may give you length of days, and that He may crown your labors as second Bishop of this diocese with untold blessings, is the heartfelt wish and prayer of your friends and brethren, the clergy of your diocese.”

Bishop Delany Responded:

“My fathers, my brothers, let me thank you from the bottom of my heart for this testimonial of respect and regard. More than words can tell do I appreciate the sentiments which prompted it. Yet I needed no such manifestation of your good will. All my priestly life I have received only kindness and consideration from your hands, and I feel that it is I, rather, who should, to-day, testify my gratitude, my love, my admiration, for the priests of New Hampshire. No one knows better than I what man-

ner of men you are. No one knows better your labors for the glory of God and the salvation of souls committed to your care. No one knows better nor appreciates more highly than I do your zeal, your sacrifices, your piety, and your disinterestedness. It has always been my pride and boast to be counted one of your number, and now that it has pleased Almighty God to make me your Bishop, you have given me the highest proof of faith that men can give to another in the loyal, sincere, complete allegiance that you have this day tendered me. God be praised, you could do no more! It remains for me to make the best use of the devoted services you have placed in my hands.

"Let me say here that I have no policy to lay down. I simply say that I will be the Bishop, the whole Bishop, and nothing but the Bishop. Having sought not the office, I owe it to no man. I have no favors to repay, no grudges to requite. I have no principles to follow other than those given in the solemn monitions of the pontifical. Justice, charity, and fair dealing will be my endeavor, that the body of Christ may be built up, and that right, truth, and virtue may prevail among priests and people.

"If I have one ambition, it is to honor and perpetuate the memory of my beloved and sainted predecessor, and if I have one desire, it is to follow in the straight and narrow path he trod to God. His work and his example is a priceless heritage to every priest of New Hampshire, and will be to me a never-failing source of inspiration. May he look down from heaven to-day upon us, and may he continue to guard and guide the destinies of the diocese he loved and served so well!

"I cannot let this occasion go by without testifying my gratitude and that of the priests of the diocese

to our esteemed brother in Christ, who, during the trying period of the vacancy, has filled the office of administrator. His term of office was marked with ability, with zeal, with kindness to us all, and he has deserved the lasting gratitude of every one of us."

The second presentation was made by the Rev. Louis S. Walsh, supervisor of the parochial schools in Boston. On behalf of the alumni of St. Sulpice, he presented the Bishop with a beautiful chalice of Gothic design in Roman gold, bearing four raised medallions, its knob studded with diamonds, its base set with pearls. To this address, also, Bishop Delany responded in his usual happy manner.

Mitres were so common that day as to cause considerable comment, the ices being served in miniature mitres, which were kept by the priests as souvenirs of the occasion.

After the banquet, those of the alumni of St. Sulpice there present formed a permanent organization, of which the newly consecrated Bishop was unanimously chosen president. He at once invited the society to hold their first annual reunion in Manchester some time the next year, as his guests.

The first Mass said by Bishop Delany after his consecration, was on Friday, September 9, for the Catholic school children of the city and their teachers, members of the various religious orders. On the Monday following he celebrated his first pontifical Mass for the repose of the soul of his predecessor.

On Monday evening, September 12, occurred one of the largest parades ever seen in Manchester. In this the Catholic men of the city, hundreds of whom had not been privileged to assist at the religious celebration took part. The various parishes vied with each other in sending out large representations, and the result was a showing most creditable.

The parade was formed on Elm street, passed over to and through West Manchester, thence back to the city proper, and finally before the reviewing stand in front of the cathedral chapel.

The scenes along the route of march were everywhere memorable. Many of the business houses displayed decorations, and red fire was so profusely burnt that the streets were ablaze with light. Every available point of vantage was occupied with spectators, who greeted each division with generous applause. Perhaps the parish that received most hearty praise was St. Hedwidge's, youngest of the eight, represented by over three hundred loyal Poles. They were headed by thirteen mounted aids, and their neat appearance and fine marching won favorable comment from all. The delegation from St. George's parish was headed by the pastor, the Rev. I. H. C. Davignon. All the long way the aged priest marched with his men, and his presence evoked the heartiest applause.

The reviewing stand, with the vine-clad walls of the chapel for background, was beautifully festooned with hangings of the national and episcopal colors, and was lighted by three electric arc lamps. The houses in the neighborhood were elaborately decorated. On the stand, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop, were all the priests of the city, many clerical visitors from out of town, and the laymen who were to deliver addresses. In front of the platform, when the marchers had passed, surged a vast gathering of humanity, eager to hear the presentation speeches. After a wait of a moment or two for quiet, the Bishop and the priests rose, and stood with uncovered heads while the addresses were made.

They were made in English and French. The Bishop was deeply touched by such a manifestation of the esteem and loyalty of his people. He then ad-

dressed the vast assemblage first in English. He said that it was a source of great joy to witness such a magnificent demonstration tendered to him in his honor by the Catholics of the city. Continuing, Bishop Delany said: "Only a few weeks ago word was received from Rome that I, though unworthy as I am, had been appointed Bishop of Manchester. The news was received with submission. I have been made an apostle of the Lord, and as such have the care and spiritual welfare of my people.

"Only a few days ago our city was honored by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, the greatest representative of the Pope on this side of the water, and you saw him anoint my head with holy chrism, which made me an apostle of the Lord.

"This demonstration to-night is an evidence of your loyalty and faith. Men of different nations and languages have assembled to take part in this reception. Christ gave to men their gift of tongue. He did not ask them to change their tongue. I can only wish that the Lord had granted me every tongue so that I might thank each of you in your own language for this honor you have shown me. I came to you with affiliation for all and as the shepherd to guard the sheep.

"I thank the committee in charge of the affair, and also all who have participated in this great demonstration in my honor.

"To my Polish friends, I would say that I thank them for their part in this event, and only wish that I might be able to address them in their own language. They have been persecuted for their faith in their country and have come here. It is my duty to assist them in their spiritual welfare and aid them in becoming good and loyal citizens."

Bishop Delany then made a brief address in French, in which he thanked the French Catholics who had participated in the event.

In French, he said:

"My Dear French-Speaking Friends:

"I thank you with all my heart for the sentiments expressed in your address, and for this magnificent demonstration of your faith and your devotion towards me as the head of the diocese of Manchester.

"Nobody appreciates more than myself the loyal French-Canadian race, and no one knows better than I what you have done for the city of Manchester, this State of New Hampshire, and the entire diocese.

Now that God has placed me at the head of the diocese, and that the Holy Ghost has named me pastor of this field, is it necessary for me to profess the love that I feel for each of you? It was not to-day that I learned to love the French spirit. It was among you that I made my theological studies. It was in France that I received the sacrament of Holy Orders. It is France that I esteem as the Country of my soul. How, then, could it be possible that I should not love the sons of that land, the best part of which, I affirm, has been named Canadian, and part of which God has placed under my care.

"It is with sentiments of love and respect that you have greeted me to-night, and it is with the same sentiments that I receive you. If I have any advice to offer you, as your spiritual chief, they are that you be true to the Catholic traditions that you have brought with you to this land; be ever faithful to the voice of your pastors, and, let me add here, be faithful, be true to the land that gives you a home; remembering that the better Catholics you are, the better citizens you become."

The following extracts from editorial comments on the appointment of the new head of the Manchester diocese are sufficient evidence of the high regard in which the Bishop-elect was held by the newspaper fraternity in New England:

THE UNION, MANCHESTER.

Genuine grief was felt by Catholic and Protestant alike at the death of Bishop Denis M. Bradley, and genuine concern as to the choice of a successor to him, for it was a matter of the utmost importance to the Church and the community. Equally genuine are the expressions of gratification that the choice has fallen upon the Rev. J. B. Delany, one of Bishop Bradley's trusted priests and one of Manchester's most highly esteemed citizens. Those who know him are confident that he will administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of the diocese faithfully and wisely, and many are the prayers that will be joined to his, asking that he may be made a worthy successor to that good and gentle man with whom the diocese was blessed, and whose presence here worked for good among us all.

Father Delany is not new to the task that lies before him. He comes to it with a full knowledge of its responsibilities, in the prime of life, and with a mental and physical endowment peculiarly suited to the work. He has a wide acquaintance, and is loved and respected wherever he is known. The same considerations and emotions that led men of all creeds, and of all sorts and conditions, to lament the death of Bishop Bradley, will lead them to rejoice over the selection of Father Delany to succeed him.

THE MIRROR, MANCHESTER.

The position to which Father John B. Delany has been assigned by the head of the Catholic Church is one

which only a great and good man can fill successfully. It is a difficult place, not only because it is one of tremendous power and responsibility, but because the incumbent will necessarily be contrasted with the beloved, respected, and admired Bishop Bradley, whose worldly wisdom, tact, and executive genius were as commanding as his piety and devotion were untiring and unailing.

Father Delany has a cordial welcome to his new post. His profound learning, his piety and his loyalty have been proved and are known. He was the associate of Bishop Bradley for many years, and is thoroughly familiar with the duties of his position, with the more than fifty churches in his jurisdiction, and with the thousands of communicants. His own people believe in him, and from the beginning he commands not only their regard but their affection. Others must necessarily accept him largely upon trust, but they do it in the belief and with the sincere wish that he will justify his appointment.

THE NEWS, MANCHESTER.

The report which received official confirmation at Washington late on Saturday had its origin almost contemporaneously with the death in last December of the great first Bishop of Manchester. In far away corners of New Hampshire, if there be those who say, "Is he fit? Is he worthy?" their anxiety for their church will be removed when they know that almost with that dark day when Bishop Bradley's people turned to one another in tears to ask, "Where shall his successor be found?" the answer was nearly always in the name of the young priest who had been at his side and in his closest confidence for five worthy years. And from that moment, notwithstanding reports of one kind

and another that have been put forward for various reasons in the public press, there has been no disquiet in the hearts of Manchester Catholics.

Perhaps it would not be right to say that this is the only case of the kind, but it is at least worthy of remark that here *was* a case, anyhow, wherein no word of objection was raised from one end of the diocese to the other. We say that this is remarkable, because all men are human; and here was a young man of ten years' experience in the priesthood, who had never been in charge of a parish, and who was at once to be elevated to the nobility of the Church over the heads, as the world says, of men of riper experience and of many years' self-sacrificing labor in the vineyard. Not one word of protest. In a See where the children of the Church are of many lands, and where they speak a various language, the appointment of Father Delany to the bishopric was taken for granted, and on all sides there was, and there is, the most complete satisfaction.

It is a heavy burden that this young priest is about to take up. An exalted place, truly, a station of the highest dignity, but carrying with it cares that the world knows little of. Endowed by nature with unusual abilities, he brings to meet these duties a rugged, fearless, sincere faith.

We may congratulate Bishop-elect John Bernard Delany on the honors that have come to him. Much more may we congratulate the Roman Catholics of the diocese of Manchester upon their new Bishop.

THE TELEGRAPH, NASHUA.

In Nashua the elevation of a man so deserving as Father Delany brings a sense of pleasure to members of the Catholic Church as well as to those of other creeds. All recognize in him a clergyman of exceeding ability, and predict abundant success in his conduct of church work throughout the State.

THE DAILY PRESS, NASHUA.

An honest, noble, spiritual leader has been put at the head of the Manchester diocese of the Catholic Church in the person of Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, D. D., of Manchester, recently appointed to the bishopric. The Catholics of Nashua are not alone in welcoming to the front so able and so whole-souled a man as Rev. Fr. Delany. All churches sorrowed in the passing of one so firm and true in the way as the late Bishop Bradley, who was a foremost champion of many of the great and good works done throughout the State for years. There was no hesitancy in marking his successor, however, and at once all eyes were turned to Rev. John B. Delany. Through the weeks of uncertainty there has never been a doubt in the minds of his followers that he would receive the honor and responsibility. Now that it has become assured all alike rejoice. Rev. Fr. Delany from boyhood up has led a life devoted to the Church, always interested in public affairs, athletic and robust, he has not sacrificed either body or mind in developing himself for great work. There is every confidence in his ability, and rejoicing in his selection.

THE CHRONICLE, PORTSMOUTH.

The election of Rt. Rev. John B. Delany to the office of Bishop of Manchester was very pleasing to the people of New Hampshire, Catholics and Protestants alike. Bishop-elect Delany has long been recognized as one of the ablest clergymen in the State, and he is, at the same time, one of the most popular. No better selection could have been made.

Rev. Fr. Delany has a great many friends in Portsmouth, gained while he held the position of curate of the Church of the Immaculate Conception

in this city. His advancement especially pleases Portsmouth people therefore, because he is regarded as almost one of themselves. His friends here are not confined to those of his own faith, but include many people prominent in the local Protestant churches.

The office of Bishop of Manchester, making its holder, as it does, the spiritual adviser of thousands of citizens of the State, is a most important one, and it is cause for congratulation that a man of Rev. Fr. Delany's ability, energy, and broad-minded character has been chosen to fill it.

THE SUN, LOWELL.

It is with intense satisfaction that the friends of Rev. John B. Delany in this city have heard the news of his official appointment by the Holy See as Bishop of Manchester.

Father Delany is a young man of rare attainments as a scholar, an organizer, and a writer. As editor of the *Guidon*, a Catholic magazine, published at Manchester, with a circulation extending all over New England, Rev. Fr. Delany has proved himself an able writer, a keen controversialist, although he seldom enters a controversy voluntarily. His progressive work in his magazine shows that he is a believer in the power of the press as a valuable adjunct to the pulpit in the propagation of religious doctrine as well as of general intelligence.

As a rule the priests of the Catholic Church avoid publicity; they consider it inconsistent with true humility to have their sermons published or even their names favorably mentioned in the public press. For this reason they are largely averse to the reporting of sermons or of religious ceremonies of any kind, but Rev. Fr. Delany, while as humble in manner as any of them, believes in using the press to guide and enlighten those who go to church as well as to reach with religious

appeals those who do not go to church and who cannot be reached in any other way. He realizes the vast power of the press, and he believes in using it in spreading the light of the gospel as an adjunct to the pulpit and the ministry.

It is in this light that his sterling ability and zeal have been recognized by the Holy Father. The universal opinion is that the choice is the best that could be made. Those who know Rev. Fr. Delany believe he will more than fill the highest expectations of his friends as an administrator, an organizer, and a missionary.

THE PILOT, BOSTON.

With all the cares of responsible offices, and his work as chaplain and confessor of several religious communities, Father Delany founded *The Guidon*, an excellent illustrated monthly magazine, which he has edited with singular ability until now. It has been the official organ of the diocese, and it has had a great educative value in diffusing among the people a knowledge of sacred art and of past and current Church history. It must be said, also, as of everything in which its editor has had a hand, that it has been a success on the business side.

His close association with Bishop Bradley has given him an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the diocese, and in his direct, simple, and kindly nature he is very like his beloved predecessor. Bishop-elect Delany is scarcely thirty-nine years of age. He takes charge of a diocese whose priesthood is singularly united. Priests and people rejoice in the youth, strength, and energy of their new Bishop, and all his friends unite with these in wishing him many years to build up the Church of God on the broad foundations which are his happy heritage.

THE REPUBLIC, BOSTON.

The appointment of Father Delany is a distinct tribute to his excellent work as secretary and chancellor of the diocese, during the long episcopate of the late Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley, and his excellent coöperation with the Very Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan since Bishop Bradley's death in the administration of the diocese.

Father Delany has had a bright, brilliant, and beautiful career. He is a Boston College graduate, and with Bishop O'Connell of Portland comprises that institution's showing in the episcopacy of New England. A man of culture and very talented, his literary work has been a feature of his efforts. For years he has very ably edited *The Guidon*, the illustrated Catholic monthly of the diocese.

THE CATHOLIC TRANSCRIPT, HARTFORD.

Official announcement of the election of the Rev. John B. Delany to the Bishopric of Manchester has followed repeated rumor, and there is joy among the Catholics of New Hampshire. The Bishop-elect is known throughout the diocese and far beyond its limits. He is a man of many works and, though young in years, is old in achievements.

Bishop Bradley, quick to discern the capabilities of the zealous Father Delany, called the young priest to his personal assistance and named him Chancellor of the See of Manchester. He found in the youthful official a veritable Lawrence.

Of true apostolic timber, Father Delany suffered his zeal to carry him far beyond the walls of the chancery and beyond the limits of the episcopal city. Like St. Paul, he was impatient for the conversion of those without, and so he labored with tongue and

pen—but always wisely and with splendid success. The non-Catholic missionary movement found in him an able champion. He is, and no doubt will continue to be the editor and leading spirit of *The Guidon*—a periodical which commands the respect of Catholics wherever it is read.

There is no more indefatigable worker in the Catholic Church of New England than Bishop-elect Delany. His advancement to the episcopate is a recognition of demonstrated worth. We have no doubt that the same zeal and success which characterized him as chancellor, editor, and missionary, will attend him in the higher labors of the episcopate.

The second Bishop of Manchester succeeds to a diocese well ordered and prosperous. He brings to the exacting duties of his post exceptional equipment. His Paris education will make him a power among the French speaking portion of his flock. His experience as missionary and writer will enable him to speak forcefully and send his voice from end to end of his diocese.

Amid his manifold duties as chancellor and editor, Father Delany found time now and again to court the Muse. His verses have about them a flavor of true Christian poetry. It is to be hoped that the exalted cares of the episcopate will silence neither preacher, nor editor, nor poet. Leo XIII. indited inspiring stanzas, even when weighed down with years and with the care of all the churches. May his spirit descend upon Manchester, bringing with it longevity and ever-increasing intellectual vigor.

L'AVENIR NATIONAL, MANCHESTER.

The nomination of the Rev. John Bernard Delany as Bishop of Manchester is officially announced.

This nomination will bring satisfaction to the different elements of which are composed the Catholics of New Hampshire, particularly to those of Irish descent, who, though in the minority, have again succeeded in having a bishop of their own nationality.

The French Catholics would have greatly desired a bishop taken from the ranks of their own clergy. It was a legitimate desire. But they are consoled in their disappointment by the fact that they look at the Bishop-elect as almost one of their own, considering his profound knowledge of the French language. We must bear in mind that for four years Father Delany studied theology in the celebrated Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, where he became familiar with French ideas and imbued with the French spirit.

We are told that the members of our French-American clergy are most satisfied with this nomination, that in fact the majority of them had desired it. Under the circumstances it is a duty, and without doubt a pleasure, for the French-American faithful to share the satisfaction of their pastors.

The episcopal throne of Manchester will be held by a titular highly qualified in every respect. Having for many years filled the office of chancellor, he is familiar with all the needs of the diocese, and no one is better equipped than he to continue the works of the prelate whose zeal, charity, and tireless labor for the glory of God and salvation of souls will long be remembered.

We feel convinced that the Rev. Father Delany will show the same kind of administrative ability that distinguished his regretted predecessor. Relatively a young man, he is learned, full of ardor for the works of his ministry, he is just, and loved, and revered by all his fellow-citizens to whatever religious denomination they belong.

L'Avenir National expresses the sentiments of all the French-Catholics of New Hampshire in placing at the feet of his Lordship, Bishop Delany, the homage of their filial devotion and entire submission.

THE ARGUS, PORTLAND.

The Rt. Rev. John Bernard Delany, D. D., successor to the beloved Bishop Bradley, assumes charge of the flourishing diocese of Manchester, N. H., under the most auspicious circumstances. He is the youngest prelate in New England, and one who enjoys the esteem and respect of all who know him. In many respects he resembles his predecessor, who was the youngest bishop in the United States when consecrated twenty years ago. Bishop Delany has reached his fortieth year and the thirteenth of his priesthood. He is strong and vigorous in body, well and carefully trained intellectually, with a perfect knowledge of the English and French languages, an essential requirement for the diocese of Manchester.

As chancellor and private secretary to the late Bishop for the past six years, he became thoroughly acquainted with the affairs and management of the diocese, and by his zeal, industry, and prudence won the esteem and confidence of his Bishop. As editor of *The Guidon* since the time of its inception, his scholarly attainments have been widely recognized and highly enjoyed by all readers of current Catholic literature.

The new Bishop is a prime favorite with the young men of the State. He has been for many years spiritual director of the Knights of Columbus, a society exerting a far-reaching influence not only throughout New Hampshire but likewise in all the great cities of the United States and Canada.

Bishop Delany is to be congratulated in presiding over a diocese so well equipped as that of Manchester,

with a population of upwards of one hundred and four thousand devoted Catholics, one hundred and seven priests, and nearly four hundred religious teachers having under their care thirteen thousand pupils. The diocese and city of Manchester are blessed with a fine diocesan college, one of the best hospitals in the State, and charitable institutions for young and old. That Bishop Delany will follow in the footsteps of his saintly predecessor goes without saying.

SACRED HEART REVIEW, BOSTON.

It is gratifying to know that the nominee—the Rev. John B. Delany—of the Manchester priests under the presidency of the Archbishop of Boston has been appointed to succeed the late Bishop Bradley. After all, the clergy of the diocese have the best means of knowing the merits of their fellow priests; their deliberate choice is in itself a high honor as well as a proof of supereminence. The Holy Scriptures enumerate somewhat in detail the characteristics of a bishop; he should be blameless, sober, prudent, hospitable, and “moreover he must have a good testimony of them who are without.” This “good testimony” of the Protestants of New Hampshire to Bishop Delany’s worth is positive and outspoken. The *Manchester Union*, speaking for the Protestants of the State, says that Bishop Delany’s appointment “will be received with profound satisfaction throughout the State” and that “he is loved and respected wherever he is known.”

We should offer the good Bishop not simply our congratulations but our prayers also, that God in the future as in the past may be with him. His duties and responsibilities now are greater than ever, for now he is in a special manner the steward of God. Hereafter the apostle’s warning must be constantly before

his eyes: "Take heed to yourself and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishop to rule the Church of God."

THE GUIDON.

The first editor of *The Guidon*, the Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, has turned apostle and become a prince of the Church. He received episcopal consecration in his own cathedral, Thursday, Sept. 8th, at the hands of the apostolic delegate, the Most Reverend Diomedo Falconio, D. D. We wish to add our heartfelt congratulations to the chorus of voices which have greeted him with joy on his accession to the See of Manchester, and to hail him as our spiritual chief. A brief eight months ago sorrow filled our hearts when death claimed our first and ever-to-be lamented Bishop Bradley, a prelate whose great works for God's glory, whose self-sacrifice, learning, simplicity, and true humility must serve to secure for him a lasting place in the minds and hearts of a devoted clergy and laity. But, to-day, sorrow gives place to joy as we welcome his successor, appointed by the Vicar of Christ, Pius X.; and we bespeak for him the same affection, respect, and esteem which was ever shown to good Bishop Bradley. It could not be otherwise, for in Bishop Delany we behold goodness of soul, greatness of intellect, integrity of life, sanctity of morals, and an apostolic zeal which will prompt him to consecrate all his strength to the services of the Church of Christ. In him we firmly believe that the priests of the diocese will find a kind, most charitable, and most exemplary Bishop; the people, a faithful spiritual father and true friend, and the Church a pious and most devoted servant. We all unite in asking the divine blessing upon him, that he may have the grace

and power of an apostle now that he is in the seat of the apostles. May God grant him length of days, health, and joy to "go on prosperously and to reign" over a loving and beloved flock.

BISHOP DELANY'S LETTER ON THE JUBILEE.

Reverend and Dear Father:

In conformity with the wish of our Holy Father, the Pope, we hereby proclaim the jubilee in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of Our Saviour. This jubilee is intended to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of that dogma of our holy faith which declares that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was conceived without sin.

It is the desire of the Holy Father that, during these days of grace, the faithful throughout the world manifest by special and signal acts of religion their love and devotion for the Blessed Mother of God.

Called to the office of Bishop, we had the happiness to be consecrated on the feast of Our Lady's nativity and it is, then, a source of sincere joy that our first official announcement to all the flock committed to our care should be to proclaim this jubilee of prayer in honor of our Blessed Mother in Heaven. As loyal subjects of the Church and as loving clients of Mary we are sure that the faithful of the diocese will hail with joy the opportunity to honor her whom God honored above all creatures, and to invoke the aid of her whom God made the dispenser of His bounties.

Wherefore we declare that the time of gaining the indulgences of the jubilee will be from the first Sunday of October to the 8th of December inclusive.

The conditions required for gaining the plenary indulgence are these:

1. Three visits to the church.

2. One day of fast and abstinence.

3. Confession and Holy Communion and a prayer for the intention of our Holy Father the Pope.

As to the visits prescribed: In our episcopal city we require that the members of all parishes shall make the jubilee visits to the Cathedral church. In other places these visits may be made to the parish church. All three may be made on the same day.

Those living in religious communities may make these visits to their house chapel.

The fast required, by commutation of the Bishop, is the usual Lenten fast, allowing the use of milk, butter, eggs, and cheese. Confessors may substitute acts of piety for those who, by reason of age or infirmity, are unable to comply with this general condition.

We recommend pastors to appoint certain days as days of retreat when more than the ordinary facilities can be given the people to approach the sacraments.

The extraordinary faculties granted to confessors during this time will be found and explained in the circular accompanying this letter.

It is our intention to leave for Rome within a short time and, in response to the invitation of the Holy Father, to assist at the magnificent ceremonies of the jubilee at the tomb of the apostles. Rev. dear Father, we shall have you and your people continually in our mind and frequently in our heart in fervent prayer. Pray then for us that God may prosper the long journey and bring us back to resume the great work committed to our care. Extending to one and all my episcopal benediction, I remain

Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,



JOHN BERNARD,

Bishop of Manchester.

Given at Manchester,
Sept. 28, 1904.

One month after his consecration, in response to the invitation of Pope Pius X. to the Bishops of the world to assist in Rome at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the new Bishop, accompanied by two of his sisters and his intimate friend, Father Anderson, now Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, sailed for Europe. Before going to Rome he spent some weeks revisiting the places endeared to him during his seminary days.

The following extracts from his letters written during his travels in Ireland, England, France, and Italy tell of the pleasant days spent in the Old World:—

Manchester, Oct. 9, 1904.

My dear Sister:

Here I am almost on the eve of my departure and I come to say good-bye. As you can imagine I have been very busy since the consecration and will be glad to get away. I have confirmed fully a thousand, dedicated two churches, given all the orders from tonsure up and ordained four priests, to say nothing of all the receptions and dinners I have attended and the schools and convents I have visited. At all of these I was obliged to speak.

It seems like six months instead of one since I have been a Bishop, but only because of hurry, not worry.

I have never felt better in my life, and am in good condition to enjoy the trip abroad. You will hear from us as we go along, and I will ask the Pope for a special blessing for you and Trinity.

This is only a little word to tell you how happy we all are, to say good-bye for a little while, and to give you my heartfelt blessing.

Your own Bishop,

JOHN.

Lakes of Killarney, Oct. 24, 1904.

We have just returned from a tour of the Lakes, and I want to tell you of the good time we had. No matter about the voyage, and I won't say anything about Cork, for the weather was "beastly," as the English call it. We forgive all for to-day's pleasant experience. How fortunate we were! Here, in the midst of an Irish winter of cold and rain, we had a day as fine as any in June, and probably the last of its kind for months.

After Mass at an old cathedral, eleventh century model, we were off. Picture a side car, the two girls in traveling suits, Father A—— with his soft hat and English raincoat, myself with the old cap, and a jarvey with little white side whiskers and the richest, sweetest brogue you ever listened to. All along the road he pointed out the beautiful places, told fairy tales, quoted poetry, paid compliments to the ladies, and "milord"-ed me. Along the green lanes, by haunted houses, lordly demesnes, and little thatched cottages we drove in the glorious sunlight, until we came to the Gap of Dunloe and Kate Kearney's cottage. Here we all mounted horses—quiet little fellows they were, to be sure—but horses, nevertheless. Up the narrow mountain we started. The ascent was gradual and of course perfectly safe, and we tried to look unconscious and accustomed to it, but if the pony started on a little jog the bouncing he gave us showed we were all very green at the business. I wish I could describe the trip, but it must be seen to be appreciated. Narrower and narrower the mountains converge, steeper and steeper they rise on both sides, their rugged surfaces covered in spots with the heather, now turned to a rich brown color. Up, up we go and turn and twist along the side of a stream or lake, over quaint stone bridges built hundreds of years ago, stopping to look back through the

openings in the mountains to a stretch of fertile plain beyond, topped by a gorgeous sky of clouds. Our pony boys—so called, though one of them must have been sixty—told all the legends of the places we passed—stories of the devil, St. Patrick, and Colleen Bawn. Here and there we passed—though never without stopping—a little wayside inn, where goat's milk was sold. Bare-footed beggars followed us, and such persistent rogues were hard to find. After two hours without dismounting we came to the head waters of the Lakes. To ease our tired bones we sat in a charming little grove and had tea.

Our boatmen were waiting for us, and at three we began our trip. The hotel people had provided a dainty lunch. A good appetite did the rest as we sped over the waters. The Upper Lake is in the midst of the high mountains, and the low October sun lighted all with glory. Surely it is hardly exaggeration to say—

“Angels fold their wings and rest
In this haven of the west,”

for it seems but a step from the top of these sun-capped hills into heaven.

Our boatmen were types. All along, one of them, Mick Gleason, told stories and sang songs. One of the songs told of a wedding, and brought in as guests all the personages of history from Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great to Napoleon Bonaparte. He pointed out the footprints on the rocks where giants leaped across the stream. Here I won a wager with him—a kind of “heads I win and tails you lose.” We came to a bend in the Lake with no visible outlet but a number of little bays. We were to find the way out. The rest of the party guessed this one and that, but I dropped my cigar ashes into the water and watched the direction it took. My guess was right.

A winding river-road of five miles, with a new scene at every turn, leads to the Middle Lake. On the way Mick told us of his matrimonial experiences. He had been married three times. The first wife, the most beautiful woman in the world, God took to Himself after six months of wedded bliss. The second wife God took also. The third! he only wished and prayed that God would take her, for she was the bane of his life. He told us of his pride and joy at having rowed Cardinal Vanutelli over the same course. Whenever he spoke of him he raised his cap and called him "His Immense."

Along we sped to the Lower Lake. The great hills behind us were shrouded in black, but the water before us was like a sea of gold. A purple sky, and one lone bright star, with Ross Castle, marked our way. Innisfallen, the most historic and sacred spot in Ireland, lay beside us. The little islands in this light looked what their names described—O'Donoghue's Prison, O'Donoghue's Dove Cote. A quiet bay before landing, and Mick entertained us once more with a vocal selection, this time "The Cruiskeen Lawn" with variations of words and music of his own. The golden moon was just rising above the ivy-covered castle as we reached the landing at its foot. Our side-car was waiting, and off we were for a two mile drive and home. So ended the happy day. Good night. God bless you.

Paris, Nov. 3, 1904.

This is my first night in Paris and I spend it in writing to you. The rest of the party have gone to the theatre. After supper I went to St. Sulpice, the dear old place of long ago, and found your letters there and pleased I was to get them. Of course you have my "Irish" letter by this time, and I hope it put any fears as to my health at rest. I was never better in my life, but am getting fat—how ungenteel.

Where shall I begin this time? Perhaps I had better tell you briefly what we have done so far. Well, we saw Limerick. Next we visited the place where Father was born and saw the "slate house" we had heard so much about and the good, simple souls remaining there. We took some snap-shots, and if they come out they will tell their own story, but they can't tell the awe and reverence with which I was received under their humble roof.

Dublin proved very interesting to the girls, and we saw everything of importance. We had a letter to the Rev. Dr. Delany, head of the Catholic University, founded by Newman, and we learned more of the family from him than we had known before. He told us that in scholarship the University has won more honors than all the royal universities in Ireland put together. Six of the professors are government fellows and their salary is the principal income of the institution. He also told us something of Newman who founded this university. On a visit to the Cardinal, Dr. Delany begged his blessing and asked for an occasional prayer for the success of the university. The Cardinal answered:—"I have never said Mass since the day I left, but I make a special memento for the Catholic University of Ireland, for I know of its need and the powerful good it can become for the greater glory of God."

In London we had real London weather, fog but no rain to speak of. I said Mass at the new cathedral and assisted at the service on Sunday morning and evening. The music was superb and by choir boys entirely. I met the Archbishop and had a pleasant visit with him.

The night of All Souls we went to the Brompton Oratory where Faber and Newman lived and saw a beautiful

procession of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, a society established by Faber. Of course Westminster came in for its share of attention, with its monuments of illustrious dead, names so familiar that these brought close to us. Some of the most touching were Edward the Confessor, a saint in very bad company; Mary Stuart; poets and writers—the soldiers; I care little about,—they wrote, too, but wrote in blood.

During these stormy days, when England is roused at the outrage of the North Sea, as it is called, I think I can understand better than ever one secret of the patriotism of her people. She knows how to reward her servants. Living, she grudges them nothing by way of honors, titles to themselves and their posterity, palaces, and wealth; the dead, she hallows their memory by every way art can devise. Is not this an inspiration? Yet how cruel the story her monuments tell! Here is Cromwell, the destroyer of the Church, and Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Here are the beautiful cathedrals turned over for Protestant worship, or left in mouldering ruins, and a whole country bereft of the true religion.

We visited London Tower, and saw the cells where so many illustrious prisoners were kept, saw the axe and block where they were beheaded, and the spot where Anne Boleyn was executed. We visited Hampton Court, built by Wolsey, coveted by Henry and presented to him. The chapel stands just as it did in his day. It was here he was married three times, and the royal box is shown where Anne, escaping from her keepers, besought the king to spare her life, but in vain.

We stopped at Stratford and Oxford on the way to London, and enjoyed the sight of these historic places.

Genoa, November 16, 1904.

Our stay at Paris was very pleasant. I had the opportunity to visit old scenes and old friends, both rejoiced me very much. I said Mass at St. Sulpice, at the altar where I said my first Mass; visited Issy where I came for the first time, as a student, thirteen years before and, of course, was received right royally everywhere. Poor old St. Sulpice was as I left it. Even the seminarians looked so natural that I was almost on the point of calling them by name, so much did they resemble their prototypes of my day. The old "concierge" remembered me, called me by name without hesitation, and was overjoyed to learn that I was now a bishop. The few old professors remaining were like children in their reverence, love, and simplicity. I dined with the Community at Issy, and the boys had "Deo Gratias" in my honor. Since I was there they have finished the new part and added a beautiful chapel, so exquisite, that I know of nothing better in all of Paris. A cloud of sorrow hangs over all. It is the iniquitous laws that are now being enforced. The Sulpicians have been given their notice to leave and all is blank before them.

In the crypt of the new chapel are the cells of the Archbishop of Paris, and Paul Segnany, a seminarian of St. Sulpice, who was shot during the Commune, and a piece of the wall against which they stood.

Paris is a gay place, it is true, and a wicked one, too, if we can judge by what appears on the surface, but for me it has, and it will always have, holy memories above all other places in the world. After seeing the gay places until my sisters wondered if any holy places could be found there at all, I showed them some of these. We went to the Church of the Carmes — a place where visitors seldom go, but one well known

to me. It is occupied now by the Catholic University, and an old professor of mine is its president. In the crypt are the skulls and bones of more than a hundred priests who were slain during the Revolution. Here, too, is a cross on which Lacordaire had himself suspended during three hours on Good Friday. Here also, is the simple slab that marks the grave of Frederick Ozanam. One of the presidents of this institution was Cardinal Lavignerie. It is just such men as these three that France needs now, but they do not seem to be in sight.

Every day brings new stories of tyranny and persecution in the treatment of religious orders, especially in what concerns the women. I heard of one case where two Sisters, sisters by blood, and nuns of the same convent, were obliged to leave with the rest. They naturally went together. When the authorities found this out, these poor women were told they must separate—"two made a community" and was forbidden by law.

Here is a piece of information that I venture to say will not receive wide circulation. While I was still in Paris, a hot scene occurred in the "Chambre des Députés. It was shown that the Ministry employed the Masonic lodges to spy on army officers and report to the Minister of War. After denying this for a week and lying shamelessly, proof was produced and the fact was admitted. If the wife of an officer went to Mass or the children attended a Catholic school, this story was duly recorded and promotion refused the officer.

The Minister of War, André, was struck by a député, Sventon. Two duels resulted with the usual ridiculous ending. This fact, perhaps better than any other, shows who and what are at the bottom of the present religious persecution. It shows this, too, that

a government where merit, capacity, service, and honesty are passed over, and where promotion and preferment depend on simulation and moral cowardice, that government cannot long stand. Imagine what must be the feeling of honest, patriotic soldiers and sailors to realize that they are governed by such men. France is laying up a store for herself in the great day of wrath.

Another feature of Paris to-day is the shocking pictures and literature found everywhere. These things have not even the excuse of art. They are low, stupid, brutal in their sensuality. This seems to be part of the propaganda to demoralize the people.

* * * * *

The Riviera is a little earthly paradise. Always summer, not a burning, wasting summer, but almost like our month of June. The great mountains came down to the water edge and often project in promontories far out to sea, making those beautiful harbors, such as Nice, Monaco, and Villefranche.

The palm is found everywhere; oranges, lemons, olives, grow in profusion, and the walls and roadsides are covered with beautiful flowers. The hills are dotted with castles and villas with here and there a little village, its church spire rising between the trees. The tops of the highest mountains are crowned with fortifications guarding the approaches from the frontier.

The drive from Nice to Monte Carlo is sublime. Up, up winds the road along the face of the cliff. Every turn brings a new scene, and most of the journey we are in sight of the blue Mediterranean. At places, we could lay our hand on a precipice that rose a thousand feet in sheer ascent above us, and look below into a chasm a thousand feet in depth. Then

Monaco and Monte Carlo came into view, lying far below us and extending out into the sea. It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the scene.

Monte Carlo is a town apart from Monaco but forming one principality with it. The Casino, of course, is the principal attraction.

We dined with the curé of the Church of St. Devoté, a friend of Father A——'s, and called upon the bishop after dinner. Monday night was like a night in fairyland. It was the fête of the Prince and the town was illuminated. Such a scene! The buildings all along the shore and on the hills about were outlined with lights of various colors, as the moon rose over all and lighted up the beautiful bay. If Monaco is a paradise by day, it is a fairyland by night.

On the hill overlooking Nice we visited an old Monastery, occupied for five hundred years by Franciscans. These have been chased away with the rest, but the curé of the church let us into the old cloister and garden. It is the fairest spot of all. Such a view as you get looking up and down the river from the Alps to the sea! The garden is overgrown now and going to ruin, and the poor old monastery looks desolate indeed. We saw the solitary care-taker, an old, bare-footed, bare-headed monk, carrying a big basket of vegetables. Humble looking enough he was, but while we stopped to admire a complicated sun dial on the wall, the curé told us that the old monk was its maker; moreover he is a member of the Academy of Science and his published works have received medals from learned societies.

On the walls of the cloister were old prints representing the martyrdom of Franciscans. I read this beautiful thought from St. Francis De Sales:—"La joie de mourir sans peine vaut le peine de vivre sans joie—" "The joy to die without pain is worth the pain to live without joy."

Nice, Nov. 13, 1904.

The dear little message from the doves of the cenacle came to me to-day, and I was indeed pleased to hear from them. I needed not the assurance their letter gave me that their prayers had followed me even so far as I am now from them. Please thank them, Reverend Mother, for me, and tell them I have not forgotten them.

We have had a very pleasant trip so far, and have reason to be grateful to God, who gave us the opportunity of seeing so much of His beautiful world.

In Ireland we visited the Lakes of Killarney, and were favored with a perfect day, all sunshine and the glory of the sky. Every spot of this dear old land has some quaint legend about St. Patrick, Finn McCool, the Devil, and the like. I remarked to our guide, who told us these stories in all earnestness, that the Devil seemed to have a good deal to do with Ireland. "He had, sir," he replied, "but he is an absentee landlord."

We went to Muckross Abbey and saw the ruins of Innisfail, mute reminders of the days when Ireland was the home of saints and scholars. The beautiful ivy-covered ruins still glorify God, for the visitor feels the truth of the lines:—

"Still at Muckross we must pray,
Though the monks have gone away."

In England I had several happy reminders that the Precious Blood is honored there. In the first place the magnificent new cathedral is dedicated, as you know, to the Precious Blood and I said Mass there on the Sunday after our arrival and on the feasts of All Saints and All Souls. On the evening of All Souls I went to the Church of the Oratory. During the service a procession of men was formed.

They wore a long red habit with black cape and carried lighted candles. They were over a hundred in number, and behind them followed all the Fathers of the community, one carrying a large black cross of wood. It was the confraternity of the Precious Blood, founded by Father Faber himself. The verger of the church gave me a very edifying account of these young men and their fidelity to the devotion.

Poor France I found in a bad way. The expulsion of religious is working untold harm. I have heard most harrowing tales of the suffering and shame to which the women have been subjected, and many have died from broken hearts. It is no wonder. The disgrace of it all is to think that their fathers and brothers will stand by and allow it. One would think that the ties of blood and kindred should prevent it if the simple claims of justice and decency were denied. Though the prospect looks bad I still have confidence "the gates of hell will not prevail," and that God will look after His own.

Here we are now on a beautiful summer afternoon at Nice. The palms and cactus are growing and the flowers are in blossom as with us in June. The spot is a veritable earthly paradise. The fairest spot of all is the site of an old monastery built in honor of your namesake, St. Francis, more than five hundred years ago, and occupied by his sons until a year and a half ago. I sat in the old garden, now overrun with weeds, and looked upon the fairest scene my eyes ever beheld. The monks must have felt as did St. Peter on Tabor and said to themselves: "Lord, it is good to be here." They were near heaven, surely, but they have been driven away, all but one poor old man. He did not cut much of a figure,

barefooted and bareheaded, old and shaggy, yet he was a learned astronomer, a member of the Academy of Science, and the recipient of medals of honor for his work. He is the only one left of all the community.

I sincerely trust you are all well. Please give my kindest regards to all the Sisters and ask them to continue their good prayers for us and for poor France.

Venice, November 20, 1904.

Genoa was pleasant and interesting, but Milan was better, especially for its association with three great saints of God. The cathedral is a marvel. Such work, such skill, such time and money needed to make a church like that! You have seen its picture so I will not attempt a description. What you do not see is the crypt where Saint Charles Borromeo is kept. The chapel is made almost entirely of silver, the scenes of his life portrayed in embossing, and the walls covered with silk and gold tapestry. The casket is of crystal and the body in plain view. The head and face are pretty well preserved, and his form is arrayed in his robes of state. I had the happiness of saying Mass before the remains. I found the name of good Bishop Bradley on the register for 1887.

Milan also has the Church of St. Ambrose and his mortal remains. They show the very pulpit where he preached when he converted St. Augustine, and the doors he closed against Theodosius. If we had bishops like him now we should have a different story to tell in these so-called Catholic countries.

We came to Venice by night, the best time to come, I think, over the long line of bridges, with

water on every side. The moon was almost full, and the air mild and clear, though it is after the middle of November. Had Venice lost its charm? I think not, but perhaps a little of the romance and mystery of my first visit was wanting in this. It is the inevitable result of getting old. It is a charming place all the same. A stillness pervades, a quiet, restful feeling takes possession of you, and you want to stay.

St. Mark's seems more beautiful than ever. It is especially dear now, from its association with the Pope. I said Mass there this morning (Sunday) at half-past nine, and thought how often Pius X. did the same, and how much his heart must be attached to the dear old church he will never see again.

To-morrow is a *festa* of the Church Maria de Salute, opposite our hotel on the Grand Canal, and we will wait to see the procession over the temporary bridges before we leave for Florence.

ROME.

I had fitted myself out *au fait*, in Roman costume; the great broad hat with its green tassels, such as is worn by bishops; the little purple skull cap worn under it at the same time; a silk purple feriola or mantle; cross, and all; and I presented myself at the Propaganda to pay my respects to His Eminence Cardinal Gotti. I sent in my card and, after a little delay, was ushered into a beautiful reception room. There at a table sat a handsome old gentleman. He wore a red zucchetto and a large pectoral cross. I advanced toward him, made my best bow, saluted him as "Your Eminence," and began to tell him how pleased and honored I was to meet him, when the personage in question rose and, preventing me

from kissing his hand, said in the Queen's own English, "Why, man alive, I am only a poor little bishop like yourself!" It was Bishop Brindle of Nottingham.

Well, I got out of the predicament as best I could by telling him that he looked as fine and as venerable as any cardinal.

A few moments after, I was in the presence of the real cardinal. No mistaking him this time, so much he resembles his familiar picture. He has a face ever to be remembered. Intelligence and benignity are the dominant traits that strike one at first glance. His features are regular, his forehead very high and ample, and his little scarlet skull cap covers a crown of snowy white. He wore a simple black cassock trimmed with red, and a plain pectoral cross. He spoke with the gentlest, sweetest voice, and sat me down beside him on a sofa. He is a man in whose presence anyone would feel at ease. After the usual exchange of courtesies, he inquired where I was stopping in Rome, how long I was to remain, and proffered to get me an audience with the Holy Father. I made a few requests, to which he listened with the greatest consideration and then asked me to put them in writing. He told me he would be pleased to see me at any time during my stay. I then introduced Fr. A——, my "secretaire provisoire"—as the cardinal smilingly called him. After a few words more of good wishes and a pleasant visit, with a good night and an *au revoir*, we retired.

And this is the man who, after the Pope, bears the burden of the universal Church. May God lighten his load! It were a pity to break so good, so gentle, so lovable a soul as his.

AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE.

November 30. This is a never-to-be-forgotten day for us, for this day we have seen the Pope. What a happy privilege! To come into the presence of the highest representative of Christ upon earth, the very head and center of the Catholic Church, to talk with him whom hundreds of millions revere and love, to touch his hand and kiss his ring, to hear from his lips words of affection, and to carry away with us his blessing for ourselves, our friends, and for all those who asked for a share in his prayers! This was our joy to-day.

That is really all there is to tell, but I know that every detail of the visit will be of surpassing interest to our friends at home, and so I will give the particulars of it all.

Courtesy demands that a bishop from a missionary country such as ours pay his first visit to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and the second visit to the Holy Father. The audience is arranged by the *Maistre di Camera*, at present the affable Mgr. Bisletti, and notice is sent to one's city address, usually the day before the one appointed for the reception. Mine came last evening. In it was stated that the Holy Father would receive me at 11:30 to-day and that I would be accompanied by my secretary and my two sisters. There was a little flurry of preparation. Etiquette requires ladies to wear black dresses and a black veil or mantle. We had many beads, crosses, pictures, to be blessed, and these had to be got in order. What we were to say, what we were to do—for it was a private audience that was accorded to us—was a source of preoccupation all the evening previous. This at last was the end of our long travel; for this especially had we come; and now the long-looked-for event was at hand.

The morning was bright and crisp. It was the day of the opening of the Italian parliament. The streets were filled with soldiers. The procession looked like a medieval pageant. The carriages of the officials were rich, and ornamented with gold trappings; that of the king was drawn by six horses caparisoned and mounted by out riders in elaborate uniforms. On the carriage behind rode the footmen, in red, with white wigs and three-cornered hats. A double file of soldiers lined the streets from the Quirinal to the Parliament House, and between these, in a closed carriage, passed the king, bowing right and left. There was little enthusiasm. Hats were lifted as the king and queen passed, and that was all. We enjoyed the sight, but it was not for that we had come. It was to see a greater being that we were on our road this day.

Arrived at the Vatican, we passed through the various antechambers. These were rich and beautiful. The Swiss guards in their multi-colored uniforms and their long halberts, presented arms as we passed. Pages in red velvet attended to our wraps, and led the way. In the waiting chamber was a throne and a dais where the Pope receives in state. Here were a number of bishops and priests from all parts of the world. An Irish bishop told me there were waiting with him a bishop from Norway, one from South Africa, and one from Patagonia, "and," he added with his native humor, "the one from Patagonia isn't a bit savage, either." Here, too, were gathered in picturesque groups members of the Noble Guard, distinguished by their helmets and great horse-hair plumes; counts with their court costume of black and gold, and their

decorations of many orders. In a few minutes our turn came. I was ushered alone into what seemed to be a private study or library of the Pope. The Holy Father was alone in the great room, and sat behind a desk near the door. As I entered, he arose and came toward me. He was all in white, from the white silk skull cap to the white slippers embroidered with gold. His face was as white as the cassock he wore, but his eyes beamed a warm, kindly welcome. Taking my hand in his after I had kissed it, he led me to a chair beside his own and bade me be seated. I spoke to him in Latin, told him who I was, that I had been consecrated on our Lady's Nativity day, and had come to thank him for the honor he had conferred upon me in making me a Bishop of the church, and to assist at the great feast of the Immaculate Conception. As I spoke my thanks, he raised his hand in protestation. I begged his blessing for myself, my family, my priests and religious, and my people. He forestalled my petition and said, oh, so tenderly and devoutly: "I bless them all, and all to whom you shall bring my blessing." He then asked me how many Catholics there are in my diocese. I told him, and added that their number is about one-third of the population.

"You must strive to make the remaining two-thirds Catholics also," he said. He asked me the names of the religious communities in the diocese.

"Are your people good Catholics?" he pursued.

"Good Catholics, Holy Father," I answered.

"And your priests?" he added.

"Faithful and devoted," I assured him.

"Deo gratias," he said devoutly.

He asked me my age. I told him I thought I was the youngest bishop in the United States, to which he replied "*Forsitan in tota ecclesia*," ("perhaps in the entire church.")

I then asked His Holiness for some special blessings — for Trinity College, Washington, for the Carmelite Convent in Boston, for a few devoted friends of Father A——, who was with me, and then asked him to sign his name to his picture. This he did most graciously, adding a few words of prayer beside. Instead of using a blotting paper, as we do at home, he used a little box of fine sand, which he sprinkled on the wet ink. I then presented him a bound volume of *The Guidon*, our diocesan magazine. I told him I was its founder, and its editor until my present appointment. He looked it over with interest, and exclaimed with a smile when he saw a picture of himself and the account of his coronation. I showed him our dear dead Bishop's picture, that of the cathedral and residence, and, as I began again to ask his blessings, he again forestalled me, saying: "I bless the editor, the writers, the readers, and I pray God to prosper the work."

I then begged our Holy Father to allow me to present Father A—— and my sisters, who were waiting without. He said "Assuredly," and they came in. We all knelt. His Holiness arose again, and, giving his hand to each, said: "I bless you all, all that you have in your hands, all that you have in your hearts and in your minds." Bidding us "Addio! Addio!" and bowing gently, he then brought our interview to an end.

Once outside the room, the first expression of all was—"How pale he looks, how tired, but how kind and gentle!" What wonder he should look weary and careworn with the weight he bears and the responsibility of the Church of the world upon him!

The second time I saw the Pope was on the Sunday following. An audience was given to those attending the Congress in honor of Our Lady. The hour fixed was half-past three, or 15:30 o'clock as the notice read, according to the official manner of reckoning time in Italy. The place was St. Peter's. Great confusion occurred, owing to the manner of admission. Everyone inscribing as a member of the Congress was given a special medal of Our Lady to serve as a *tessera* or badge of recognition. This they were told was all that was necessary for admission to see the Holy Father on the day appointed. In the mean time, some enterprising rogue had counterfeited the medals and sold them broadcast at a lire apiece.

Promptly at the hour fixed, the Holy Father came in the simplest manner possible. He was accompanied by a few cardinals, several Monsignori and chamberlains, and a dozen or so soldiers of the Swiss Guard. Unlike his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII., of blessed memory, Pius X. does not use ordinarily the *sedia gestatoria* carried on the shoulders of attendants; this time he walked between the dignitaries, bestowing his blessing right and left upon the kneeling crowd of pilgrims. A simple throne was placed in one of the transepts of the great church. Here the Pope sat for a few moments while Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli made an address and presented to His Holiness a crown for Our Lady's Statue, the gift of the Catholic world on the occasion of this fiftieth anniversary. The crown is a crescent about four feet across, on which are set twelve stars of diamonds, each star measuring about twelve inches in diameter. When the address was finished, Pope Pius arose, and a hush fell

upon the people. As he stood facing us, wearing the usual white cap, and a shoulder cape of red trimmed with ermine, to us, familiar with the picture of Pius IX., the pontiff seemed like his illustrious namesake come back to life, so much does he resemble him in face and figure. As he spoke, his voice rose in rich cadences until it reached the extremity of the assembled crowd. He made few gestures, but these were graceful and forceful.

He spoke with feeling and unction, and the words came without any apparent effort. Such a preacher, too, was Pius IX., the memory of whose eloquence is still fresh in the minds of those who were ever privileged to hear him. At the close of his address, the Holy Father intoned loud and clear the "*Sit Nomen Domini benedictum*," the beginning of the pontifical blessing. "*Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum*" came back in a thundering response from the hundreds of ecclesiastics about. Then came again in sweet, clear tones from the pontiff, "*Benedicat vos Omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus.*"

The ceremony of the blessing of the crown being over, a number of gentlemen, probably of the committee, were presented to the Pope, who received them cordially, spoke a few words to each, and then resumed the little procession back whence he had come, to the Vatican.

THE CONSISTORY.

It is not the privilege of many foreign bishops to assist at papal consistories, for the reason that they are seldom in the Eternal City when these are held, or are not concerned with the subject under discussion. The present consistory was held to pass final judgment on the canonization of two saints, Alexander Sauli

and Majella. Of course the lives of the saints in question had been previously examined by the customary process, and their heroic virtues proved by all the tests required by the Church. It only remained then to give the formal sanction of the Pope, and this is usually preceded by a consultation with bishops and cardinals in what is called a consistory. On account of the approaching feast, many more than the usual number of bishops and patriarchs were present in Rome.

The hall of consistory is one of the beautiful salons of the Vatican. A throne for the Holy Father was placed at one end, under a dais of red. In front were ranged the cardinals in their scarlet robes and ermine. Behind these were the bishops and patriarchs. Nothing could better illustrate the Catholicity of the Church than an assembly like this. Here were gathered bishops from all parts of the world; one just in front of me came from India; the one beside me was a German; three Irish bishops were but a few seats away; South America, Mexico, Canada, Australia, Norway, Armenia were all represented.

Promptly at the hour appointed, the Pope entered and took his place on the throne. He wore a rich, red cape and a gold mitre. Addressing the assembly in Latin, he briefly indicated the purpose of the meeting and asked for the consensus of opinion. One by one each cardinal arose in his place, and, lifting his little red zucchetto, began "*Beatissime Pater*," and read from a paper the reasons why he approved of the process and why he asked for the canonization of these servants of God. Closing, the cardinal lifted again his red cap and genuflected, while the Holy Father raised his hand in blessing. After the cardinals had finished — there were about forty to be heard — a few

of the bishops and patriarchs were called upon. The rest rose in their places and, saluting the Pope in the customary fashion, said simply: "Placet ob rationes a me scriptas et subscripto allatas." The reasons alleged were written on the back of the ballot supplied, which was then handed to an attendant. The consistory lasted two hours and a half. The Holy Father remained during all the proceedings, and closed the exercises with benediction.

OUR LADY'S TRIUMPH DAY.

The fascination of a grand religious solemnity in the world's cathedral is always potent both for the native residents and for visitors to Rome. But it is difficult to see how the interest and enthusiasm of this feast of Our Lady could be surpassed. Many thousands of persons this morning did not wait for the sun to rise before they were up and on their way to the great basilica of St. Peter, the doors of which were not opened until half past seven. The vast piazza at that hour was crowded with people. Whole regiments of Italian soldiers were stationed about the approaching streets, and a military cordon was placed around the steps of the church to regulate the entrance of the crowd. In the piazza an enormous number of people in carriages, in tramways, and on foot, was constantly gathering. Groups of pilgrims, seminarians, sisters, priests, brothers, passed along every moment. In elegant equipages came diplomats in their bright uniforms, and ladies of the aristocracy and royal families.

The morning was cloudy and damp. About nine o'clock the sky brightened a little and a few rays of sunshine pierced the dark clouds. In the church the soft light of the cloudy winter's day contributed to render more mystical the religious atmosphere within.

St. Peter's church needs little adornment. From floor to ceiling it is covered with most beautiful marbles. Its mosaics rival the finest paintings in the world, but, on this occasion, the columns in the central nave were draped with rich red damask. In the dome and arches were little clusters of electric lamps whose brilliant lights were reflected in the gold decorations of the Church. Upon entering one stood entranced.

Beneath the picture of our Blessed Lady was the papal throne, covered by a rich red canopy of velvet. The marble floor in front was covered with carpets of red and green. On each side of the throne were long files of benches, draped with scarlet cloth, for the cardinals and bishops. Behind these, the spaces between the arches were cut off from the rest of the church by curtains of velvet and silk, and here were built tribunes for special guests. One was intended for members of the diplomatic corps and ministers accredited to the Holy See. Among those seen here to-day was the ex-ambassador of Spain, Merry del Val, father of the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Another tribune was reserved for the Knights of Malta, and a third for members of royal families. Among these were the Countess di Barda, the Countess di Frani, Count and Countess d'Eu, the four princesses, daughters of Count di Caserta, the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria with her husband and Prince Lichtenstein and wife. The fourth tribune was reserved for the Roman nobility. At the extreme end of the apse, directly opposite the main entrance, the thousand electric lights gave the impression as of the sun shining with its golden rays, and from out the glory gleamed the figure of Our Lady in azure mantle, in attitude of ecstasy, surrounded by clouds, and with a crown of electric stars above her head.

In the center of the church a passageway was made from the main entrance to the confessional of St. Peter, and around these on both sides to the papal throne at the extreme end. Here the palatine guard was placed to keep order.

THE PROCESSION.

The wonderful pageant, which for richness and beauty of color recalled the scenes of the Middle Ages, proceeded from the chapel near the right entrance up the middle aisle. First came two Swiss guards dressed in the multi-colored uniform designed by Michael Angelo, with steel cuirasses and helmet, and carrying halberds. Then followed representatives of all the religious orders dressed in their distinctive monastic habits. Two Canons of the Vatican in red cassocks and white ermine mantles then preceded a long file of chanters of the Sistine choir, in violet soutanes and white surplices. Following these came the Vatican Canons, making a beautiful picture in red and white. The second group was formed by Swiss Guards, who flanked on each side a number of chamberlains carrying the precious tiaras of the Pontiff. Four more Swiss soldiers followed with clerics carrying a cross, beautifully ornamented candles, and the penitential rods. The third group consisted of more than two hundred bishops from all parts of the world, and these made a most imposing appearance in their white mitres and long white copes. Conspicuous among them were bishops and patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian rites, whose rich robes and peculiarly shaped mitres attracted the attention of all.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

At Sea, December 21, 1904.

Here is a line from far at sea. It is the day we are due at New York, but we are far from port, and,

though we are so anxious to reach home for Christmas, it looks now unlikely that we can. It will be a great disappointment for us and great worry for those at home; but we will get over it, and after the experience we have had, may well be thankful we are living at all. G—— has probably told you about the storm and the hard luck we have had since we left port, so I will not bother you with more of it. The girls are good sailors and good soldiers as well. They made no fuss about danger. They prepared for the worst, hoped for the best, and trusted in God and the good prayers offered for us. For myself, I should have been sorry to go down at sea; not that I am afraid to die, but I should find it hard to feel reconciled to leaving my work, not only unaccomplished, but not even begun. That would be a disappointment worse than all else. It was a very trying experience and in a measure detracts from the pleasure of the entire trip, but that will soon pass, I doubt not, and we shall remember only the pleasureable part.

I think we can say that our trip was a success in every respect. We had not the slightest mishap or disappointment. Nobody was sick, weather was fine everywhere, so we lost not a day nor an hour. The girls saw historic and beautiful places and things for the first time. We met many distinguished people and received much consideration on every side. We wanted for nothing on the way, and are bringing home some souvenirs for everybody that we may share our joy with them. Surely all this is much to be grateful for, and if a disappointment waits for us in the end we can make the sacrifice in a Christian spirit.

You will be pleased to know I received a special blessing for Trinity. I explained to the Holy Father the work of the college and asked him to sign a photograph. This he did adding a few words of blessing. I will send it to you as soon as I reach home.

I will close by wishing you a happy, holy Christmas and sending you my blessing over a thousand miles at sea. * * * *

After the most tempestuous voyage she has ever encountered, battling with storms which exceeded in severity anything her captain has met in the quarter of a century he has been sailing the seas, the Prinzess Irene, of the North German Lloyd line, five days overdue, reached her pier in Hoboken.

Only by their thankfulness to Captain Gerhardt Danemann and the other officers of the vessel for bringing them safely through the dangers which beset them was the gratitude of the passengers exceeded for having at last reached their home port. So great had been the ship's distress that she had to put into Halifax with what to an ocean liner was little more than a bucket full of coal.

From the moment of leaving Genoa, on December 9th, until the vessel reached Halifax the voyage was a continuous succession of gales of tremendous severity. When in mid ocean, the gale against which the Prinzess Irene was battling developed into a cyclone which swept the ship's decks, carried away all of her forward ventilators and wrought a panic among the steerage passengers.

Even the officers admitted when there was no longer need to encourage the passengers, that for two days the situation was critical. When the ventilators were broken off by the seas and washed away, water by the ton poured through the holes left in the forward deck, and swept in a solid body toward where the steerage passengers were huddled. It did not take long to close the inlets for these rivers, but day after

day, as the ship became more and more overdue, no safe course was left open to Captain Dannemann except to make for Halifax.

Fifty of the passengers, including Bishop Delany and his party, came ashore, being anxious to reach their homes in time for Christmas. So eager was the Bishop to spend the first Christmas after his consecration with his flock in Manchester, that he traveled all night by special train. He reached Manchester Christmas morning at four o'clock and spoke to his people at every Mass. He thanked them for their prayers for his safe return and imparted to them the Papal Benediction.

It was with the coming of the New Year that the new Bishop really took up his burden. He at once began to enlarge and extend the work of the diocese. Even before his consecration, he had installed in the cathedral and residence a system of electric lighting, and he now announced to the people that this, the cash value of which was about twenty-five hundred dollars, was to be his consecration gift to the parish.

His next thought was of the little ones, for whom he had a deep and abiding love. He dispensed with the Children's Mass in the low studded, dimly-lighted basement, and brought the young people upstairs to attend the regular Mass that he himself said when at home. He then did away with the adult choir at this service, and introduced congregational singing by the children, an innovation that is no longer an experiment but a decided success. The sight of those hundreds of little ones assembled before him to worship God, the sound of their voices raised in divine praise, brought the good Bishop, perhaps, the purest happiness of the week.

He always directed his instructions to them, and had the happy faculty of speaking not only within their comprehension but in form acceptable, also to the older members of the congregation.

On Sunday, March 19, 1905, the Bishop paid his first official visit to the Holy Rosary Chapel. He said the two regular Masses there that day and announced at each his intention of beginning at once the erection of a new chapel. This was an improvement long needed, for the old building, which served both as church and school, was entirely inadequate for either purpose. Eight months later on Sunday, November fifth, the Bishop had the happiness of dedicating the new structure, in its way a model for the purposes designed. The chapel itself is on the second floor. It is light, airy, ample, with a seating capacity of six hundred. The ground floor, equally spacious, is divided into a hall and ante-rooms, occupied by the St. Paul's Temperance Society, who, at the Bishop's earnest solicitation, came here, enlarged their membership and made of this hall a place attractive to the young men of the neighborhood. The good thus far accomplished by this movement can hardly be estimated. The old chapel was immediately converted into additional school rooms, and now the parishioners of the Holy Rosary district are provided with church and school facilities sufficient for a long time to come.

In the summer the Bishop again looked to the needs of the children. He made some improvements in St. Joseph's girls' school, and renovated from top to bottom the boys' high school. This was an old and dingy building, unattractive without and unsanitary within. The exterior he could not alter, but the interior he made almost new. Carpenters, painters, plumbers, worked on it for weeks, and when it was opened in

the fall it was as spotless and healthful as any school building in town. Changes and additions were also made in the course of study, particularly in the business department, for which new typewriters were bought, so that students are now given practice on all the leading machines.

That summer, too, the wooden passageway leading from the cathedral residence to the church itself was torn down and replaced by a brick cloister, in harmony with the architecture of the buildings it connects. This was done, primarily, to make room for the placing of the monument erected by the priests of the diocese to the memory of their first bishop. From the day of his consecration to the day of the dedication of the memorial, Bishop Delany labored unceasingly for its completion. He carried out to the letter Bishop Bradley's wishes as to the form it should take, supervised its construction, from time to time made valuable suggestions both to sculptor and architect, and had the grounds about it graded and made beautiful without regard to expense.

In form, the monument is a Celtic cross of Troy granite, resting on a massive quadrangular base, with a total height of seventeen feet, and is at once noble and imposing in appearance. On its top are two Greek letters, found commonly on ancient crosses in Rome, and signifying Christ. On the arms are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, Alpha and Omega,—the beginning and the end. In the centre is a triangle, the sign of the Blessed Trinity. A bishop's mitre, representative of the sacred office held by the deceased, is carved on the stone. On the plinth are the symbols of the four evangelists, the head for St. Matthew, the lion for St. Mark, the bull for St. Luke, the eagle for St. John.

Below, in the side of the quadrangle facing the street, is a medallion of the bishop executed in bronze by the famous sculptor, Samuel Kitson. This is an excellent likeness of the beloved prelate, as his people prefer to recall him, — before care had lined his face, or failing health had bent his frame. Near the face, in low relief, is a chalice with a Host raised in glory, a reminder of the devotion of the bishop to our Lord in the Sacrament of His love. Below the medallion is the inscription:

RT. REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY, D. D.

FIRST BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,

1845 — 1903.

and in large raised letters on the granite beneath is the one word, "BRADLEY."

On December 24th, with appropriate ceremonies, Bishop Delany dedicated the graceful yet massive memorial on which his own name was so soon to be carved beside that of his lamented chief. At the same time he caused to be placed in the cathedral itself a memorial tablet bearing a more extended inscription to Bishop Bradley's memory than was possible on the cross itself. Nor did he deem all this enough. When soon after his return from Rome, he announced the taking of a parish census, he told the people that the offerings they would make when the priests called should be the nucleus of a building fund for a new high school to be known as the Bradley Memorial School. This he planned on a big scale, albeit he knew that the realization could not be immediate. It was to take the place of the present boys' school and accommodate also all the children of the city who wished to pursue, free of expense, a higher course of study under religious teachers. It was to have, too, a large

hall, an adjunct much needed in St. Joseph's parish. Some months later he seized the opportunity to secure a favorable site by buying a large tract of land facing Tremont Common and near the cathedral itself. This property, even if not used for years for school purposes, is a profitable investment, as the rents of the buildings thereon more than pay the interest on the principal invested.

But the project that lay nearest to the Bishop's heart was also nearest to fulfillment at the time of his death. In the spring of 1905, when the city farm was discontinued, the mayor and aldermen gave to the Bishop, at the nominal price of one hundred dollars, seven acres of the land for a new orphanage.

What a wave of indignation swept Protestant Manchester at what was termed sectarian distribution of public property!

Press and pulpit, clergy and laity protested. When all had had their say, Bishop Delany had his, and in a manly, sensible letter declined the gift but asked the privilege of buying it at public auction. This was granted, and in August he purchased the seven acres for sixty-one hundred dollars, its market value. The situation is ideal. The first sod was turned by the Bishop on St. Joseph's Day, and he had accepted plans and specifications for the work just before his summons came. Five buildings were to have been erected. A chapel was to stand in the center of the lot facing Bridge Street; on one side of this was to be an infant asylum, on the other a gymnasium; beyond these, at each end of the lot, were to be the two orphanages, one for boys and the other for girls. Of these, the boys' home was to be erected first. To that end a building fund had been started, and a society formed, called St. Joseph's Guild, whose members

pledge themselves to assist in erecting and maintaining the new home. The yearly fee for membership is but nominal, the spiritual advantages were many, and the membership was already very large. Shortly before his death, in speaking of his hopes and plans for this building, the Bishop said: "This will be my monument." It is devoutly to be hoped that this good and great work will be accomplished some day.

One other big act of charity that Bishop Delany hoped to accomplish at no very distant day was the erection of a new, up-to-date hospital in the center of the Hanover Street Grounds. At the last annual meeting of the Sacred Heart Hospital staff he attended he announced his intention and showed how this much-to-be-desired end could be achieved with no additional burden to the people.

It was not to be expected, of course, that all these vast undertakings could be proposed without calling forth adverse criticism. Some wondered in silence, but many gave expression to their fears that their young Bishop would plunge parish and diocese into bankruptcy.

They did not realize the prudence and caution he possessed. Not one of these things was a castle built on air. Each one rested on a foundation, firm and sure. The Bishop knew where the means was coming from, but that information he purposed withholding until conditions should justify its disclosure. Some of these sources of revenue, promised as they were to the Bishop himself apart from his office, may now never be available; others were so secured that later the diocese will receive them just the same. Not until then, perhaps, will Bishop Delany's financial foresight receive the appreciation it well deserved.

The priests of the diocese, however, had reason to trust the Bishop's wisdom in such matters. Hard-

ly had he assumed the duties of his office when he looked about to see how the diocesan debt could be reduced. Up to that time, mortgages and notes owed by the different parishes throughout the State were held largely by local banks or individuals, who charged always five per cent interest and sometimes as much as the law allows. The Bishop soon negotiated with solid, conservative banking institutions in Manchester to take all these at a uniform rate of four per cent, thus saving the diocese every year the large sum of sixty-five hundred dollars. When this was announced to the priests at the semi-annual conference in 1905, for the first and only time in the memory of those present, the solemnity of such meetings was broken by hearty applause.

His examination of affairs also disclosed that the diocese was paying an extortionate insurance rate. In the twenty years of its existence it had paid insurance companies about two hundred thousand dollars, and had drawn for losses less than twenty-five thousand dollars. The Bishop made a study of the matter of insurance, until then a subject entirely strange to him, and he became convinced that Catholic church property is a minimum hazard and should be rated accordingly. He soon perfected a plan that promised to save the diocese a very large part of its yearly insurance bill, and had the matter so well in hand that its success was practically assured.

From what has been thus far said it might be concluded that Bishop Delany's effort during these twenty-one months were all directed towards material ends. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Enormous as these projects were—the tasks of a lifetime, indeed—they were but incidental to the more important task of saving souls.

In the eight months preceding his elevation to the episcopacy, of necessity no confirmations or visita-

tions had been made in the diocese, so that, beginning in the first week of January, 1905, Bishop Delany had to go from one end of the State to the other, visiting convents and schools, and giving confirmation, and not until the end of the next October was this accumulated work cleared away. This year, during the month of January, he again visited all the religious houses under his jurisdiction, and had a personal interview with every member of their communities. On the 8th of May he confirmed at Newport the first class in 1906, and between that date and the 5th of June he had given confirmation in eighteen different places. On these occasions he usually examined the children himself, heard confessions, and preached both in English and French. Here, too, he did effective work in the cause to which he was most devoted, by pledging every child that he confirmed to total abstinence from intoxicating drink until the age of twenty one. Moreover, if he was told of people in the parish too old or too sick to come to church he often went to their homes, and it would be hard to say which received the more pleasure from the visit.

Between times the Bishop also officiated at special church dedications and delivered addresses at many noteworthy functions both in and out of the diocese. At school entertainments and commencements, at meetings of sodalities or other organizations, he was glad to contribute his mite toward encouragement and inspiration. He particularly liked to speak to young men, for whom his ideals were high. Twice in Lowell and at the cathedral in Boston he addressed immense gatherings of the Knights of Columbus. He urged upon them an appreciation of all that the title implies of privilege and duty.

The following was his address to a large gathering in his native city:—

“The nature of this audience—Knights of Columbus—suggests as the subject of my address, “Knighthood and the Duty of the Hour.”

Unless your name bear something of significance it is a silly assumption. But it has a significance. In the design of the founders of this order, men of lofty purpose, in the sanction of the Church and the encouragement of the priests and bishops which your order has received, from the composition of your body—the choice young Catholic men of the country,—you are expected to emulate, as far as conditions will admit, the example of those whose proud name you bear.

There is no brighter page in the world's history than that on which is written the deed and daring of the knight of old. After the institution of the holy priesthood there was, perhaps, no higher, holier, nobler institution than that of knighthood. The flower of youth was chosen. They were trained in virtue, skilled in arms, devoted to the cause of right and to the elevation of womanhood, and they were consecrated by the solemn vows of religion to the profession for which they had given their lives. Remember, too, this was in a semi-barbarous age when might prevailed over right, when the claims of the weak and helpless passed unheeded. Christendom itself was threatened with extinction by the ravages of the Turks. Then began the magnificent exploits of the Crusaders. At the call of Peter the Hermit, vast armies arose all over Europe. Kings and princes forgot their petty differences, ceased their internal strifes, banded together in a common cause, and set out for the far East to deliver the

sepulchre of Christ and the Christians of Palestine from the thralldom of the infidel. Those were days before the invention of the railroad and the steamboat, and the distance of thousands of miles had to be traversed with the poor conveniences the times afforded. Yet neither the distance, nor the difficulties, nor the dangers of the undertaking daunted the courage of these knights of old, when it was the cause of Christ and the cry of the oppressed that appealed to them.

Monks like St. Bernard quitted their monasteries; kings like St. Louis of France left their kingdoms, and, though disaster and death awaited them, they were ready and anxious to brave all for the glorious cause in which they were enlisted. Six different times during the tenth and eleventh centuries their vast armies of chivalrous knights traversed Europe. And five times they failed. The road they trod was marked with the bones of their dead, and many of the survivors fell into the hands of the enemies they had gone to conquer, where a slavery worse than death awaited them. But, even in their failure, they accomplished more for Europe and for subsequent civilization than did all the victorious campaigns of a Charlemagne and Napoleon. They lived for the cause of right, they fought and died for it, and they have not died in vain. Our ideals of honor, our appreciation of the heroic, are all derived from them, and our highest standard of Christian devotedness is the cross of the Crusaders on the walls of Jerusalem.

But how, you may ask, does all this, bright and glorious as it is, how does it apply to us and what can we do to emulate examples like these? It is true the days of chivalry are passed. The Crusader goes on his raid no more. In his shroud of armor

he sleeps, through the centuries, with his sword upon his breast, yet the cause for which he fought and died still lives, though the enemy be different from the one he faced. You are Christian Catholic Knights, who else but you should continue the struggle? You are not required to leave your home or native land. The test of blood is not demanded, but there is a warfare none the less real, none the less vigorous to which you are called, if you would be faithful to the title you bear. "For God and the Church" was the device of knighthood. So it should be yours. We hear a great deal these days of the rights of men, of women's rights, the rights of labor, the rights of capital, the rights of nations, how seldom we hear of the rights of God! In all this world, created by Him, redeemed by the precious blood of His Divine Son, among all the millions of His children here upon earth is there no champion to stand up and fight for the rights of God? And his holy spouse, the Church, shall she be assailed and oppressed, shall she, the Mother of Saints, be put down from her high place and driven out from her kingdom among nations and no son rise up in her defense? It shall not be. It is to you, Catholic young men, the call comes. It is to you, who acknowledge the one true God as your Father, who recognize the one true Church as your mother, and you will not prove recreant to the trust confided to you.

The candidate for knighthood was prepared for his vocation by the practice of virtue as well as the drill of arms. Honesty, truth, loyalty, and purity were his constant endeavor. So should they be yours, if you would strive against the powers of darkness. The violation of any one of these virtues

was a stain upon the scutcheon of a knight which disgraced him forever. These virtues were the source of his strength and so shall they be yours.

“My good sword carves the casques of men,
My thrust is swift and sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”

The eve of the ceremony of knighthood was passed by the young candidate in the sanctuary in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Those knights of old knew well the source of strength. They knew that if they would be faithful to the obligation about to be imposed their help must come from heaven, and the Blessed Eucharist is the food of the strong. The same blessed Lord whom they served still abides in the tabernacle, and the knight who would serve Him now must first find strength at His feet.

The ceremony over the young man was brought into his ancestral halls, to the gallery of the portraits of his forefathers. Pausing before each picture, the life and exploits of these heroes were recounted to him, how this one excelled in the arts of peace, how this one fell in the front of battle, how another administered justice, how this one brought renown by his learning or virtue, and while the new knight's breast heaved with pride to belong to so glorious a line, he was told to be worthy of his sires, to do nothing that would ever bring shame or discredit on the proud name he bore.

No royal house ever had a hall of fame such as the Catholic Church. Saints and heroes, scholars and sages, without number, such as the world beside cannot boast. It is to such a lineage you belong. Will you by any word or deed disgrace your heritage of glory?

This may seem very well in theory, but you may ask what is the practical application of it all? Well, I answer, it is all very real, it is all very practical. I am not sending you off on vain quests, on romantic pursuits. There was a knight once, Don Quixote, who in another age sought to revive the glories of chivalry, and fought windmills. While we may admire his zeal we can only smile at his judgment. Windmills there are in our days as well, but they are only windmills and are not worthy of our prowess.

You are Americans living in the twentieth century. You love your country and would serve it. There is no better way than to strive to make it Catholic. It has been contended that Catholics cannot be good citizens, because, forsooth, they "owe allegiance to foreign power." I declare that a Catholic true to his faith must be and can be only a good citizen, for his religion makes the violation of the law not only a crime but a sin as well.

You are Catholics and would serve your Church? Here is a work at your very hand. Leave it not to priest or bishop. You can reach people these never can. It is true you are not called upon to preach as they, but the best possible preaching is the influence of an upright life. "Let your light shine before men and they shall glorify your Father who is in Heaven." A timely word, a kind act, a generous deed, will rebound not only to you but to the religion which inspires it. Be sober, industrious, loyal, courteous, God-fearing, and brave, and the proudest knight of old would hail thee as brother. You are one hundred and twenty thousand strong. What could not such an army do if animated with the zeal of Crusaders? You need not sigh for the days gone by. The world never offered such opportunity as it does

at present. Protestantism is disintegrating. The supernatural is losing its hold on the souls of men. The Catholic Church is the only bulwark between them and infidelity. The American people are fair-minded, honest, truth-loving. They are ready for the word—"the fields are white for the harvest." How can they believe if they have not heard, and how can they hear if there be no one to tell them? Suppose, each of you, Knights of Columbus, brings one a year into the fold of Christ, the spiritual conquest of America will not be far off.

Then there are the corporal works of mercy. These, too, come within the scope of your order. I know well the work your Massachusetts branch is doing for dependent children, the stray lambs of the flock of Christ, and I congratulate you for it. Be not content simply with the work of your council—be you active, earnest, zealous in every work of Christian beneficence, but let the spirit of faith vivify all that you do, otherwise you will not differ from the heathen and the publican.

There was once a Christian knight, Sir Launfal by name. He went in search of the Holy Grail, the cup used by Our Saviour at the Last Supper. Blameless of life he was, but his quest proved in vain. Broken in spirit and health he returned to his ancestral castle to find himself an outcast. Beside that closed gate he learned from a poor beggar what true Christian charity meant. He had no gold to give now, and when asked for an alms said to the poor leper who stood beside him:—

"Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns;—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side,
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through Him, I give to thee."

Sir Launfal shared with the beggar his crust of coarse brown bread. He broke ice on the stream near by, and gave him to drink from the wooden bowl, when lo! the beggar stood up before him—glorified! It was none other than Jesus Himself whom he had fed and who had assumed the guise of the poor to teach the lesson of perfect charity. Had he not declared “Whatsoever thou doest to the least of these my brethren, thou doest unto Me?” And now, revealed in glory, He turned to the Christian knight and said:

“Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.”

The Knights of Columbus of Manchester, of whose Council Bishop Delany was a member and chaplain since its organization tendered him a banquet and grand reception. In all the toasts of the evening their loyalty and esteem, as well as their pride and satisfaction, were feelingly expressed.

As the Right Reverend Bishop rose to respond he was greeted with prolonged applause. Three cheers were given him before he was allowed to open his impromptu remarks, at the conclusion of which he thanked all present for the many tokens of friendship which had been given him in the past, and which he prized most highly.

Manchester, October 2, 1905.

It must have been my Guardian Angel on this, his feast day, who reminded me I had not answered your letter for my anniversary. I sent everybody else a card of acknowledgment but promised you a letter—and here it is, though long coming.

One year a bishop! Who would ever think it? But it is so and a full, busy year it was, and not an

unfruitful one, I hope, for the work God gave me to do. I have had many consolations during that time, a thousand times more than I had reason to hope for. My priests have been graciousness itself and not once have I seen or heard anything in my regard but what was respectful and affectionate. The Sisters have been a source of consolation and edification. The people here in the city, and all through the State, indeed, have shown in many ways their confidence. The work has been going on well everywhere and I have been spared any grave disorder.

By rearranging the church debt I have saved the diocese \$6,500 a year in interest, and I am now perfecting a plan for insurance that will save almost an equal amount under this head.

The schools are thriving and the children increasing in number all the time. We have more children in our Catholic schools, according to the proportion of population, than any other diocese in the country.

BISHOP DELANY'S FIRST PASTORAL LETTER.

✠ JOHN BERNARD,

By the mercy of God and the favor of the Holy Apostolic See,

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,

To the clergy and faithful of the diocese, health and every blessing.

My Dearly Beloved Brethern :

For many years the first Sunday of Lent brought you wholesome and holy counsels from our late good bishop — now dead and gone. His words thus addressed to you were always listened to with love and veneration, and his instructions and advice bore abundant fruit in your lives. As his successor in

the office of chief pastor of this diocese, I feel it my duty to say to you a few words on this occasion, knowing full well that you will receive them with the same filial piety that has ever marked your conduct in regard to those whom God has placed over you for the government of the Church and for the sanctification of your souls.

I have chosen for the subject of this, my first pastoral letter, the Duties of Parents to Children. The importance of this subject cannot be overestimated. The family is the foundation of the Church and the State. It is the very cornerstone of our whole social fabric. When parents acquit themselves of their responsibilities and govern their families according to the law of God, peace, order, and morality flourish; when parents fail in these duties, strife, contention, and immorality prevail. It is, then, to parents that I wish to address myself and ask them if, before God, they are doing their full duty in what concerns those whom they have brought into the world.

St. Paul compares the union between man and wife to that which exists between Christ and His Church. Now the end Christ had in view in His espousal with the Church was the creation of souls to love, honor, obey, and glorify God. Such, too, should be the end of Christian marriage. And what a glorious privilege that is! We could not serve God enough if we had ten thousand hearts to love Him, ten thousand mouths to praise Him, ten thousand hands to labor for Him, ten thousand bodies to sacrifice to Him. But a father and mother can, by their children, and their children's children, multiply themselves and glorify God on earth for ages and ages to come when they themselves are here no

more, and in them will be fulfilled the words of the psalmist, "My seed will serve the Lord and I will bless Him for all time." This, I know, my beloved brethren, is your understanding of the blessings of holy wedlock. Let us see how these may be realized.

It has been well said, if we would make a gentleman we must begin with his grandfather. If we would make a saint we must begin with his parents. For proof, you have many examples in Holy Scripture. Recall the beautiful story of Anna, who asked God for a son, vowing the child at the same time to His service in the temple. God heard her prayer and sent her the child, who became the great prophet Samuel. The lives of the saints furnish us many similar instances of children offered to God before they were born, who afterwards became the glory of the Church. If then, parents, you would have your children holy, you must first sanctify yourselves. Remember, too, that as surely as you impart your physical defects to your offspring so you transmit to them your moral weaknesses as well. The leopard cannot change his spots and the young crow will be as black as the parent bird. Your first duty, then, is to keep your minds and your hearts pure and free from sin.

Of the care you should have for the bodies of your children, I have little to say. The natural love of parents for children is usually enough to cause them to guard carefully the health of their little ones and to help them wax strong for the future battles of life. Some there are, however, who fail, even in this primary duty, unnatural parents that refuse their children the little education within their reach, and put them to work to gain a mere pittance, or to

leave a shiftless father in idleness. Such parents hardly allow their children the time the law requires before sending them into the mills. They permit them instruction barely sufficient for receiving their first Holy Communion, so desirous are they to profit by their toil. They make poor little slaves of their children, and stunt them forever in mind and body, Shame, say we, on such parents! What affection can they expect from children subjected to such abuse?

More often, however, parents fail in their duty towards the spiritual needs of their children.

Now the first right the child has is that of religious instruction. God made the child to know Him and love Him and serve Him. How can he know, love, and serve God unless he be instructed in these duties? For three thousand years children had no other teachers than their parents. They learned from them the mysteries of faith, the duties of religion. "Listen, my child," says the prophet, "to the teaching of thy father and depart not from the law of thy mother." What lessons do they learn from you, Christian parents? If nothing worse, are they not lessons of vanity, worldly ambition, avarice? Do you give them the opportunity to learn their religion in their own schools? Or do you find excuses for sending them elsewhere, flattering yourselves that while other children require such instruction to keep them in the straight and narrow path, your children, by some mysterious exemption, may be preserved without it? If you do you deceive yourselves. For unless your children know their religion, and know it well, they run grave risk of losing their faith or of having it degenerate into a superstitious practice and become a mere hollow form, without benefit to their lives or profit to their souls. As these children grow

up, they will be surrounded by those of no religion or by those of beliefs contrary to their own, and, unless they know their religion and can give a reasonable account of the faith that is in them, they cannot long preserve it. They will go the way of the flesh; they will bring ruin upon themselves, and sorrow and shame upon those who bore them. Ignorant of their religion, such children grow up without the knowledge of the first principles of truth, of honesty, of morality, though they are often wise in their own conceit. They cannot tell you the number of sacraments, but they can tell you an ingenious lie; they cannot tell you the commandments of God, but they can deceive their parents and cheat their employers; they know but few prayers, yet they can curse and swear, and say immodest words, and blaspheme like young demons. This wisdom, indeed, they have, the wisdom that is folly and worse than folly in the sight of Almighty God.

As the children grow older, they are sometimes sent to non-Catholic schools and colleges for reasons of business or social advantages. Even if these advantages be real and certain—which is by no means sure—are they not dearly bought at the cost of the faith of these children; for “what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?”

Besides the duty of Christian education, parents have the obligation of good example. No matter what religious instruction the child may receive in the church or in the school, if the example of the parents at home be bad these lessons will not avail. St. Augustine said of his mother that she softened her reproaches with her tears but strengthened them by her example. You, too, may have cause to lament

the faults of your children, but in their correction your example will have more effect than your tears. They may hear of angels, of saints, of holy souls, but they see you, you who are continually before their eyes and their minds, and if your lives contradict these beautiful lessons of faith, love, charity, humility, modesty, how can they ever learn them? It is useless for you to bid them go to Mass if you yourself stay at home without sufficient cause. You may teach them their prayers, but if they seldom or never see you upon your knees imploring God's blessing and protection, your instructions will soon be forgotten. What will avail lessons of love and reverence for God and His priests and His Church if your children hear at home God's Holy Name profaned, His priests criticised, His Church abused? It is in the home that children learn the first lessons of insubordination to the teaching of the Church, and the example of a headstrong, heedless parent is the cause of the falling away from the faith of countless numbers of children. How could it be otherwise? "You cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles."

Wherefore, Christian parents, set your children a good example. If you would have them pray, pray yourself; if you would have them faithful to attendance at holy Mass, do you never fail in that duty; if you would have them honest, truthful, sober, modest, reverent, let these virtues shine forth in your own lives and your children will follow your example and follow you to heaven.

One more duty yet remains. It is that of parental correction.

Where the devil fails on all other points he often succeeds in this. Many parents who are careful of

the instruction of their children, who never fail to set them a good example, know not how to correct them. Some are too indulgent, some unreasonably severe. You know the evil over-indulgence will bring upon a child and how it redounds to the parent. You remember how Almighty God punished Heli for the wickedness of his sons; how David, holy man that he was, brought misery on himself and destruction on his sons, one after another, by his laxity.

If you correct not your children you will be not less excusable than these. If under your care your children learn to curse and swear, to lie and steal, and frequent bad company, and you shut your eyes to these faults, and fail to correct them while you may, your responsibility will be great before God. It is said that the ape often hugs his young to death by excessive caresses. But that is to act apelike. It is no kindness to a child to give him his way, when your best judgment tells you it should be otherwise.

Our Blessed Saviour said: "Let the little ones come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Into your keeping He has placed them as a sacred trust, and from you he will one day require them. May you esteem this holy charge as did St. Hilary, and pray as he: "Grant me, my God, that I may regard them as Your creatures, not mine; as Your children, not mine; grant that I may always look upon them not as a part of my body but as the temple of Thy Holy Spirit; grant that I may never do anything that would cause them to offend Thee and bring malediction on us both. Thou blessed the little ones presented to Thee. Put Thy hands upon these my children, bless them, and keep them forever Thine."

Given at Manchester on the Feast of St. Matthias, Apostle, in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Five.

At the time of his death the Bishop was planning a mission of his own. In many parts of New Hampshire there are districts remote from the centers of activity and rarely, if ever, visited by a priest. People live in these parts who are Catholics in name, but who, deprived of every spiritual advantage and consolation, have grown careless in the practice of their religion or have unhappily fallen away from the Church. It was the Bishop's intention to spend most of his summer vacation among these. The good he might have accomplished had he been spared can be known only to God.

While the Bishop fulfilled thus exactly what might be called the exterior duties of his office, he by no means neglected the interior, *i. e.*, the direction of those to whom details must be entrusted:—his priests and religious. The different communities were objects of his various solicitude. He often said he had never known the magnitude of their work until he became Bishop. Last winter he secured the services of the Sisters of the Holy Family, an order especially trained for the management of bishops' households. He neglected nothing that could contribute to the comfort or success of those whose lives were consecrated to God.

As the Sisters of Mercy are in charge of all institutions directly connected with the cathedral, the Bishop was brought into closest relation with them. Every member of the institute felt she had in Bishop Delany a true friend. While he did not interfere in the government of the community, he made, from time to time, suggestions for increasing the efficacy of the work. One of these was for a systematic visitation of the sick. Two Sisters were appointed for that duty alone. One of these is a graduate nurse,

and together they go over the city, wherever they are called, attending the sick, without remuneration. Besides giving the comfort of personal ministration, they accomplish much for the patient by showing those in charge how to care for him intelligently. The Bishop's purse was always open to these Sisters, who had orders to call upon him for help at any time.

In educational matters he took a deep interest. He was a frequent and welcome visitor in his parish schools, where he delighted in conducting recitations himself. So well did he question and bring out the best in a pupil that it was often said of him that if he had not been a priest he should have been a teacher. He watched particularly the progress of the higher classes and strongly urged them to continue their course beyond the grammar grades. Every week, when in the city, he visited the convents and the different charitable institutions, talked over affairs with the Superiors, and sometimes assembled all the Sisters for a little chat. During the Lenten season he gave the Sisters weekly conferences, suited to the special needs of their state. These lectures were strong, helpful, holy, "a revelation," in the words of one who heard them. "not only of the dignity of the religious calling but of the Bishop's deep spirituality." The discourse on daily Holy Communion made a lasting impression on all. The keynote of all his talks, whether to the Sisters individually or in community, was the keynote of his character — courage. He inspired. "I always felt so much more like work," says one, "after I had had a talk with the Bishop."

Of his relations with his priests, his chancellor said: "He was growing every day in our affections, and this wholly because of his own attitude toward

us. As a father loves his children, so Bishop Delany loved his priests. He rejoiced in our success, left nothing undone to promote it, and was troubled only as those who have his loving nature are troubled, when difficulties arise in their work. He was not at all demonstrative, but no man could be more appreciative. Nothing escaped his notice, and every good work of his priests, every effort however slight, was treasured in his memory. He kept an eye on men often overlooked — humble, simple, hard workers — and knew just what each one was doing. He was the curates' friend. With the consent of his council, he decreed after the November conference in 1905, that all curates who had served three years should receive one hundred dollars increase in salary. He was proud of his priests, and often spoke of them in words of praise. His confidence in us was implicit, but never did one of us dare to abuse that confidence, for although he was gentle as a child, yet he ruled with a firm hand and never hesitated to rebuke or chastise when occasion demanded. To none will his death be so great a loss as to his own priests."

Not alone in the affections of his own people was Bishop Delany winning a place. Those not of his faith respected him for all that he was and all that he meant to do. They recognized that he was working, not for his own glory but for the advancement of a common cause. The highest dignitaries of the Church had set the seal of approval on his work. One of these, who, by reason of position, knew something of his labors and plans, said to a brother prelate: "I like the Bishop of Manchester. I like his piety and zeal. I am more than ever convinced that he is the right man in the right place."

It would be impossible to relate all the instances that have been given of Bishop Delany's friendship and devotedness to the Religious of his diocese. The following words are from members of some of the communities that were under his care.

"The consoling and encouraging words and charitable deeds of our ever regretted Bishop I can never forget and I wish I could make them known to the entire world.

"I feel convinced that next to God and His Blessed Mother I owe my vocation as a Sister of the Precious Blood to Bishop Delany. From the time I first spoke to him of my desire to give myself to God he, like a good father, continually watched over me.

"I had the happiness of having the preparatory retreat of my profession preached by my dear Bishop. Notwithstanding the many duties claiming his time and attention he delighted in giving several instructions a day. His conferences from the beginning to the end of the retreat were most inspiring and plainly revealed the secret charm of his inner soul and deep spirituality. The one grand virtue which he dwelt and insisted upon more than any other was Charity. Since he himself possessed this sublime virtue in all its characteristics he could fittingly dwell upon it at length and encourage others to its practice. Words fall far short of expressing his great estimation of it. In one of his conferences he said: 'My dear Sisters, our hearts should be altars on which the fire of charity should ever burn, and the love we bear to God and our neighbors should be the oil which will constantly feed the flames.'

"The series of instructions on the 'Apostles' Creed' given by our beloved Bishop, can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them.

"I found a depth of kindness in him far beyond any I had ever met before. He truly had the heart of a mother. Nothing was a trouble to him; no amount of time too much to give when there was a question of comforting or consoling a soul in trouble. All was so natural and unaffected that his kindness seemed to be part of himself. To my mind he was a perfect model of candor and honesty. I never knew him once to say 'I will do so and so' and not keep his word. When once he said he would do a thing, you were as sure of its being done as if it had already been accomplished.

"His charity was really remarkable; he never made an uncharitable remark. One word said contrary to this virtue in his presence was like driving a sword through his heart. He always spoke kindly of the absent and if one hundred faults were mentioned against them he was sure to find a virtue which they possessed. Anyone who wished to be his friend had to make up his mind from the beginning to be perfectly charitable. When once he was your friend he was your friend forever. No matter what happened he was the true faithful father. His love for our Community was plainly shown in the personal interest he took in each sister; not only in their souls, but in their work also. He was always ready to make a pleasant little joke to help us forget our weariness. To one sister, who took a notion to do carpenter work, he said: 'Why sister, you will be well, sawdust is fine board.' No matter how he was pressed with work, if there was anything he could do for a sister, or the Community, he left everything aside to come to their assistance. On one occasion a sermon had been announced, and the priest who was to preach sent word a few hours before that he could not come. Our Superior sent word to Father

two hours before the time for the sermon, asking him what she would do. He replied: 'Do not worry about that, I will see to it.' The chapel was then crowded. As soon as the bell rang he came up through the chapel, took his place at the pulpit, and preached for over half an hour. When the Superior saw him coming she said: 'Oh, that faithful Father, no one will ever find herself in a difficulty where he is.' No matter where he went we always knew he was our *Father* and our *friend*. In every trouble, we could turn to him for help with entire confidence. May God rest the soul of good Bishop Delany."

"One Sunday afternoon in winter, only a few months before his death, he rode in a double sleigh to the new chapel to visit the Sunday school. He conducted the classes and delighted the pupils with stories of the beautiful Child Jesus at Nazareth. One very sweet illustration of prayer was given by him to the younger children. He told them a pleasing story of a child speaking to its father through the telephone. From this he explained how prayer might be called God's telephone, connecting our hearts with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He concluded by saying: 'When we pray our desires are borne to heaven, and carried in the golden censers of the angels to our Almighty Father.' When singing time came he asked the boys and girls what hymns they would like to sing. A chorus of voices responded: 'Vivat Pastor Bonus!' 'Oh, no!' the Bishop said, 'I want to sing too!' They sang 'Holy God' and 'Veni Jesu,' his rich, full notes mingling with the childish treble.

"After dismissal many of the children remained outside waiting for the Bishop. When he appeared he was besieged on all sides. Noticing the boys' ad-

miration of the horses, his thoughtfulness suggested a ride. The driver was dismissed, and the sleigh was soon filled with happy children. With an injunction to the Sisters to keep the remainder of the group until he would return for them, off he drove with his load of joyous little folks, and his own great benevolent heart the happiest of all. In an hour's time he returned with his laughing, rosy-cheeked company. Quickly the waiting ones were in the sleigh and as quickly rode away, with a remark from the Bishop that this was an instance where, 'the last may not be the least.' The next day, the boys were enthusiastic in their descriptions of the ride. An absentee from Sunday-school argued modestly that he preferred coasting. The conscience-stricken lad was almost mobbed by a group of boys shouting: 'Ah, you think stolen fun on a double-runner better than a *dandy* ride with the Bishop!'

"At one of our ceremonies of Reception and Profession at which our good Bishop condescended to preside and also to preach he took for the subject of his sermon 'The Love of God,' saying that a ceremony of this kind had no meaning except it could be explained by the love of God on one side in choosing the creature to be His own and the love on the creature's side in leaving all for God. After the ceremony was over, the Bishop went to the cloister and entered into familiar conversation with the Sisters. One of them, still under the impressions produced by the sermon, congratulated him on the choice he had made of a subject and his beautiful treatment of it. 'Well,' he replied, 'love is a better motive to serve God from than fear. For my part I cannot fear God, I can only love him.'

"Until the recent decree of our Holy Father Pius X. on Holy Communion, our devoted confessor always

desired the Sisters to abstain one day in the week from the Sacred Table. His reason for this was that so holy an action might not become one of routine. After the decree on Daily Communion, on the Feast of the Precious Blood, our good Bishop came to say Mass at the Monastery. When the Holy Sacrifice was finished, the Sisters assembled to hear his words of instruction. He spoke to them for over an hour, and before leaving he presented them with a copy of the decree of the Holy Father, saying: 'My dear children, I could not offer you a more precious gift on this beautiful feast of your Institute than this decree of our Holy Father. Profit by it, receive Holy Communion daily. I have always believed that the Holy Sacrifice was not consummated without the distribution of Holy Communion, and for this reason, I have always wished to give It to some of those in attendance at Mass.'

"His compassion and tenderness of heart towards all who were in affliction were Christlike. Hearing that death had taken the mother of one of the Sisters he came immediately to offer her his sympathy and without being asked said Mass for the repose of her soul. When a second bereavement came shortly after he made another visit to comfort the same Sister. Taking her hand in his, as the kindest of fathers and most sympathetic of friends, he said: 'Come Sister, tell me all about it.' As she related the details of the death, he wept with her, and yet comforted her as the Consoler of the afflicted, as the True Shepherd of souls would do.

"On one occasion, the older children in the Cathedral schools were having a picnic, some miles out in the country. The Bishop did not forget the 'little Rosaries' as he loved to call them. He spent the morning listening to their recitations in different les-

sons, at intervals singing a bright song with them. When he was leaving, he said: 'Sister, I came to give these pupils a holiday; instead, they have given me two hours of solid enjoyment.' He placed a sum of money on the desk as he remarked: 'I wish the children in all the rooms to have a feast to-morrow afternoon.' The Sister considered the amount given too large, as the mothers of the pupils were exceedingly generous on such occasions. His only answer to her remonstrances was: 'What is spent in giving innocent pleasure to God's little ones is placed at a high rate of interest for that eternity which is not far away for any of us, and very near for some.'"

SECOND PASTORAL LETTER.

✠ JOHN BERNARD,

By the mercy of God and the favor of the Holy Apostolic See,
BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,

To the clergy and faithful of the diocese, health and every blessing.

My Dearly Beloved Brethern:

Although we hold you always in pious memory, yet the approach of the holy season of Lent, the spring-time of God's grace, impels us to address to you, in a special manner, words of warning and advice on the grave concerns of your spiritual welfare. Last year, on this occasion, we spoke to you of the Duties of Parents to their Children, and we have every reason to hope that our words of counsel have borne fruit in your lives. This year we would speak to you on the all-important subject of Religious Instruction.

Our Faith is our most precious earthly possession. It is the pearl above price. To appreciate it we must know its nature and its purpose, and to preserve it we must exercise a constant care.

Faith, according to the Catechism, is a gift of God, a divine virtue by which we believe all that God teaches us. Now, God teaches us not only by his written words, which we call Holy Scripture, but by the living, active, spoken words of his authoritative teachers as well. This is evident from the commission our Blessed Lord gave to His apostles when He said: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (St. Mark, xvi., 15). We must, then, know what God requires of us. This knowledge comes to us, principally, from Religious Instruction. Let us try to realize how important this is.

In a recent Encyclical, our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., ascribes all the irreligion of our day to ignorance of divine things. This ignorance is not confined to those of the humbler classes, who have little time or inclination for intellectual culture. It extends to those even who are conspicuous for their knowledge of profane science. "How many there are," he adds, "who know nothing of God, the Supreme Ruler of the world; who know nothing of Jesus Christ, their Saviour; who know nothing of His saving grace, nor the sacraments by which this is applied to the souls of men!" Well may we say with the prophet: "There is no knowledge of God in the land. Cursing and lying and killing and theft have overflowed, and blood hath touched blood. Therefore shall the land mourn, and everyone that dwelleth in it shall languish" (Osee, iv., 1). How many there are who go down to their death in this lamentable state without ever hav-

ing propitiated the anger of God for the sins of a lifetime! It is no wonder that the holy pontiff, Benedict XIV., declared "the greater part of those who are damned have brought the calamity on themselves by ignorance of the mysteries of the faith, which they should have known and believed in order to be united to the elect."

God forbid, my dearly beloved brethren, that such should be the lot of any one of us! Yet it behooves us to see to it that we have the knowledge of religion which God demands of us, and that we instruct those whom God has committed to our care. There has never been a time when religious instruction was more necessary than at present. Every doctrine of our holy faith, from the existence of God down to the least Catholic practice of devotion, is denied or assailed. Sometimes it is attacked by open hostility, but more often by a chilling indifference, or by a bitter ridicule of all the claims of religion. We must, then, be ever ready to give a reasonable account of the belief that is in us: first, to ourselves, lest we succumb to the temptations that beset us; and, secondly, to the honest inquirer who asks light and guidance from us. We do not maintain that knowledge of religion is an absolute safeguard of faith. Would that facts did not prove the contrary! "But," says our Holy Father again, "where the mind is enveloped in the dark clouds of ignorance there cannot be either rectitude or morality. For although a man with eyes open can turn away from the right path, the blind man is constantly in danger of going wrong."

Let us see how this religious instruction can be imparted.

IN THE HOME. The home is the first school, and the parents are the first divinely constituted teach-

ers of religion and morality. Holy Writ says: "Listen, my child, to the teaching of thy father and depart not from the law of thy mother." This instruction should begin at the very dawn of the child's intelligence. The first words he utters should be the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and his first coherent sentences a simple, childlike prayer. As the mind and heart open, the child should be told of God, of our Saviour, of His Holy Mother, of his own guardian angel. Later, he should be told of sin, and how displeasing it is to God. He should be taught to be honest, truthful, candid. No occasion should be let pass to impress upon his mind the love and fear of his heavenly Father. He should be taught his prayers, and made to kneel by your side, morning and night, and to repeat them devoutly. He should be brought to the church occasionally to assist at Holy Mass, and there instructed in pious reverence for holy things. When he reaches the age of seven, he must be prepared for making his confession. Already you must be watchful of the companions that he keeps and the examples that are set before him. In this early instruction of the child, there is one word of warning we would give the parents: let not your lessons in religion be lessons of rote simply. Prayers are not formularies only, nor are reverences merely postures of the body. They are the expressions of love for God. Make not these pious practices burdensome and distasteful to your little ones. Render them, rather, as beautiful and attractive as you can devise. Early training like this has made saints. St. Louis of France never forgot the lessons given him in childhood by his mother. All the days of his life he recalled her words: "My child, much as I love you, I would sooner see you

dead than to know you had committed one mortal sin!" Christian parents, make saints of the children God has given you.

IN THE SCHOOL. After the home training, in point of importance, as well as in point of time, comes religious instruction in school. Without this, home influence will count for little or nothing. So convinced is the Church of the necessity of this training that she commands us to build schools and maintain them at whatever cost or sacrifice, in order that her children may acquire an adequate knowledge of their religion when it can best be imparted to them. This is the Church's way of making faithful, loyal Catholics. Her thousands of years of experience have proved the truth of the adage, "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." So necessary are these schools for the preservation of the faith, that, were we obliged to choose between their maintenance and that of the church, we would close the church, rather than the school, knowing full well that if we bring up children as good, faithful Catholics they will provide churches for themselves in the future. If, on the other hand, our schools should cease to be, we would have no need of churches for the next generation.

In secular training our schools are not inferior to the public schools, as public authorities themselves testify. Our children learn all that other children learn in school, and more, besides. They learn to know God and His holy precepts. They learn how to serve Him in this world that they may be happy with Him forever in the next. This is the science of the saints, this is wisdom greater than all the wisdom that the world can supply. Let parents, then, look to it that they deprive not their children

of so necessary a help for the preservation of their Catholic faith. Nay, let them do more. Let them take an active interest in these schools, follow carefully the studies of their little ones, encourage them in their work, and permit them to remain at school as long as possible. It is during these years that religious vocations usually manifest themselves. Should it please God to mark one of your children as His own, to serve Him either at the altar or in the cloister, praise and bless His holy name and thank Him for the choice. That child shall be your joy here and your crown hereafter.

One means of religious instruction we feel we cannot pass over without mentioning in this place. It is that of good reading, especially of Catholic literature. No Catholic family should be without at least one such publication, and we particularly recommend our own diocesan magazine, *The Guidon*.

IN THE CHURCH. Religious instruction does not stop with the school. As long as we live we can learn of God, of His Church, and of our duties, for such is God's inexhaustible goodness. Every Sunday we come to the church. Here is read to us Christ's Holy Gospel, here its lessons are expounded. The sermon need not be eloquent nor elaborate. Simple words of instruction, of advice, or of edification, suffice, so long as they are the wholesome doctrine of Jesus Christ. "Our preaching is not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in showing of the Spirit and power that your faith might not stand on the wisdom of men but on the power of God." (I. Co. ii., 4, 5.) The Lord declared: "I will give you pastors according to my own heart and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine." (Jer. iii., 15.)

Of old, when God sent His messengers, the people

heeded not the lowliness of their person nor the imperfectness of their speech. They regarded only Him in whose name they spoke, and they did penance in sackcloth and ashes. So, too, should you. When the priest delivers his message, he declares: "Thus saith the Lord Jesus." It is the word of eternal life.

Besides the instruction delivered at Holy Mass, there is the hour for catechism on Sunday afternoon, when the children are gathered at the foot of the altar to recite these lessons in Christian doctrine and to listen to the explanation given by the priest. In many places, parents are accustomed to come with the children, to encourage them by their presence, to listen to their answers, and to learn not a little themselves of the saving truths of religion. This is a laudable custom, and we hope to see it more generally followed throughout the diocese.

Then there is the Sunday evening service. This should be attended with more fidelity. It is true this attendance is not compulsory, it does not oblige us under pain of mortal sin, as does assistance at Holy Mass, yet it is an opportunity for instruction we should not let pass by. Often the pastor will take this occasion to address some words to his people on the subject of the feast, the life of their patron saint, the duty of their state, or the like, but, even when there is no sermon given, you are in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the tabernacle, and He will speak to you Himself with the voice of holy inspiration.

To you, my dear father, is given the care of the flock of Jesus Christ. You fill the office of the Good Shepherd in their regard. It is yours to lead the sheep and lambs to green pastures, beside the pure waters. It is you who will nourish their souls with

the doctrine of the word. "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God" (Deut. viii., 3). All the week long your people are engrossed with the sordid cares of the world. At least once a week cause them to look up, to lift up their heads and to direct their thoughts to Heaven. In flame their hearts with the love of God, with veneration for His Holy Mother and with emulation of the saints.

In order that this may be done the more effectively, we renew here the command that has already been given:—

First: That there will be given an instruction at every Mass on Sunday.

Second: That catechism classes will be held for one hour on Sunday afternoon, following the plan laid down in a previous letter.

And that no departure be made from these practices without authorization from us.

May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and your people and remain with you forever.

*Given at Manchester on the Feast of St. Matthias, Apostle,
In the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Six.*

SERMON AT CATHEDRAL, EASTER, 1905.

My Dearly Beloved Brethren:

The angel who announced the birth of the world's Redeemer brought to us "tidings of great joy," but the angel of the resurrection, who sat by the tomb of Jesus on that first Easter morn, gave to the world a message of far greater import. That Christ the Lord should come down from Heaven, that He should be born among men, was, indeed, a glorious, joyful

mystery. Yet had He not risen from the dead, as He himself had promised, His birth, life, and death would have been all in vain. But He did rise on that glorious and immortal Easter, and, as He died for our sins, so did He rise for our justification, and is it any wonder, then, that the Church exults and repeats over and over the glad refrain: "This is the day the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad therein"?

How far removed from us seem the sorrowful events of Good Friday. Yet to appreciate the joy of this day we must not forget the sorrow of that. But three days since and we stood at the foot of the Cross. We saw our beloved Saviour hanging there between earth and heaven. We saw Him bow His thorn-crowned head upon His breast. We saw the shadow of death creep over His eyes, we heard His agonizing cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me"; we saw the soldier with the cruel lance pierce His Sacred Heart to make His death doubly sure. When evening came we saw Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take down the body of the Crucified, wrap It hastily in spices, for the Sabbath was at hand, lay It away in a new sepulchre under the hill and seal the door with a great stone.

The enemies of Jesus had seemingly triumphed. Yet they were not wholly free from anxiety, though they had compassed His death. They remembered He had said: "After three days I will rise again." They therefore went to the governor and demanded that a guard be set around the tomb until the third day, lest the disciples might steal the body and start an error worse than the first. "You have a guard," said the governor, "go guard the tomb as you know," and accordingly the enemies of Christ set a watch of soldiers upon the place.

How fared it with the friends of Christ? The very thing had happened which had been foretold. The shepherd had been stricken and the sheep had been scattered. It seems strange to us now, but it is a fact that the disciples never seemed to have realized the mission of their Master. To the last they hoped He would redeem Israel, not from its iniquities, but from the rule of a foreign power. When He died their faith in Him died too. It looked as if His cause was lost forever. Is it not strange that the enemies of Jesus remembered better than His followers the words He said? Yet, is it not the way of the world? The hatred of an enemy outlasts the love of a friend. Six times at least our Saviour had declared that He would die and live again. Yet the care some of his disciples took to embalm His body indicated that His resurrection was the last thing they looked for.

"No man taketh My life away from Me. I lay it down Myself and I have power to take it up again," were the very words of Jesus. The first part of this saying was verified on Calvary, the second part was now to be made good. And it was made good on that first Easter morning. How? The Gospel tells us. The earth was shaken, the guards fled in fright, an angel of God rolled the stone away from the mouth of the sepulchre, and Jesus rose in triumph from the dead. The sorrow of Good Friday was swallowed up in the glory of Easter.

Early on the third morning the pious women coming to complete the embalming of the body of Jesus, found the tomb open and the body gone. Two angels clad in white, sat by the slab, on which the dead body of the Lord had rested, who said to the wondering women:

"Be not affrighted; you seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified; He is risen, He is not here, behold the

place where they laid Him. But go tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee, there you shall see Him as He told you."

Presently John and Peter came. They saw no vision; the death clothes stained with blood was all they found of Jesus there. Later Magdalen came, and by the empty tomb wept as if her heart would break. A voice spoke to her. Through her blinding tears she thought she saw the gardener or caretaker of the place and said to him:

"Sir, if you have taken Him hence, tell me and I will take Him away."

Then the vision spoke this one word: "Mary." Now she knew. It was the same voice that called her child, that forgave her sins, that summoned her brother Lazarus from the tomb. It was Jesus and none other, and prostrate at His feet she fell and cried, "Rabboni, O my Master." When she would embrace His sacred feet, the Lord forbade her, saying: "Do not touch Me, but go to My brethren and tell them what I say to you."

That same evening Christ appeared to two disciples on the road to Emmaus. They were heavy with grief at the events that had transpired. He explained to them how Christ must suffer and die and rise again to enter into His glory. Their eyes were held and they knew not it was the Lord until He revealed Himself to them in the breaking of the bread. Returning to Jerusalem the disciples told what they had seen to the apostles assembled in an upper chamber; then came Jesus Himself and stood in the midst of them. Breathing on them He said, "Peace be to you."

For forty days after our Saviour appeared to His apostles and disciples at different times and places, and on one occasion manifested Himself to 120 persons

assembled together. He walked with them, talked with them, ate with them to convince them that it was really He. He showed them the imprint of the nails in His hands and showed them the wounds that the spear had made in His side. And at length in the sight of them all He was taken up into heaven.

My dearly beloved brethren, the lessons of this blessed mystery are many. Let us learn a few.

First let me call your attention to Magdalen's privilege. It was not to Peter, the head of His church; it was not to John, His beloved disciple, that Jesus first revealed Himself; it was to Magdalen, the sinner, but the repentant sinner. Was it not thus the purpose of our merciful Lord to show us sinners that as He died for our sins so He rose for our justification?

Again, on the very first occasion of His coming to the apostles after His resurrection He breathed on them and said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they shall be retained," instituting thus the sacrament of penance, which may well be called the sacrament of the resurrection. By this sacrament those who lie in spiritual death are raised up to life, to the spiritual life, and are given the freedom of the sons of God.

But the greatest lesson of the mystery of Easter is this: The resurrection proves Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, and it proves His religion to be divine. It was the test proposed by Jesus Christ Himself. When the Scribes and Pharisees asked of Him a sign from heaven, He said: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh a sign and a sign shall not be given it but the sign of Jonah, the prophet. For as Jonah was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and

three nights." Again challenged by the Jews to prove His divine authority, Jesus said to them: "Destroy this temple and after three days I shall rebuild it." He, however, spoke of the temple of His body. This, then, was the test. God and God alone is the master of life and death. The founders of false religions have been men of wisdom, men of power, men of virtue sometimes; they have done wonders of their kind, but not one of them has ever proved the divinity of his mission as has our Saviour Jesus Christ.

About the time of the French revolution a certain religious enthusiast submitted to Talleyrand a project of founding a new religion. That astute statesman listened with apparent interest to the plan and said: "There is but one thing necessary for the success of your scheme. Do that and your religion will be adopted; your name will go down to posterity with glory."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the other.

"You must first be crucified and then rise on the third day."

The reply extinguished the zeal of the would-be founder of a new religion. That is the test, and God alone can furnish it.

The enemies of our faith in all ages have recognized the force of this proof and have tried to combat it by denying that Christ has risen. They declared that the apostles stole the body of their Master, or that they were deceived and imagined that they saw Him. The refuge is vain. The testimony of the apostles is reliable in every respect. They bore witness to what they themselves saw; they were many; there was no collusion; they had nothing to gain by practicing deception, but had everything to lose; they were not fanatics with overwrought imaginations, but plain, blunt men, slow to believe, cautious and calculating, rude of intellect perhaps, but possessed of strong common sense.

If civilized nations accept the verdict of twelve jurymen as the best mode of deciding the gravest questions, how can we refuse the testimony of the apostolic witnesses who saw with their eyes and heard with their ears and touched with their hands the risen Lord; who devoted their lives to promulgate this marvel; who preached it not in obscure corners but in Jerusalem within forty days after the event had occurred; who converted thousands to that belief; who suffered stripes and imprisonment rather than deny it, and finally sealed their testimony with their blood? Surely if ever witnesses were worthy of belief it was they.

Christ, then, is risen and proven by this very fact that He is truly and really God. His religion, then, is divine, and it is your blessed privilege and my blessed privilege to be partakers of it. In vain does the unbeliever attack our faith; the nations rail, the Jews cry scandal, the Gentiles call it folly. Jesus Christ risen from the dead is an answer to it all. Every objection is broken on the stone of His holy sepulchre. It is just and right, then, that we should hail this day with joy and thanksgiving, the most glorious day of all God given.

As the resurrection of Christ is the foundation of our faith, so also is it the ground-work of our eternal hope. As Christ rose from the dead so shall we one day rise again. He is "the first fruits of them that sleep." "For by a man came death and by a man the resurrection of the dead; and as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive."

It is true there are two kinds of resurrection, one to misery and suffering without end and one to bliss eternal. It is the sweet consciousness of living and dying in Jesus' favor that gives us the hope that

this last shall be ours. Need I tell you what this hope means? See the two men who died by Jesus' side on Calvary. One with curses and blasphemy upon his lips, the hatred of hell within his heart and the blackness of despair within his soul. The other with resignation upon his lips and charity within his soul. What was the cause of the difference? It was because of hope. The dying Jesus said to the one upon his right, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH.

The public library may aid in two ways the work that the Church is striving to do, namely, by indirect means and by direct means.

The library helps the Church indirectly when it furnishes the people with good wholesome reading. Such reading enlightens the people's minds with salutary knowledge, cultivates their affections for the good, the true, the beautiful, and finally bears fruit in their lives by bringing them nearer to what God wishes them to be. That this is the aim of our libraries, I do not doubt; that they accomplish much in this direction, I do not question. All the librarians whom I know are earnest, Christian men and women, striving to make the most of the means at hand. The policies of our public libraries are generally just and liberal. If, then, I point out a few ways in which they fail of achieving all the good that they might do, it is not for the sake of fault finding—a task as easy as it is ungrateful—but rather in the hope that, these being remedied, our libraries may become agencies of still greater good.

It should first of all be borne in mind that mere reading is not profitable for men, women, or children.

Quite the contrary. Indiscriminate reading, when it has no decidedly evil effects, at least stores the mind with rubbish, dissipates the spirit, and makes concentration of thought impossible. One good book, well digested is worth a hundred skimmed through. "Reading" says Bacon, "maketh a full man," but neither he nor anyone else affirms that it makes a good man, unless the matter itself is good.

The first care, then, of the librarian, should be to exclude from the library all positively bad and pernicious books. His next care should be to exercise discretion in the distribution of doubtful books, for these cannot be wholly excluded from any general collection. In this class I would include works of infidelity, of socialism, of skepticism. Such works, until one is well grounded in his own Christian faith, should never be in his possession, for "the weak and unstable wrest with them to their own destruction." Ruskin well says that "knowledge is good and light is good, but man perishes in seeking knowledge as the moth perishes in seeking light." And a higher authority has said, "Be not more wise than it behooveth to be wise, but be wise unto sobriety."

Another class of books still more common than these are even more harmful because their baneful tendency so often escapes notice. These are the latter-day novels which treat of social problems like marriage or divorce; which deal with the lowest of human passions and misname it love; which profess to portray so-called high life. There was a time when novels like these were under the ban of good breeding and were excluded from the Christian home, but unfortunately our ideas of propriety have been so greatly expanded and our moral sensibilities have become so dulled that almost everything finds its way to our reading

table. We have ceased to be shocked at the vile portrayals of what these novels call life. Now, every librarian knows that two-thirds of the reading passed over his desk is fiction. He knows, too, that his patrons are composed in great part of the young people of our cities and towns. What effect can such reading have upon youthful minds? It can have but one effect, and that one must be bad. Such stories furnish our future men and women with false and foolish ideals, fill their minds with distrust in virtue and disregard for what they term our old-fashioned standards of morality. Their emotional natures are stimulated at the expense of both their intellectual and moral natures, and the result is disastrous to all three. As a moral agent in the community, the public library should help to ward off the harm that comes from works of this class. Librarians should be required to know the character of the books upon their shelves, and should then be given the right to refuse to applicants under eighteen years of age books which, even though not classed as immoral, are yet dangerous to the faith or the morals of growing boys and girls.

By direct means, the library may help the Church by supplying such standard works on religion as will prove helpful to the seeker after truth, whatever denomination he may profess. Here I have a complaint to make of our New Hampshire libraries, or at least of several of them with which I am acquainted. When a treatise or publication of a religious nature is called for, the librarian replies that the library does not buy such books, adding, perhaps, that it will receive them if they be donated. This is supposed to be an evidence of the broad, non-sectarian policy of the trustees. Is it not, on the contrary, an indication of the utmost narrowness of spirit, which, while ad-

mitting trifling, stupid, indecent, irreligious books, excludes those treating of God, His revelation, His Church, His dealings with man! It is no excuse to say that these books will be received if donated. If they are worth a place on the library shelf they are worth buying. It is no excuse either to say that if the library bought one of this class it would have to buy all. Not so. There is no more obligation to buy all so-called religious publications than there is to buy all kinds of secular works. Let the librarian use his common sense in selecting standard works of recognized authorities, and nobody will have any fault to find.

One other suggestion I would offer. So far as I know the plan has not been tried, but I see no reason why it is not feasible and in strict keeping with the end and aim of the library. In some towns the library is already seconding the work of the day schools by supplying to them directly such books for reading or reference as the teachers desire for themselves and their pupils. Why should it not do the same for the Sunday schools? Many churches cannot afford to support libraries, though all feel the need of them. Church members are citizens; they support the library, they have a right to such books as they find needful. Why should not the library furnish these? Again the cry may be raised, "No sectarianism!" But it is not a question of sect, it is a question of how to do the greatest good to the greatest number. By supplying holy books, the library would aid in the work of making virtuous citizens, and the country would reap the benefit a hundred-fold.

The public library is already a power. These suggestions offer, it seems to me, ways easy of attainment by which it may render more direct and effective aid to the Church, and be, consequently, a power for greater good.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Full of the joy of life, happy under the strain of labor, the lover of little children, with a nature of simplicity and openness like unto theirs, Bishop Delany's life was cut off while it was but beginning. Not two years a bishop, and only in the forty-second year of his life, in the flower of his manhood, he was suddenly stricken, and, after a few days' illness, passed away.

He was indeed a young man to have upon his shoulders the burden of a bishopric, and this fact made him a conspicuous figure among the American prelates, and had centered upon him widespread interest and universal affection.

The news of Bishop Delany's sudden and serious illness came as a great shock to the thousands of Catholics in Manchester who were happy to claim him as their spiritual leader, and were proud to point him out as the youngest bishop in the United States.

While it was known to a number of his intimate friends that he had not been feeling well for the last week, his real condition was not known to himself nor to his friends. The numerous duties of his office necessitated great mental and physical exertion. However, he did not give any indication of being in ill-health until the Friday previous, when he was attacked by severe pains in the abdomen. He was inclined to believe that it was the result of riding so much on the trains, as the duty of making his usual visitations to the different parishes of the State and the administering of confirmation had necessitated much travel.

On Wednesday he attended the exercises of the Alumni Association at St. Anselm's College in Manchester, and his address was the feature of the occasion. On Friday Bishop Delany visited the home of his mother in Lowell, Mass., as had been his weekly custom for

years. Shortly after reaching there he was attacked by severe pains, and remedies were applied that brought him relief, which made him believe the trouble to be some ordinary ailment that would pass entirely away in a short time.

On Saturday morning he was much improved and returned to Manchester. As soon as he reached the episcopal residence he went directly to his library and for several hours attended to his correspondence and the duties of his office. Later in the day, after urgent persuasion on the part of his sister, he consented to have a local physician called. It was thought that the attack was not at all serious, that it was due to fatigue and over exertion, and that rest would bring the desired relief.

Members of the clergy at the house had become acquainted with the fact that their Bishop was not well. Such a thing was so unusual, that though assured that there was no cause for anxiety, all of the episcopal household became concerned and even alarmed. As the following day was Pentecost Sunday, one of the great feast days of the Church, Bishop Delany was to say pontifical Mass in his Cathedral and to give the papal benediction. Confirmation was to be administered in the afternoon to a large number of children, and the Shepherd of souls was eager to strengthen and help the little ones of his fold. His solicitous priests argued with him not to officiate at the exercises that had been announced, since they were of such a lengthy and laborious nature, but he insisted on performing them rather than disappoint his people, and above all his children, the idols of his tender heart. When the morning services were completed the Bishop took dinner, and then went to his room where he rested until three o'clock. He then returned to the Cathedral

and confirmed over two hundred children. He spoke to them at length, as he always did on such occasions, on the nature and importance of the sacrament about to be received. He also dwelt on the evil and sin of the present age in the use of intoxicating liquor, and he besought his hearers to abstain from it all during their lives. Then he gave the children the pledge to insure their fidelity until they reached the age of twenty-one. After all was over he enjoyed a drive through the city, saying he wanted to convince everyone he was as well as ever.

Two of his sisters were his guests over Sunday, and he chatted lengthily with them while he related his plans for the summer. It was his intention to go alone through the entire State of New Hampshire in order that he might come into contact with all his people and that he might bring back to the faith those among them who had fallen away. He longed to reach those who needed assistance in any way, and above all to help those "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." What that visit might have brought to his wandering sheep, what his kind ministrations would have been to their hungry souls it is not difficult for those to believe who are acquainted with some of the conditions in various parts of the State. But God had other plans in his regard, and who knows but the young prelate's hopes and desires were, or will be, fulfilled in the sacrifice he made of all that his heart held dear!

Monday afternoon at five o'clock he went to St. Patrick's orphanage, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of children. One of the Sisters in charge writes of that event as follows: "After the services were over the Bishop spoke beautifully to the children. He then partook of the supper prepared for him, and he greatly relished it; for

he remarked that it was good to get back his appetite after the attack he had had of indigestion. He was in the best of spirits, as genial and happy as ever, and when his supper was finished he asked to have the little girls come out to the garden to sing for him. He thought no children sang like the orphans, and his own clear voice often helped them in the rendition of their little songs and hymns. He observed their pretty white dresses, their curls and even their stockings. Nothing was too small or insignificant for his notice when it concerned the orphans, his special pets, as he loved to call them. Being told of a picnic they were to have the following day he gave them a generous sum of money for good things. After he had blessed them, and said good night he departed, leaving their happy hearts filled with the sweetest memories of their kind father and true friend. Little did they dream that this was the last time they would meet on earth! This administration of the sacrament of confirmation was the last public function Bishop Delany performed. God willed that should it be given to the orphans whom he loved so tenderly, with whom he spent so much of his precious time, and for whom he had planned so nobly and generously in the years to come.

That night the pains returned, and the doctor was again summoned. Some little relief was obtained, and the Bishop was restricted to his own room. He suffered a great deal on Tuesday, but felt convinced that the pains would subside as they did before. He was so afraid of giving trouble to those in attendance upon him that he tried hard to conceal what he was patiently enduring. Wednesday his sufferings increased and the local physicians becoming alarmed decided to consult Dr. Richardson, the

well-known surgeon of Boston. He was called by telephone and agreed to come early the next day to Manchester.

The condition of the patient throughout the night led the members of his family to believe that he was suffering from appendicitis, though this was not definitely known until the arrival of Dr. Richardson on Thursday morning.

Bishop Delany himself was of the opinion that an operation would be necessary. Notwithstanding the severe pains from which he suffered, he was in high spirits, much more so than the members of his family and his clergy.

Early in the morning he requested that his venerable confessor be sent for, and that the Last Sacraments be administered to him. Though he was continually assured by those around him that there was no danger of death, yet he implored them to grant his request. "Extreme Unction will relieve me, and I am anxious to receive it," was all he would say when told by all that he would soon be well. His revered confessor quickly arrived, gave the Last Sacrament as desired, and the suffering Bishop seemed to regain strength and courage to hear with perfect resignation the opinion of the specialist.

"An operation at once is the only chance of life" the surgeon said after a hasty examination of the patient. "I am perfectly willing to undergo it" the Bishop replied, then turning to his mother and sisters he said, "Do not feel badly. I am not afraid of the operation. With my health and strength I can go through it all right, but if God wishes to call me I am perfectly willing to go."

He was immediately taken to the Sacred Heart hospital, an institution connected with the cathedral,

but a block away. Upon his arrival there every one was visibly affected, for even in the operating room he was happy and cheerful, and tried by every means to console the anxious ones around him. "Don't be worried about me. Whatever God wills is best in my regard" he said as he was placed on the operating table.

The operation took place about noon in the presence of many of the priests, local physicians, and nurses. It revealed an alarming condition of the appendix and showed that peritonitis had already set in.

The news of Bishop Delany's illness spread like fire through the city, and all during the operation numbers of people gathered in the waiting rooms of the hospital, and even outside its doors, eager to ascertain how the patient was progressing.

One thing was in the Bishop's favor, notwithstanding his serious condition, and that was his youth and vigor. He was only forty-one years of age, a man who had taken the best care of himself from his boyhood, who had, up to the day he had been stricken, enjoyed perfect health. On these assurances, the hopes of all were grounded, together with the feeling that God had many things for him to do during his episcopal career that had just opened with such splendid promise.

Within an hour after the operation the Bishop recovered consciousness. "I am glad it is over, do not worry about me, for I shall be all right now," he remarked to those around him. One of the priests congratulated him on his courage and his cheerfulness even in pain. He replied, "Do not fear for me, my courage is all right." His mind was keen and alert, and he eagerly inquired what was done at the operation.

He questioned if gangrene had set in, if any of the intestines had been removed, and in just what condition the appendix had been found. Upon receiving evasive answers he said, "You need not fear to tell me, Sister. It won't trouble me. I am not afraid to hear the worst. Long ago I made up my mind to take what God sends." He pushed his inquiries until he was told that the appendix had been removed, and that a great deal of inflammation had been found.

That nothing should be left undone for the safety and comfort of the patient Dr. Garland, the assistant surgeon, was recalled from Boston Friday morning and given full charge of the case. All that day the Bishop tossed without ceasing. He was consumed with fever, and had to be bathed constantly. About three o'clock he had a sinking spell. His chancellor and secretary was notified and found the condition so serious when he arrived that he summoned the heads of the religious houses and the priests of the city. In an hour, however, the Bishop rallied and seemed more comfortable than before. Dr. Richardson came towards evening. He made no attempt to minimize the gravity of the situation. "The Bishop is a very sick man," he said, "but we have not abandoned hope."

The night was an anxious one. Two nurses—one a Sister of Mercy—and two doctors were in constant attendance. That the Bishop realized his danger was clear. Once, when the others were momentarily absent, he said to the Sister: "What do you think of my chances for recovery?" "The doctor hopes you will be better," she replied. He tried to read her face. "I am not so much attached to earth that I could not give everything up. I gave those things up long ago. God's holy will be done!" As he looked into his Mother's tear-dimmed eyes he said: "Do not

worry, Mother dear, do not cry, for I will be all right;" then turning to his sister he continued: "Look out for Mother, take her away for a little while, and do not let her worry."

He got no sleep until between three and four o'clock, when he dozed for a short time. Though he tried to conceal his sufferings, he many times asked for prayers, particularly that he might have patience to endure. His thoughtfulness for others was remarkable. Never once did he fail to say "Thank you" for the least attention, and he spoke repeatedly of the kindness shown him by everyone, particularly by the Sisters of Mercy. Saturday morning brought no improvement, but he slept, and after each nap seemed a little stronger. He asked to receive Holy Communion, and when told that he would not be able to retain the Sacred Species, he questioned if there was no way by which his stomach might be strengthened. He was told that there was only one thing that could be done, and that was to subject him to the painful process of washing out the stomach. He made answer: "I will suffer anything to receive my Lord," and he went through the ordeal with the same courage and fortitude he had manifested from the beginning of his illness. In the afternoon Doctor Richardson found him so bright and cheerful that the most encouraging bulletin of the week was given out. The priests and people were delighted at the good news, and the city papers published the welcome word that the patient's recovery was almost assured. The Bishop was like his old self. He talked with the members of his family, and bade his mother go out and enjoy herself for awhile, for she had never left him from the moment he was stricken. Everyone thought that the thous-

ands of prayers that had been, and were still being, offered to the Most High for the Bishop's restoration, had been answered, and that God would give him back in health and strength to his devoted priests and people. As evening came on the nurses and Sisters watched closely for the change they knew would occur before dawn of the next day. The Bishop's patience was heroic even in pain that racked and agonized him. When his sister asked him if he were suffering greatly he replied: "As I look on that crucifix hanging on the wall and think of the sufferings of our dear Saviour, I feel myself crucified with Him. Oh, how I pray that He will look upon me, and help me to bear it all patiently! This is the first time in my life God has sent me suffering, and I want to bear it patiently. How many people in the world have had years of pain to endure, and I have been always well, and so I must not, I will not complain." All who came near him he besought to pray that he might have patience to accept what God wished to send.

The change was noticed at about four o'clock Sunday morning when the Bishop's heart began to weaken, his pulse to quicken, and the pain became almost unbearable. Still he made no complaint. When asked about the pain by those in attendance he always answered, "It is passing." Violent vomiting set in soon after daybreak, and he became so weak that death seemed imminent. Several of the priests were sent for. The Bishop did not realize that a change for the worse had set in. Noticing anxiety and alarm on the faces of the members of his family, he said, "What mean these serious faces? If I am going to die I want to know it. I must be told. I have done all that I could, and if I am to die I want time to be alone with God

and to ask forgiveness for my sins. Every moment since this operation has been agony, but I have offered it to Him, and I am not afraid of Him. Tell me the truth." They could not tell him and in tears left the room. His secretary entered, talked with him a few moments and then heard his confession. Again he begged for Holy Communion, but the vomiting returned and he was told he must wait a little while. Recalling the fact that washing out the stomach on the previous day had stopped the nausea, he asked that this be done. The Sister reminded him of the anguish it had caused him then.

"That does not matter," he replied. "Any agony if only I can receive my God!"

As he insisted Doctor Garland complied. The Bishop was so weakened by the operation that it was necessary to inject a strong salt solution. This is among the most painful of treatments, but he made no murmur. After resting a few moments he was able to receive Holy Communion. One of his priests brought the Blessed Sacrament, and in the presence of many of the clergy, of religious, members of his own family, administered the Viaticum. Immediately the Bishop seemed stronger. His eyes shone with almost unearthly brightness, and in a voice strong and clear he addressed his priests:

"Be good priests always, good and faithful. Give my love to all the priests and to all the people. You have been a comfort to me. You have all been most kind to me. I want to beg your forgiveness for any fault, any disedification, any unkindness I have ever shown you. No, no,"—as they murmured dissent "I mean it. I might have done better. I am sorry for any fault."

He blessed them individually and asked each one to pray for him. As their loud sobs filled the room,

he said: "God needs me more than you do. I am ready to go. God chose me for His Work. His Will be done."

He blessed the Sisters as they came one by one to his bedside, giving a special benediction to the heads of the institutions, for the souls entrusted to their care. He then asked that he should see each member of his own family alone. No one but themselves knew what that last farewell meant. The most loving and devoted son, the kindest and most affectionate brother was parting with them. Holding his mother's trembling hand he said: "Mother dear, I do not belong to you now. I belong to God. He chose me for His Work. His Holy Will be done. I shall see Father and Tommie in heaven and I shall tell them all about you."

All during the day, friends came from far and near to receive the Bishop's last blessing. To each he said a kind word, raised his hand in benediction and sent a remembrance to some one in their homes. He insisted on admitting all who called and once when there were several in the room he gasped for air and the occupants were told to retire as he needed all the oxygen. When he rallied a little he said, "Do not send them away if I can be any comfort to them. I have always tried to help my people. Let me do so to the end." The Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, the Benedictine Fathers, the Grey Nuns, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, the Benedictine Sisters, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of the Precious Blood, and the Sisters from his own household all came for the last time to speak with their beloved Bishop and best friend. To each he bade an affectionate farewell and bestowed his last blessing.

"Ah, Father William!" he said to a young priest from the college, "you must be good always, for you are my boy. You are the first priest I ordained, are you not?"

"No, Bishop," replied the young priest in a voice broken with sobs, "it was Father Ignatius."

"Was it?" said the Bishop. "Don't cry. You are my boy just the same, and you must be good just the same."

To Mother Gonzaga, at whose golden jubilee he had pontificated but a month before, he said: "Come here, you holy patriarch! May God bless you. When I go to heaven I will pray for your Old Men's Home."

Finally he asked that all should go to the chapel to recite the prayers for the dying, that he might be left alone with God. Gladly his thoughts turned from earth to heaven. Over and over he said aloud, "God's holy will be done," and, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus! in Thee I have hoped, let me not be confounded." When his poor parched lips found it difficult to pronounce the words, he would ask the Sisters to repeat them for him.

Gazing at the crucifix on the wall before him, he said: "Sleeping or waking I can see that cross, but I cannot make out our Lord alone. It is always two I see. I imagine I am being tortured beside Him. He is helping me to bear my crucifixion, I pray that He will help me to the end."

For a brief period his thoughts and mind seemed entirely away from earth, and he spoke at length to the Infant Jesus. His own voice aroused him to full consciousness again, and, turning to his sister, he said: "Did my mind wander? Do not let it do so again. I have prayed to God all my life that I might die in full consciousness."

As he watched the attending surgeon, who was not of our faith, administering to his wants, he said: "I should like to see you a Catholic before I die. I cannot hope for that happiness, but I trust you may be one before you die." The young physician said he had learned many beautiful lessons of the Catholic faith while on this case, and never saw such fortitude and perfect resignation. The Bishop then said: "Think well on all you have seen here to-day. It is a holy faith. It is a hard faith to live by but a grand one to die by. In your work you see much of life and much of death. It must make you think of the great, great Eternity."

The effort had been too much, and the pain returned with redoubled violence. When it seemed as though he could not stand it any longer, he would say to those around him: "Pray harder. Pray that I may endure to the end. I fear that I may break down."

Every little while he asked what time it was, and how much longer they thought he would have to wait. When told it was near three o'clock: "That is Our Lord's Hour. Pray that He may take me then," he said. As it neared six he remarked: "Perhaps I will go when the bells ring the Regina Coeli." Then as they sounded he remembered: "It is not the Regina Coeli, is it? It changes to-day to the Angelus. I had forgotten that it is Trinity Sunday. Let us say it aloud." And they did, the Bishop giving the responses.

As he looked at the sorrowful ones around him he said that he was sorry to weary them, for he felt all must be tired waiting for the end. He wished they would go and take some rest, as he must yet wait awhile for his release. "Yes," said the Sister, "you are not going to die quite yet, Bishop. You will

have to wait until to-morrow, and the apostle whose feast it is and Bishop Bradley, whose anniversary it is, will come and bring you to God. You will celebrate his feast day in heaven." "I will tell him about you," he replied, "but I never expect to be near him. He was too good for me to hope to be so high." "You will be near him, never fear," was the gentle assurance.

"O Sister!" he exclaimed, "I fear the Bishop will be disappointed in me, but I tried, I tried to do my best." A few minutes later he spoke again: "Sister, you saw a better man than I die. We both watched beside him. He taught me how to die, and I trust in God he taught me just a little how to live."

Dr. Richardson arrived about six. He dressed the wound and gave other heroic treatment, which so weakened the Bishop that it was again necessary to inject the salt solution. This caused excruciating pain. As the long needle entered his side the Bishop remarked: "That was just where our Lord was pierced." He then questioned the doctor: "Had I appendicitis?" "Yes, Bishop." "What is this? Peritonitis?" "Yes, Bishop." "No one is to blame. Thank you, doctor, I will have nothing more done."

Toward midnight he began to fail gradually. More than once he was thought to be dying, but each time his wonderful vitality conquered. Over and over he asked that the prayers be continued, and in response to the rosary he incessantly said: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me now, it is the hour of my death." Over and over he begged the attendants to repeat the petitions for the dying which he had not strength to utter, while he himself breathed continually familiar aspirations, particularly the one which he had chosen for his motto: "O Sacred Heart of

Jesus, in Thee I have hoped, let me not be confounded." "The Heart of Jesus is my Hope. The Heart of Jesus is my Love!"

Once, when his mind wandered for a few moments, he spoke as if he were giving an instruction to some of his religious. "When you make your meditation, Sister," he said, "make it in the presence of God. Try to bring the Holy Spirit into your heart, child. Beg of Him for His light and His love that you may keep thus ever in the presence of God. Beg of Him to fill your heart with His peace, because without God's love and peace we have nothing. Do this always. Amen." "My God, I love You more than words can tell," his parched lips still murmured as life ebbed slowly and surely away. "My God, Thy Will be done!" With one supreme effort he partly raised himself in bed, turned his dying eyes towards heaven, and in a voice so loud and distinct as to be heard in the adjoining rooms, prayed: "Sweet Jesus! Look down upon a poor, frail, suffering being, who has not strength to do for You all that he would wish to do, but who, with these inarticulate, inexpressible words gives forth these sentiments from the depths of a loving heart. O Holy Spirit of Truth! Spirit of Life! Spirit of Guidance! direct my footsteps always in Thy paths. O Holy Spirit of Purity! give me the grace to follow Thee always."

The last words were hardly audible. His life was all but gone. Weaker and weaker he grew. Finally, with a supernatural strength, he repeated slowly and with perfect distinctness: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Thee I have hoped, I know I will not be confounded!" The weary waiting was over. The soul of Bishop Delany was with God.

Death came at 3.40 o'clock Monday morning, June 11th. In a short time the sad news had spread all over the city, the State, and the entire country. During the night crowds had gathered outside the hospital, and waited there hour after hour, hoping against hope, until the end came. When the word was announced to them that their Bishop was dead it was with tear-stained faces and sorrowful hearts they dispersed in silence to their various houses.

By noon the body had been prepared for burial. While it still reposed in the hospital awaiting its removal to the cathedral residence, who can ever forget a scene that there took place—that of Bishop Delany's afflicted mother in prayer beside the body of her beloved son. With his icy hand in hers as she bent over his lifeless form, with heroic resignation she said: "My son, I give you to God, for He gave you to me. You have done God's Will. I will not complain. He knows best. May His Holy Will be done!"

After six months of anguish and bereavement she was reunited to the son she loved so well.

The scene attending the removal of the body from the hospital to the episcopal residence was a sad one. A large number of people gathered in the vicinity late in the afternoon in anticipation of the event.

A few minutes before six o'clock the body of Bishop Delany was removed to the cathedral residence. Here it was invested in full episcopal robes, and was placed in the beautiful parlor, which was heavily draped in deepest mourning. And here on the wall was hung for the first time the magnificent life-sized oil painting of the Bishop, which had lately arrived from Rome.

During the rest of the evening the doors were thrown open for the admission of the public, and

thousands of visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to look for the last time on the countenance of their beloved Bishop. A company of the Sheridan Guards was on duty in the room where the body reposed and at the doors of the residence. They remained here until Wednesday afternoon, when preparations were made for the removal of the body to the cathedral.

At three o'clock the solemn ceremony was witnessed by a representative gathering of people in all walks of life, who congregated in the vicinity of the cathedral and the episcopal residence. Long before the hour for the beginning of the procession the people began to assemble. The ceremony was one that will live long in the memory of those who witnessed it.

The cathedral doors were opened at two o'clock, and there was a large number of people anxiously awaiting admission to the edifice, preferring to secure seats there and witness the procession as it entered the cathedral than to remain outside and come in with the crush. The center aisle had been reserved for the members of the clergy and civic bodies who participated in the ceremony. The side aisles were for the general public, and they were filled in a short time.

Promptly at two o'clock the delegations from twenty different Catholic societies assembled in the basement of the cathedral, where they received orders regarding their duties.

In the meantime, the entire company of Sheridan Guards performed patrol duty on the streets, keeping the crowd back and the sidewalks clear in order that no hindrance might be caused to the procession.

From two to three o'clock the streets in the imme-

mediate vicinity were closed to travel through the courtesy of the street and park commissioners. Huge horses spread across the streets, draped in deep mourning, blocked the highways, while details of soldiers prevented an attempt of drivers to pass through. The crowd was ably handled and did not interfere in the slightest with the plans. Promptly at 2.30 o'clock the several civic bodies which had been assembled in the basement marched out and were stationed on either side of the sidewalk from the middle entrance of the cathedral as far as the episcopal residence. The Holy Name Society had the right of line, being stationed at the cathedral entrance.

The solemn procession as it left the episcopal residence was a most impressive sight. The people stood in awe, the men with their heads uncovered, as the funeral cortege moved with slow, steady step through the streets to the cathedral.

A platoon of eleven fourth degree members of the Knights of Columbus, of the Manchester council, acted as a special escort. The members wore silk hats and Prince Albert coats, with black gloves and black ties. Each member wore a baldric of the national colors and carried a sword, insignias of the Fourth Degree.

As Bishop Delany, who was State chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, and perhaps the only bishop in the United States who was a Fourth Degree member of the order at that time, it was fitting that the members of this degree should act as a special escort.

This body headed the procession proper, and was followed by the chancel choir of the cathedral, composed of the boys of St. Joseph's high school and the altar boys. They were attired in cassocks and surplices.

Then came the members of the clergy in their soutanes and surplices, each carrying a lighted candle. All the priests of the city and a number from near and distant places participated in the services. All chanted the "Miserere."

Then came the body of Bishop Delany in the huge metallic casket, which rested on the shoulders of a detail from the Sheridan Guards. Ten men carried the casket, while another detail walked alongside in case of emergency. With measured tread the burden was slowly and sadly borne. Following the Bishop's body came the members of his family. Then the field and staff of the First Infantry, which completed the line.

Expressions of sympathy were to be heard on all sides as the procession marched along, and there was a shadow of gloom over the entire assemblage.

The casket bearing the body of the Prelate was placed on a great catafalque which had been erected in the center aisle of the cathedral.

As soon as all entered the edifice prayers were commenced by the clergy, and joined in by the entire congregation. This closed the ceremony for the afternoon, and the body lay in state until the following day. Throughout the night every Catholic organization watched in turn for an hour and prayed aloud during that time.

The interior of the church had been extensively draped. The handsome altars appeared in their sombre garb of purple and black. Large streamers and festoons of the same colors appeared throughout the body of the edifice, and everything was in deep mourning.

The throne of Bishop Delany which he had occupied during the twenty-one months of his prelacy had been heavily draped in purple and black.

Thursday was a solemn day in Manchester, a day when an inexpressibly sad ceremony was made still

more solemn and impressive by the memories of an all too recent event which crowded upon the reverent throng. It was such a short time before that a similar great company, composed of nearly the same people, assembled in St. Joseph's Cathedral to witness the consecration of their Bishop. Only twenty-one months before he had ascended the altar steps, with mitre and crosier, for the first time. It was all so recent that it seemed but yesterday, and to the sorrow that must attend a funeral service was added the profoundest regret that Bishop Delany's life work was so soon over.

In that sad hour the city virtually stood still. Federal and municipal buildings were closed. The doors of business, banking, and insurance houses were shut. The busy hum of the machinery of the great textile manufactories and shoe shops was hushed. The schools, public as well as parochial, were dismissed. The usual course of the city's life was suspended.

While the community thus stood still in reverence, a scene that will live as long as memory lasts was being enacted at St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Governor of New Hampshire and his staff, the leading officials of the city, and representatives of its great manufacturing and business interests were there. All the members of the hierarchy in New England were present and participated in the solemn ceremonies. Clergymen from neighboring dioceses, in large numbers, were in attendance to pay their last tribute to the Manchester prelate. All the priests of the see of Manchester were at the cathedral, where their leader had ministered. Distinguished laymen of the Church were there representing the several organizations of the Church or in their individual capacity, while the rank and file of the institu-

tions of the city and surrounding country were represented in the throng that packed the edifice and the streets for blocks around.

No invitations to the funeral services had been extended, and for this reason a large crowd gathered at an early hour anxious to gain admission to the church. At ten o'clock the massive cathedral doors were swung open, and the church was soon filled to its utmost capacity.

The sanctuary hardly sufficed for the large number present. It included Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., late Archbishop of Boston, Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D. D., Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, D. D., Rt. Rev. William Stang, D. D., Rt. Rev. John Michaud, D. D., Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., Rt. Rev. Thomas Beaven, D. D., Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, D. D., and over two hundred priests, including many monsignori and representatives from nearly all the religious orders of New England.

The mayor of Manchester, the mayor of Lowell, the chief justices of the supreme and superior courts were also present. There were representatives from Boston College, Holy Cross College, Knights of Columbus from several councils, and Protestant clergymen from nearly a dozen churches in the city. All had gathered without distinction of position, race, or creed to pay their last tribute to their Bishop and friend.

The ceremony was elaborate in all its details and most solemn. The celebrant and officers of the Mass wore vestments of black, while the clergy appeared in their cassocks, with white surplices, with the exception of the archbishops, bishops, and monsignori, who were easily distinguished by their robes of purple.

The solemn ceremony began with the chanting of the Office of the Dead, the entire clergy responding. The officers of the pontifical requiem Mass entered in procession from the vestry of the church. The celebrant of the Mass was the Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D. D., then coadjutor and now Archbishop of Boston, assistant priest Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Callaghan of Concord, vicar general and administrator of the diocese; deacon of the Mass Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, D. D., now auxiliary bishop of Boston; sub-deacon, Rev. John A. Degan of Boston; thurifer Rev. Fr. William, O. S. B.; acolytes, the Rev. Walter Dee and Rev. Thomas Loughlin; masters of ceremony and other officers were Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, Rev. William Sweeney, Rev. James Brennan, and Rev. John Casey, all of the cathedral. The music of the Mass was rendered by the New Hampshire priests in the plain Gregorian chant.

The eulogy was given by Rev. John T. Mullen, D. D., a college classmate and life long friend of Bishop Delany. It was with the deepest emotion, which visibly affected all present, that Dr. Mullen spoke as follows :

"Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time; for his soul pleased God." Wisdom iv., 13, 14.

In the minds of many here to-day there will arise a picture of that September day some twenty months ago within these sacred walls. A young priest of this diocese, young in years, but old in wisdom and good works, was to receive the episcopal consecration and to be raised to the high dignity of chief pastor, teacher, guide, and leader in God's Church. There was present here the Apostolic Delegate, the immediate representative of Christ's Vicar on earth, giving vivid testimony

to the new Bishop of his Apostolic succession. We had then present, as we have to-day, the venerable Metropolitan of this province, brother bishops and fellow priests, and faithful people. All was joy and gladness, all breathed forth a spirit of hope and promise. We remember how the sacred vestments were placed upon him, the solemn rites of consecration administered, the crosier and ring bestowed upon him, and all bowed down low, happy to receive his first episcopal blessing. Who has forgotten that solemn ending, when the new Bishop, in token of his gratitude to the consecrating prelate, kneels before him and three times intones with heartfelt accents "Ad multos annos." And what heart was there that did not breathe forth the same prayer for the young Bishop? What a change to-day! Clad in his episcopal robes he is with us still in form and figure, but that strong youthful life has passed away from us. Our hopes are shattered and promises defeated.

"Of the depth of the riches of wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!" Looking above and beyond our grief shall we say that God has failed us? Is it true that our prayers were disregarded?

Have we reason to despair of God and His providences? Let our Christian faith give us the answer. Let it tell us that "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." Let it speak to us that man is made for his God, for a short service here on earth, for eternity hereafter. "But the just shall live forevermore; and their reward is with the Lord and the care of them with the Most High." That, and that alone, can then be loss which destroys man's hopes of a glorious immortality. Judged by

these eternal truths, is the life which has gone out a loss and a failure? Is the death we mourn a reason for despair? Let us examine that life but a little, let us recall the scene of that death, and our Christian faith will find peace and calmness to soften the sorrow which fills our hearts. We shall see fulfilled those consoling words of Holy Writ, "Being made perfect in a short space he fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God." And not, then, for him shall we mourn; not for the passing away of that life which has seemed to go out in the very noonday of its existence. If we mourn, we mourn for ourselves; we have lost a friend, father, and leader. We mourn for Holy Church on earth, which has lost a worthy bishop; we mourn for the State, which has lost a loyal and useful citizen.

It is not for me to-day to try to portray the beauty of that life, or tell in detail the story of its good works. It would be a task beyond my strength for many reasons. A few brief words only will I attempt, incomplete indeed, but enough, I hope, for our comfort and our edification.

John Bernard Delany was born in the city of Lowell, August 9, 1864. He was blessed with the priceless gift of a good Catholic home and parents. Who can measure the influence of this fact on his whole life? We shall be better able to judge when we recall that from that home there went out two other lives, a brother and sister, devoted to God's special service in His Church. After receiving his early education in the schools of his native city, he entered college, first at Holy Cross, Worcester, then at Boston College, from which institution he was graduated in 1887.

Feeling called to the sacred priesthood, he entered the celebrated seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris, and

after four years of study and training he was ordained priest May 23, 1891, by the present venerable Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard. He was a faithful and loyal alumnus of that institution, wherein were handed down for centuries the best traditions of Catholic France, and he was ever ready to attribute to its influence and training much of the good of his after life, for as the potter receives the rough clay and shapes it into various forms of beauty and usefulness, so did that institution take its young men from school and college of the entire world to fashion them to be men of God and worthy priests of His Church.

I was privileged to know him, and the mere passing acquaintance of college days ripened into deep intimate friendship, continued and prized ever since. And it was my happiness to be among the first to serve his Mass after his ordination. Already in those early days he displayed the qualities which marked and made for the success of his after ministry. The merest acquaintance with him soon discovered a man with more than ordinary strength of character. He was conspicuous before all for the well-balanced order and poise of his judgment; not brilliant, it may be said, but ready and solid in his studies and all his aims and purposes. He enjoyed a rare combination of rich and various qualities of mind and heart: Strength and firmness with quiet docility; active zeal united with a calm discretion; feeling without passion, and a tender sympathy without softness; an evenness of temperament and ever-present cheerfulness that made him easily a favorite with all. He was the soul of candor and straight-forwardness in all his doings, and at no time were the honesty and sincere unselfishness of his purposes ever doubted or suspected by those who knew him. He had what might

well be called a sterling character—a manly priest and a priestly man. There was a side of his personality which was known best to his teachers and intimates—his deep religious character. Sham and pretence of all kinds he ever disliked and avoided; and his easy, familiar ways sometimes hid from the unthinking the depths of religious conviction and piety within him. Beyond his favored natural qualities he was eminently supernatural in all his views and aims. His quiet, steady faith and confidence in God and the divine life of the Church seemed as natural to him as his breathing, and as vital. The influence of those seminary days elicited from him that whole-souled consecration to the service of the Church which was so apparent in the days of his ministry as priest and bishop. And for him the Church was no mere formality or organism, but the living, acting souls of men and women. For him faith meant that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, in whom alone is the world's salvation and life, and that still ever around us Christ carries on this blessed dispensation in and through his visible Church till the end of time. For him, then, the work of the Church was to make God visible and tangible, so to speak, to poor humanity; to teach all, to guide all, to strengthen and console; in a word, to help all to know and reach God, their Heavenly Father. From his seminary days he may be said to have made his object in life those words of St. Paul, "to renew all things in Christ."

This spirit was proved by him in his early ministry on his return home in 1891. For some eight years he labored as assistant priest and acting pastor till appointed in 1898 to the position of chancellor and secretary to the lamented Bishop Bradley; and that was the position he occupied when called less than

two years ago to be the second Bishop of Manchester. These last two periods of his life are but as one — for the first was in the providence of God but the training and entrance to the other. His work brought him into closest relations with his superior, and won for him that saintly prelate's fullest confidence, and in return he gave his complete and most loyal service. One after another were important duties of every kind given to him to fulfill. While remaining chancellor he carried on the office of diocesan organizer and director of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; he was intrusted with the work of special missions to those outside the Church; he was selected to act as promoter for the Priests' League, devoted to combat the drink evil, which is such a menace to all society. He was the Bishop's assistant in the task of establishing in the diocese and elsewhere the Sisterhood of the Precious Blood. He was the representative visitor on the State Board of Charity. His interest in the welfare of the Catholic young men was proven by him as State chaplain for the Knights of Columbus. And when the time came for founding a distinctively Catholic publication in the diocese it was he who was chosen to carry out this difficult project, and *The Guidon* stands to-day a monument to his tactful and earnest endeavors, fulfilling with ever-increasing proof the truth of its motto, "For God and the Nation." It was evident to all that the Bishop trusted him fully and in many ways greatly depended upon him. And it was not unexpected that he should be the successor when Bishop Bradley passed to his eternal reward.

Though differing outwardly in some respects, these two lives had much in common. To each his high dignity and office had come unsought, and was ac-

cepted only in the spirit of faith as a field of greater opportunities for doing good in the vineyard of the Lord. To each it was in the fullest sense "Noblesse oblige;" the pastoral office meant larger, more responsible duties for the care of souls. And to each the courage and strength to carry out these duties came in his trust in God and a profound conviction of his divine calling. As priest, our dear friend had sat at the feet of his saintly Bishop and had imbibed his Christlike love for souls. He was ever glad to acknowledge the debt he owed his pious, saintly predecessor during those years of intimacy, and when he himself took up the episcopal charge almost his first act was to raise the massive Celtic cross on the church grounds as a monument to his teacher, a fitting symbol of his life work and spirit. Again and again he bore public testimony of his deep appreciation of the work done before him. He found a diocese well ordered and organized; college and hospital, convents, schools, and asylums established and in excellent working condition; a numerous and ever-growing body of loyal and zealous priests, and a large Catholic population, diverse in many ways, but united in their allegiance and devotions to their spiritual shepherd. How proud the new Bishop was of his clergy! How often he would speak in praise of their fidelity to him and of their laborious, self-sacrificing care of their charges! How he counted on their support in his new plans and improvements; for plans and projects he had of his own for the benefit of the diocese. Some of these he has made known when he had them well matured and ready for execution. Others, of as vast and useful a character, he had laid up in his zealous spirit with his usual prudence and dis-

cretion till the favorable time should come for realizing them. The All-Wise Providence of God has known them and will reward him for them; but their execution must wait for another heart and hand. May God in His goodness and mercy grant to this diocese as worthy a bishop as him we mourn, one who will care for the seed his hands have planted these last twenty months, and reap the bountiful harvest which he so hopefully awaited for the good of souls and God's honor and glory. For during this short time there was no work in the diocese, spiritual or temporal, which has not felt his hand and influence; and there is nothing which he has touched which he did not better.

I have spoken of his whole-souled faith and devotion to the divine, beneficent mission of the Church. This spirit was the golden chain which supported all his aims and labors, priestly and episcopal. When, soon after his consecration, he went to Rome to venerate the see of the apostle, and pay his reverence to the Vicar of Christ on earth, his faith seemed to receive a new strength and inspiration. His belief in the divine character of his episcopal calling was invincible. It was with that spirit that he took up its dignity and burdens, and it was with that same spirit that he laid them down. I cannot take upon myself to tell the story of these last days. It has been a heavy task to think of him and speak of him as he was in those bright days of his vigor and activity. It has been done only too unworthily, indeed, but only as a love token of a strong affection and deep reverence for him.

His life's history is a source of pride and edification; but more so still would be the story of his death, could I bear to tell it. When, on Sunday last,

all hope was gone of keeping that precious life by any earthly aid, it was he who was calmest in that chamber of death. Oh, the beauty, the happiness of that Christian death! What calmness and patience in his distress! What thoughtfulness of the sufferings of all but himself! He looked on death but as going to the Lord and Master, in whose service he had spent his young life so generously and so well. With truth and confidence could he make his own the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall want for nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture; He hath brought me up on the waters of refreshment. He hath converted my soul. He hath led me in the paths of justice for His name's sake. For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;" and on Monday last, in his forty-second year, and the sixteenth of his priesthood and the second of the episcopate, as the sun rose over the eastern hills in all its strength and beauty, scattering clouds and darkness and mist, on him there rose another and better sun, the Sun of the face-to-face vision of his God, ending forever the shadows and cares of earth and bringing to his immortal soul God's perpetual light and eternal rest.

And one thought more, which I cannot attempt to dwell upon, nor even mention at this time but for another scene with which we are all familiar. On that ever-blessed Friday, two thousand years ago, by the cross of the world's salvation stood the sorrowful Mother, sorrowing at the death of her beloved Son. And yet, while her soul was pierced with the sword of anguish at the thought of His agony and her loss, still her heart was calm and resigned, knowing that death would be swallowed up in victory. Such was the blessed

and sorrowful Mother of Jesus—the model of all Christian mothers, the model and consolation of the Christian mother here to-day. As Mary, so did she give her son gladly when he was called to devote his life to the work of his Heavenly Father, and, as Mary, so will she in this hour of her affliction bow down her soul in entire submission to the will of God. “It is God who has given, it is God who has taken away; may the name of the Lord be blessed forever.”

And may the same spirit, dearly beloved friends, find place in our hearts. We shall bear our loss at the thought of his gain, for loss we all do suffer by having no more with us the model and inspiration of his truly Christian life. Mourn for him we must; but let us mourn for him in the light of his saintly Christian death, having in our hearts and on our lips the prayer just said at the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, that “to him and to all who have gone with the sign of faith and rest in Christ, God may grant a place of refreshment, light, and peace, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.”

The solemn ceremony was brought to a close by the chanting of the Absolutions by five of the bishops. The “Miserere” was sung by the choir, after which the members of the clergy passed in procession down the center aisle, taking a last view of the dead prelate. During this painful scene tears were shed and sobs of sorrow could be heard throughout the church. When the last of the clergy and prelates had passed the body of the Bishop was lowered in the casket and the cover was placed in position.

The carriers, all military men of a uniform height, formed in line with the massive metallic casket resting on their shoulders, and with slow, measured

tread marched down the center aisle, preceded by members of the clergy. The relatives and immediate friends of the family followed. The body was borne out of the main entrance, through the school-yard, into the basement of the church.

Arriving at the crypt, the casket was placed on a small catafalque while the committal services were read. Members of the clergy chanted the "Benedictus," and the casket was sprinkled with holy water. It was then placed in the vault, the great iron doors closed and sealed. Bishop Delany had left all earthly possessions for the glory of heaven forevermore.

EXTRACT FROM THE EULOGY DELIVERED BY THE MOST REVEREND WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON, MASS., AT THE MONTH'S MIND OF BISHOP DELANY, JULY 11, 1906.

Bishop Delany has passed to his reward. Like every other mortal he will long be mourned by his friends—those who knew and loved him—and by the world at large will be recalled for a while as one who had given great promises and who did not live to accomplish them.

Every official has his official epitaph. "Vixit": The world moves on, and the official of yesterday is replaced by the official of to-day. One sorrow drives out another, and the memory of any grief, however great, soon mercifully passes, except to those whose hearts have received a wound too deep to heal during the rest of life.

The ecclesiastic usually has few to mourn a personal loss. His life is given to the Church in almost an impersonal way. The priest is the father of his flock—the bishop is the father of his diocese. He labors and

toils, and lives and dies, and the grave closes over him. For a day the hearts of all are filled with solemn grief—they gather around the lifeless body, and their prayers mingle with the weeping of friends. And there is left only a memory.

What memory does this people enshrine of their young Bishop, so soon called from the battle of life to the victory? A memory of youth consecrated to God, of intelligence devoted to truth, of a heart honest, pure, and holy, which thrilled with the impulse of a strong zeal and beat in sympathy with the unhappy and the poor of God.

No need to speak here of those qualities which as a priest endeared him to his people. Nor of those traits of character which gave such promise as a bishop, and as a ruler in the Church of God. You, beloved priests, have known the honesty of his purpose, the simplicity of his faith, the rugged manliness of his virtue. You have known his kindliness of heart, and the catholicity of his affection for you all—impartiality. His life was genuine—and all that he did bore the mark of candor. He had the frank intrepidity of the soldier of Christ. He knew the duties of his state—he understood the sacredness of the laws which governed his office, and he feared no unjust criticism nor flinched before the difficulties of his post. His intention was clear and upright, and, with the strength of purpose which accompanies perfect honesty of purpose, he only smiled at the cavilling criticism, which was only thinly veiled by courtly phrases. He was a good bishop because he was an honest man. Had he lived the see of Manchester would have waxed strong under his hands. Conditions needed one who loved all and feared God alone. He lived by that noble rule, and as knowledge of his character grew, so inevitably must have grown

around him love, unity, strength;—Love, for nothing creates affection but affection; unity, for the rights of all would be safeguarded and the feelings of all considered,—and that principle welds into unity; strength, for that is the child of love and unity.

What he scarce had time in living to do, much of it in dying he accomplished. Around the bedside of the young Bishop was gathered a scene which typified his hopes of life. Already death was knocking at his heart, and the youthful hand that had scarcely held the crozier had relaxed in the feebleness of the old age of fatal illness. It must have all seemed a mystery to him as he lay there, his temples still new to the mitred crown, now bound in the thorny coronet of agony, the pectoral cross of gold and jewels so soon put aside for the flinty burden of his youth's crucifix. He must have gazed in the awful stupor of surprise at the jewel upon his finger, reflecting that soon it would encircle only ashes. Ah! the dread horror of that single moment, when it came clear to him that death was standing at the door and that soon his short pontificate would end. What wonder if the cry of youth had broken from his strong heart, if he groaned at the horrid suddenness of the cutting of the golden thread of his life so full of hope,—not as the worldling shudders at the sudden realization that pleasures end in the ineffable horror of agony,—but as one, whose life looked full of work for God, might sadden at the thought that it is not to be. Ah! even had one inarticulate groan of holy disappointment escaped one so young, so strong to bear and work, it would have seemed but natural. But he was supernatural in his life's hopes, and such, too, was the supreme ending of them. He had put his hands to the plough; he would not turn back.

He had hoped to work for many years; now there were left only a few hours in which to work,—and with the heroic courage of a faithful heart, loyal to his post, he put aside illusions, he gave one long, hard glance at the broken shaft of hopes, and girded himself for the contest until the end. He had thought to have long years in which to round out the series of his toiling efforts for eternity; he must now make each moment count for the years which were never to be. And so without groan or tear he faced the dread combat,—strong with the strength of faith in God,—the God of his youth, the God who on earth but little longer than he had ruled his little flock, and who, like him in youth and strength, consummated His shepherdhood. Consummatus in breve. Oh quam breve tempus. But consummatus—done, finished, accomplished, his last words a blessing and a prayer for his priests and his people, with the same simple trust in God that had marked his whole life, neither shrinking nor daring, but calmly confronting the duty of death, he entered eternity. And this diocese was once more widowed.

A month has passed since then—one small month,—the eyes are dried of tears, the world moves on with the eternal round of duties, joys, and cares. The young Bishop sleeps beneath the altar, and even in death, even from his tomb just beneath us, he speaks to us to-day,—to us gathered here to do honor to his sacred memory and to chant the requiescat of the Church for the peace of his soul. If his lips could move they would speak to us now the great lesson we all must learn. This would be his message:

“Men die; the Church must live; bishop succeeds bishop in the long line of apostolic succession, each with his separate task and separate work, but the

faith must be kept alive and the bond of charity unsevered, whoever wields the crozier, God will keep the diocese if you keep your sacred trust. Be one—cor unum et anima una. Let all those who kneel near my tomb depart not until they hear this voice and obey. Cor unum et anima una."

* * * * *

Men die; the Church must live; and she lives in the hearts of loyal children, not by mere personal attachment, but by eternal and unswerving devotion to her eternal truths. Men die; He died whose life-blood flowed down the Cross to moisten the soil that was to bring forth confessors of the faith He taught. And from His wounded side the Church sprang with all her holy line of pontiffs to rule her till time is no more.

Men die; your Bishop died, but the story of his life lives to quicken your faith and devotion; to warm your love for Christ's Vicar; and to keep strong and true your pledge of obedience to him whom God will send you. He who sleeps beneath this sanctuary never flinched, never for a moment wavered in his holy duty toward the Church, toward her chief pontiff, toward the episcopate.

I, who knew him well, well knew his love, childlike in its purity, manly in its strength for Peter's Chair, for Rome, for Christ's Vicar. Who that saw him on that happy day, when for the first time he knelt at Pius's knee, could forget the joy, the glow of fervor that radiated from his happy countenance? "I never knew till now," he said to me, "the full meaning of the episcopate, the wealth of power it embodies, the worldwide scope of the Church, and the absolute necessity of union among us all and all with Rome. I never realized till now that, as the solitude and iso-

lation of a priest finds consolation and strength in the paternal affection of his bishop, so the cold isolation of the bishop is warmed and cheered by the intimate union with Rome. It is our strength in trouble, our support amid the misconceptions, the calumnies, the false voices, that trouble every official, whether of Church or State. I have always revered Rome; now I love her." With such sentiments he left her gates to face with courage, not only the awful storms and raging tempests of the seas, over which he traveled back to home, but the more terrible ocean of life, which most of us must embark upon, and which he would have courageously braved, had not God, after a brief and peaceful sailing, steered his bark home—to the haven where the sails are dropped forever and whence there is no further sorrowful journeying; but where the anchor is cast, never again to be lifted, where there is no wave nor wind, but eternal, never-ending peace.

I saw him after his return to his diocese, and knew that his visit to the See of Peter had worked in him more even than he knew or realized. There was after that a sudden maturity of power, a deeper sense of responsibility, a wider, broader feeling of fellowship with the world of faith. He seemed suddenly to feel that he was on firmer ground, that the novelty of the charm had passed, but had left a sober dignity behind it, a lessening of the splendor of the mitred crown and a growth of the loving companionship of the Cross upon his heart. He felt keenly, as I know, the bitterness of undeserved reproach—the sting of unmerited criticism, but he had learned at the greater center to understand that no one escapes it, and his frown of sensitive resentment towards malice soon turned into the smile of gentle patience. "I do my

best," he said to me, "I shall always try to do that. Probably that will always be too little, but I am satisfied now that the best never satisfies the ill-disposed, and the well-disposed are always contented. So good-by sensitiveness and good day to malcontents." And he thought he had framed a new philosophy, but it was only the old maxim of Christ, the maxim which has consoled every worried soul for two thousand years: "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

All this was the sudden development which Rome, the eternal, the all-patient, brought to him. But the fruits which budded forth so suddenly at the warm infusion of a stronger affection for the Vicar of Christ were in reality slowly enlarging during the years of his priesthood by the constant assimilation of that other sap which runs through the vine of the eternal priesthood—obedience and reverence and affection for his own bishop.

He had learned to obey; therefore he was placed in command. He had learned to serve; therefore he might be entrusted with authority. *Cor unum et anima una*. He had preserved the unity of charity and reverence for his own bishop; therefore he was only sure to grow in these sentiments toward the Universal Bishop when he himself should be raised to the episcopate. He had been a faithful son; therefore he would be a wise father to his own spiritual children and a docile son still to his mother, the Church.

Less than two short years he reigned, but God found him worthy. He had taken up his new honors without pride; he had laid them down without regret. They were not his; they were the Church's; he gave them back unsullied for another to wear; to him they were only the livery of holy service, but to his dying breath he was true to the duty they imposed—he prayed for

his beloved priests and the people committed to them. "I hope the diocese will remember her duty till another comes in my place." These were the words almost the last on his lips—the last message he sent to me. Faithful to the last—true shepherd of his flock—then came the end.

Peace faithful servant—rest young soldier—God will hear your prayers. Rest, valiant and young; your holy death, calm in the awful agony, confident that you had done your best, will do even more than a long life. God has spared you much which most of us must bear—the wounds of injustice, the scars of the long contest, the weariness of hard-fought battles to keep the strength of unity.

Rest, then, in the union of heart to heart and mind to mind with Christ—and pray that your priests and people may also realize that perfect unity which the Church commands, that right and truth may come to all, *Cor unum et anima una*, until she sends another to sit upon the throne now vacant—until once more out of eternity comes the joyful welcome, "*Ad multos annos*," the same voice which has called out to you "*Ad annos æternos*."

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS ON THE DEATH
OF BISHOP DELANY.

THE UNION, MANCHESTER.

For many ages and among distant peoples the broken column has been the accepted and expressive symbol of unfinished work, of disappointed hopes, of frustrated endeavor. That life is uncertain, that the strong and the weak alike hold it only as by a slender thread, is evident in everyday experience and is known by all men. Yet there are times when that which is known and familiar seizes our surprised attention as something wholly new. That all men must die is a universally accepted proposition; but that Bishop Delany, so young, so strong, so recently come into the broad field of his life work, should die so soon, could scarcely have occurred to anyone. The news of his critical illness came to thousands as something strange, startling in its unexpectedness, and to not a few his death will seem as something that can hardly be.

Bishop Delany will be mourned throughout his diocese by all sorts and conditions of men. He was already widely known and universally esteemed. Although the youngest bishop in the United States at the time of his consecration, less than two years ago, he entered upon the duties of the high position fully equipped for its responsibilities. The enthusiasm of youth was in him, combined with a clear judgment and a sound understanding. He felt deeply that there was a great work before him, but he felt also that there was time in which to do it well—that he might build broadly and without haste, albeit at the same time without rest. Those who knew him intimately know how calmly he planned great and enduring work in many lines, not for his own glory or advantage, but for the cause to which he had consecrated his life

and all his powers, for the welfare of his people, for help to the needy and distressed, for the strengthening of faith among men. He was not lifted up with vain pride by his advancement, but, calmly conscious of his physical and mental strength, he gratefully welcomed the opportunity for usefulness which came to him, as a strong man rejoices to run a race.

John B. Delany was lovable as a man, a genial companion, generous, whole-souled and clean; as a priest he was faithful, earnest, hard-working, and exceptionally capable; as a bishop he was dignified, as became his position, but approachable, sympathetic, and helpful. His death is a heavy loss to the community in which he lived and to the State at large, little less than to the Church of which, here in New Hampshire, he was the spiritual head.

THE MIRROR, MANCHESTER.

It is but two and a half years since the beloved and revered Denis M. Bradley, architect and builder of the Catholic diocese of New Hampshire and its first Bishop, was called to his eternal reward by the Father he had served with such fidelity and efficiency. And now John B. Delany, who, after nine months of careful investigation and consideration, was adjudged by those having the selection the most worthy and capable of the many who were eligible, was chosen his successor, has been stricken down, and his people are again prostrate under the dispensation of an inscrutable Providence.

In the prime of life, in full possession of mental and physical powers, at the threshold of what to human intelligence promised to be a long and useful career a week ago, he has passed away.

To what eminence he would have attained, what work he would have accomplished, what measure of

wisdom, sagacity, and success he would have demonstrated, how fully he would have illustrated the example and teachings of the lamented Bradley if he had been spared, cannot be said. He had just begun the work to which he had been consecrated by his Church and had consecrated himself, but we know that he brought to it great learning, perfect devotion, sleepless care, tireless industry, and great courage. His plans for the future were broad and far reaching. They involved great labor and expense for the benefit of a diocese much larger than the present, to supply the spiritual and temporal needs of many more than the 100,000 now enrolled as Catholics in New Hampshire. They were not only for the propagation of his religion but for charity, education, and all the agencies by which the world is advanced. They were not only for the upbuilding and advancement of the Church, but, as he saw it, for the good of the State. And for their development he relied with perfect confidence, as he had a right to, upon the zealous, constant, and liberal support of all his communicants.

Nor did he in forecasting a great future forget or neglect the duties of the present. By day and by night, by example and admonition and entreaty and advice he taught his people how to walk in the paths of sobriety, moderation, industry, and enlightenment, which he believed led to contentment and happiness here and reward hereafter.

He broadened as he progressed. Contact with those of other denominations, experience with affairs, familiarity with business, made him more and more practical, and were steadily winning public confidence. In general estimation he was a larger, more resourceful, more practical man when he died than he was two years before, and he goes hence to the Great Beyond sincerely mourned by people of all denominations.

CONCORD EVENING MONITOR.

By the death of Bishop John B. Delany the diocese of Manchester is again widowed, to use the striking phrase which Bishop Delany himself uttered upon the death of his predecessor. New Hampshire has met a great loss in the sudden ending of this sturdy and scholarly life, about which centered so many hopes and so much pride. Though the years of his episcopate were less than two, Bishop Delany had already demonstrated a remarkable grasp upon the affairs of his diocese, and was carrying forward successful plans for his Church to a degree which promised largely to enrich the history of his administration. Other hands must now take up his tasks; but loving remembrance will long exist to honor the life and labors of the second bishop of Manchester.

THE DAILY PATRIOT, CONCORD.

In the death of Bishop Delany, New Hampshire loses one of the forces that made for her best and highest interests. He was a man universally beloved, not because of the clothes he wore or the office he held, but because of the sterling manhood within him, because of his keen appreciation of human needs, and quick sympathy for all who suffered. To all who had opportunity to realize and did realize his splendid ability and loyalty as a son of the Roman Catholic Church, his taking away at this time, so suddenly, appeals as a calamity—stopped on the very threshold of his activity, called home when his labors were but begun.

THE CATHOLIC TRANSCRIPT, HARTFORD.

The death of Bishop Delany is a heavy blow to the Church of Manchester—as heavy as it was unlooked for. He was perhaps the youngest bishop to be

consecrated in the United States, and the youngest to die. His episcopate, which began less than two years ago, promised to be one of exceptional length because of his comparative youth and his apparently robust constitution.

In his death a real luminary of the Catholic Church in New England has been extinguished. He had ability and industry, high hopes and noble aspirations. His priesthood—though all too short—was one of unrelenting and successful labor. He spoke and wrote with equal facility and in several languages. He was master of the situation whether he stood in the pulpit or sat at the editor's desk. He was for many years the chancellor and trusted adviser of Bishop Bradley, who beheld in him a man fitted for any post. To-day the remains of both lie side by side.

Bishop Delany had hardly time to accomplish great things in the episcopate, but his whole life was one of absorbing zeal. His experience as chancellor, as missionary, and as editor, gave him an exceptional insight into the requirements of his office, and he was most ideally equipped for the great work which the Lord required of him.

He was the founder of *The Guidon*, a periodical which is read with respect and whose opinions are valued all over the country. He did excellent work as the guiding spirit of this magazine. On his recent visit to Hartford he unfolded his project of making this meritorious publication a weekly, and under his sagacious direction the enterprise was bound to succeed. He did not live to fulfill his purpose, and the cause of Catholic journalism loses heavily in his death.

Those who knew Bishop Delany intimately predicted for him a notable career in the episcopacy. They

conceded him fine judgment, zeal, singleness of purpose, indomitable energy, high ideals, and unbounded enthusiasm. He was a man of forceful character, independent and outspoken—a man of intellect, of heart, and of kindly human instinct.

The Catholic people of the diocese of Manchester are entitled to the sympathy of the religious-minded everywhere. Death was jealous of their leader, and did them grievous wrong in abbreviating a career so full of promise. There seems to be wanton prodigality in his taking-off. This prodigality, strange to say, is frequently to be met with in the vineyard of the Lord. The Lord makes use of the best instruments and casts them carelessly aside, as if they were but heedless trifles and as if to teach audacious man that the Almighty has no need of his gifts. One thing, however, is certain—Bishop Delany labored during the brief years allotted to him with earnestness and with fruit. Wise men were quick to detect his merit, and his promotion at a very early age to the burden of the episcopate was a recognition of demonstrated ability and exceptional worth.

THE MESSENGER, WORCESTER.

The death of Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, Bishop of Manchester, which is felt as a personal loss by everyone who enjoyed the benefit of his acquaintance, is peculiarly sorrowful in that his life ended at the very beginning of the great work which lay before him, in his youth and apparent strength. He was one of the youngest of bishops and one of the very best of men. Worcester shares with Manchester and Lowell, his home, in their deep sorrow, for here, too, he was widely known and greatly beloved, long before his elevation to the holy office of bishop.

Those who remember John Bernard Delany while he was a student at Holy Cross, recall a modest and devout young man, devoted to his studies and a model in every way to other students. He had marked ability, and it was early seen that he would become a leader in the work of the Church. He never courted popularity, but it came to him naturally, and there was no student who did not hold him in the highest respect. The early predictions were fulfilled when he became a priest, and it was not a surprise when, at a comparatively youthful age, he was appointed and consecrated bishop.

His nature was genial, his mind was hopeful, and his heart beat strong for humanity. That he should be called away at such a time is doubly afflicting, but it is the old doctrine of the Church that in the midst of life we are in death. God has called him to his reward, but the sorrow is relieved by every consolation that He gives in return a noble spiritual life.

THE TELEGRAPH, NASHUA.

The Roman Catholic Church in New Hampshire suffers a distinct loss in the death of Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, Bishop of the Manchester diocese. Twenty-one months ago he was appointed in charge of the diocese of Manchester, succeeding the late Bishop Denis M. Bradley. Bishop Delany was the second clergyman to be elevated to the bishopric of this State since the establishment of the Manchester diocese.

In the prime of manhood, and with many years of usefulness ahead of him, the untimely death of Bishop Delany is a great loss to the Catholic Church in this State. He had made a wide acquaintance during his

years of residence in this State, and was esteemed by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Prior to being appointed to the bishopric, he was editor of the *Guidon*, a diocesan publication, which he managed with marked ability. Since his elevation to the office of bishop he had performed valuable work for the uplift of the Catholic Church in New Hampshire. He was popular with both clergy and laity, and his untimely passing is the occasion for deep and sincere mourning.

DAILY CHRONICLE, PORTSMOUTH.

Keenest grief has been caused by the death of Bishop John Bernard Delany. This grief is not confined to the people of the Church of which Bishop Delany was the spiritual head in New Hampshire. Neither is it confined to this State nor to this section. People in all parts of New England, in remote sections of the country, and in Europe, heard the news of the death of the young prelate with deep sorrow.

Bishop Delany was a man who endeared himself to all who knew him. He enjoyed the confidence of people of every faith. Generous, broad minded, faithful, and untiring, he gained the esteem of all classes. His ability was unusual, so unusual that he became the youngest bishop of the Catholic faith in America. The wisdom of the choice was proven many times during his short administration of less than two years.

The death of Bishop Delany came as a great shock. The shock was made all the greater by the fact that strong hope of his recovery was entertained as late as Saturday.

To Portsmouth the shock of Bishop Delany's untimely death is especially severe. He worked here as a young clergyman, and he numbered his friends

here by the thousand. Portsmouth felt that it was honored by his advancement, and in his death knows that it has suffered loss, even though he gave up his labors here years ago to continue them in a wider field.

Of Bishop Delany's successor it is yet too early to speak. If the man who takes his place, however, is his equal in the qualities which make the true servant of God and in those which make others love and respect him, no more can be asked.

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW.

For the second time in less than two years the diocese of Manchester, New Hampshire, is widowed. The death of Bishop Delany, occurring on Sunday last, soon after an operation for appendicitis, is deeply deplored not only among his own clergy and people, but also among his non-Catholic neighbors, to whom he had endeared himself by his charm of manner and true Christian character. The fact that he was the youngest member of the American hierarchy makes his death seem all the more untimely. But times and seasons are in the hands of God. May the soul of the beloved Bishop rest in peace!

THE CATHOLIC SUN, SYRACUSE.

Early last Monday morning, New Hampshire lost one of her most highly esteemed citizens. After a struggle lasting four days, the result of an operation for appendicitis, Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, Bishop of Manchester, passed away at the Sacred Heart Hospital, laying down the cares of a shepherd within two years after having assumed them.

Throughout the State the news came as a shock to both Catholic and Protestant alike. While it was

known to the majority that the prelate was critically ill, many were of the belief that owing to his fine physique and general good health he would be able to battle successfully with the disease. To those entertaining these thoughts the information came as a severe shock.

The esteem in which Bishop Delany was held by the Catholics of Manchester, among whom he had labored for many years as a priest, could not be better shown than by the people who congregated in front of the Sacred Heart Hospital when it became known that his hours were few. They gathered there in great numbers and sadly awaited the last words.

On his death, words of sympathy began pouring from Catholic priests and Protestant ministers. Of the latter, preachers of the Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational denominations spoke warmly of his efforts for temperance. Mayor Reed of Manchester declared that in him the city had lost one of its strongest citizens.

Bishop Delany was the youngest bishop in the United States, and was proudly pointed out by his admirers. But forty-one years of age, a man who had taken the best of care of himself from his boyhood, he was in early middle life, a vigorous, robust man, and this was the chief source of hope of his people in his illness.

The high esteem in which he was held by members of the hierarchy was shown when at a meeting held in Chicago a year ago he was elected one of the officers of the Church Extension Society, which was formed for the further propagation of the faith throughout the South.

THE REPUBLIC, BOSTON.

There passed away on Sunday evening one of the ablest and most brilliant men in the hierarchy and the Church in general in America, the Rt. Rev. John Bernard Delany, Bishop of Manchester, N. H. The loss of Bishop Delany will fall particularly hard upon New England, because in the section of the country where he worked a man of Bishop Delany's peculiar temperament, foresight, caution, and conservatism was needed to solve the problems which arose.

Bishop Delany was the youngest member of the hierarchy in America, and withal one of the sanest and the ablest. He did more to place the Church on a permanent and satisfactory basis in New Hampshire, during the time that he was Bishop, than any man has ever done in a like period. There was bigness in his mind, and one cannot help recalling the scheme and the rosy future which he had mapped out for his diocese, without regretting doubly this sad taking off. Peculiarly he has sought to gain favor for his people in New Hampshire, and he brought the people of that section, hostile though they were, to a realization of the dominant factor for good which the Church and its priests were.

His elevation to higher orders a few years ago was hailed with delight everywhere, because everywhere the young Boston College Bishop had made a name for himself, and the administration of affairs in Manchester, and in Northern New England in general, which has featured his primacy, have reasserted his noble and sterling qualities.

Few men could be so little spared as Manchester's primate, and the Church throughout the country offers its condolences to the bereaved congregation which has suffered so severely in losing two such souls as Bishop Bradley and Bishop Delany within a few years.

THE AVE MARIA.

"Admirable, indeed, were the words he spoke, whether as preacher, counsellor, or friend; admirable the works he accomplished for God's greater glory and the betterment of men; admirable the writings he has left us; admirable the wise and prudent decrees by which he . . . governed the diocese committed to his care. But more admirable than all these were the holy life and death of the saintly first Bishop of Manchester." So wrote, less than ten months ago, in his preface to the "Life of Bishop Bradley," that New England prelate's successor, the late Bishop John B. Delany; and his discriminating and affectionate tribute to Manchester's first Bishop summarizes with singular adequateness his own beneficent, if all too brief, episcopal career.

Consecrated on September 8, 1904, Bishop Delany wore the mitre too short a time to do much more than give promise of the character that would stamp his administration; but that promise was both abundant and distinguished. Only forty-one years of age when death came to him so unexpectedly on the 11th inst., the late Bishop had attained, as chancellor of the diocese, as missionary, and as editor of the *Guidon*, a reputation which in 1904 made his appointment as Bishop Bradley's successor quite a matter of course; and the extraordinary demonstrations of respect and affection that marked his consecration in that year find their sequel and complement in the wave of genuine sorrow that has followed the announcement of his apparently premature decease. R. I. P.

THE PILOT.

The death of the Right Reverend John Bernard Delany, D. D., second Bishop of Manchester, N. H.,

on June 11, in the flower of his manhood, has stricken with grief, almost with dismay, not only his own flock, but the whole Church in New England. His last illness was but of a few days' duration; and although it was grave from the start, his youth and vigor gave cause for hope, and less than twenty-four hours before his death, the physicians in attendance had sent out a cautious word of encouragement.

A cedar is fallen in Lebanon; they who have borne the burden and the heats for many years longer in Christ's service, mourn for him as for a beloved son; while they who have lived under his rule deplore the loss of an ideal leader—spiritual-minded, singularly in touch with his time, and close to the hearts of the people.

When less than two years ago, he was chosen to succeed the first Bishop of Manchester, the Right Reverend Denis M. Bradley, D. D., everyone who loved religion rejoiced at the most happy appointment. Bishop Delany had not yet attained his fortieth year; his education had given him the best of the New World and the Old; to the symmetrical culture of a typical school of the Jesuits, Boston College, had been added the strict ecclesiastical training of the Sulpicians at their great central house in Paris, where Archbishop Williams and several other members of the episcopate in New England had also made their theological studies.

Ordained in 1901, the future Bishop, though a native of the archdiocese of Boston, gladly gave himself to the diocese of Manchester, which was poorer and far more in need of priests and where his fluency in the French language made him especially useful. He filled several successive curacies, and one brief parochial charge when he was recalled to Manchester by Bishop

Bradley to take the office of chancellor. His close relation to that holy bishop made him, so to speak, the chief pupil in a school of priestly sanctity. Here he had ever before him the example of limitless devotion to his high vocation. Bishop Bradley, still young himself, lived laborious days, was urbane, simple and approachable to the lowliest, and while attentive to the smallest detail of local work, reached out mightily to every movement of international scope among Catholics, encouraging the activity of the laity, and seeking not only the spiritual, but also the intellectual and material betterment of his people.

He found a kindred spirit in his Chancellor, and gave free range to the latter's vigorous and militant spirit. Both men were of marked literary bent, and appreciated profoundly the Apostolate of the Press. In 1898, with the encouragement of his Bishop, the young Chancellor instituted *The Guidon*, an excellent monthly magazine, in which the sublimity and sweetness of our holy faith were set before the people in excellent literary and artistic form. The doctrine and discipline of the Church, their exemplifications in consecrated and most useful lives, their out-flowering in art, music, and literature—these were the topics in which the editor's pen was most happy and faithful. He retained the editorship of this publication until his promotion to the Episcopate, when, of necessity, it had to pass to other hands. Bishop Delany's last literary works over his own name were the introduction which he contributed to the recently published *Life of his beloved predecessor* and his *Pastoral in English and French on Christian Education*.

But the duties of office and editorship by no means exhausted the zeal and vigor of the young priest. He believed in those extra-parochial organizations of

Catholics which are now so greatly advancing the Catholic cause. So he was not only a member, but the State chaplain of the Knights of Columbus in New Hampshire. He believed in meeting our separated brethren on the common ground of patriotism, citizen spirit, and public benevolence, so we find him on the State Board of Charities, and an active member of its committee on dependent children. A good Catholic American, he loved the natural virtues of his fellow citizens of other faiths in the spirit of Christ to those "not of this fold," and he wished to give them the chance to see the Church in its truth and beauty. So we find him at the head of the Manchester Apostolate, with its missionary work for non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

He was devoted to temperance work, to education in all its grades, including its post-graduate extension in the form of Reading Circles and the Catholic Summer School. Almost every year, he made a brief visit to this latter institution, giving the most practical proofs of his appreciation of the work.

Withal, he constantly nourished his soul-life from the fountain of the highest and purest spirituality. He had no dearer charge than that of the contemplative and austere community of the Nuns of the Precious Blood, whose chaplain he was for many years. He greatly aided their work in Manchester, and he helped them establish a house in Havana, Cuba. He was also the Diocesan Director of the League of the Sacred Heart.

When the diocese was bereaved of its first Bishop all hearts turned to the young Chancellor as his logical successor. And so it came to pass, and the mourning was comforted when on September 8, 1904, Bishop Delany took up the work that had dropped

from the exhausted hands of his late beloved chief and friend. How confidently the "Ad multos annos" was re-echoed in the hearts of his priests and people! How auspicious the feast, the birthday of the Blessed Mother of God, and how promising the harvest!

Diocesan necessities made the young Bishop begin his administration with the *ad limina* visit to Rome. Then he set in vigorously to his diocesan work. It is pitiful now to recall the joy of his mother and his kindred in the seal of highest approval so early placed on his priestly work; of the pride of his Alma Mater and his classmates, so enthusiastically manifested; of all the bright hopes built on the supposed secure foundation of his youth and strength.

Full of the joy of life, happy under the strain of labor, the lover of little children with a nature of simplicity and openness like unto theirs, his life is cut off while it was but beginning. Not two years a Bishop, and only in the forty-second year of his age, his mortal part will await the Resurrection beside his predecessor, who after twenty years in the same field was but fifty-seven when called to his reward. None who knew Bishop Delany but must grieve with his kindred, with his friends, with his flock; and feel, as it comes to all in face of great and inexplicable calamity, how hard it can be to say, God's will be done!

A TRIBUTE FROM T. P. MCGOWAN.

Portland, Me., June 11.

Editor of the Pilot:

The Catholics of this city deeply deplore the death of the Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, D. D., Bishop of Manchester, N. H. Our acquaintance with Bishop Delany dates back to the days of Bishop Bradley, whom we had long

known as the rector of the Cathedral, Portland, and whose career we were familiar with during his 19 years as Bishop of Manchester. In later years when we met one we met the other, and naturally when Bishop Bradley's mantle fell on the shoulders of Bishop Delany our love and affection went out to him.

Although Bishop Delany was one of the most gentle and modest of men, he was firm and ruled his diocese with characteristic wisdom and piety. His scholarship and ability made him widely known, and at the time of his consecration he was one of the youngest bishops in the United States.

On the occasion of his first visit to Rome he was affectionately received in audience by Pius X. as he was one of the first American prelates appointed by the new Pontiff.

Bishop Delany established *The Guidon*, a monthly periodical, in 1898, which, under his management and editorial control, became a magazine of influence, well known throughout New England. On the occasion of Bishop O'Connell's installation, in the Cathedral, Portland, as third Bishop of Portland on July 4, 1901, Bishop Delany, then Father Delany, was present and wrote a fine description of the impressive and solemn function. The article was beautifully illustrated for the magazine, a special artist being employed, which showed commendable enterprise on the part of Bishop Bradley's chancellor and private secretary.

The friendship between Bishop Delany and Coadjutor Archbishop O'Connell was well known and of long standing. Both were natives of Lowell, Mass., were close companions, and were graduates of Boston College. At the funeral of Bishop Bradley it was noticeable the marked attention and respect he manifested for Bishop O'Connell.

On the occasion of Archbishop O'Connell's recent arrival in Boston from Rome and Japan, Bishop Delany was among the first to greet the new Coadjutor as his steamer reached the docks.

The unexpected and premature death of this promising young prelate must needs be a cause of deep sorrow to all the bishops of New England, but more especially to Archbishop O'Connell.

In Portland and throughout the diocese where he was well known to many of the priests and some of the laity he was held in affectionate esteem, and his demise before yet completing the second year of his episcopate is deeply regretted.

The last time we met Bishop Delany was at the dedication of the little Church of Our Lady of the Mountain, No. Conway, N. H. On that occasion he was the type of perfect health and vigorous young manhood. We were also present at his consecration, which took place in St. Joseph's Church, Manchester, on Sept. 8, 1904.

Besides his own personal charms Bishop Delany's love and devotion to his saintly predecessor endeared him to the good people of Manchester and the diocese.

It was his fondest wish and resolve to take Bishop Bradley for his model and in so doing God blessed his labors. He had much to live for, for who that has visited Manchester without marvelling at the numerous institutions of learning, magnificent churches, schools, hospitals, and homes for young and old and all that are destitute—a veritable nursery of Catholicity.

This too brief tribute from an old friend, written on the impulse of the moment, but too feebly expresses the sorrow that the Catholics of Portland feel for a valiant and fearless soldier of the cross, whose exemplary career will be fittingly and eloquently told by

those whose position entitle them to pay due homage to a noble, saintly young Bishop.

ST. ANSELM'S COLLEGE.

The following notice was sent to all the members of the Alumni:

"The Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, our honorary president, was called to his reward in the Sacred Heart Hospital at 3.40 a. m. to-day. At that time the Church on this continent lost a great Bishop, the nation a real patriot, the State its best citizen, the flock a virtuous, kind, determined, lovable shepherd, humanity a true benefactor, fatherland a loyal spirit, and the Alumni its best friend. Christian charity in the proposed orphanage; Christian education in the proposed Bradley memorial high school are monuments of purpose and memory in his short episcopacy. The spiritual and temporal welfare of his people in New Hampshire was a chief thought in life.

The following resolutions have been adopted by St. Anselm's College on the death of Bishop Delany:

Whereas, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to bereave the diocese of Manchester of its beloved chief pastor, the Rt. Rev. John Bernard Delany;

Whereas, the faculty and the students of St. Anselm's College lose in the Bishop a kindest father, a most devoted patron, who, on many occasions before and since his elevation to the see of Manchester, gave them unmistakable proofs of his love and interest;

Resolved, That a solemn Mass of requiem be sung for the repose of his soul in the college chapel on Tuesday, the 12th inst.

That all sports arranged to take place at the end of the scholastic year be cancelled.

That the flags on the College building be at half mast until after the day of his funeral.

That a delegation of the faculty and of the students assist at the solemn obsequies on Thursday.

That to the end of the present scholastic year special prayer be daily recited, that the Almighty may grant him eternal peace and rest.

That the present resolutions be published in the principal newspapers of the city of Manchester.

BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS.

In the midst of our anxious preparations for Commencement, the hand of death, like a bolt of lightning across an unsuspecting sky, came into Alma Mater's ranks early on the morning of June 11th and snatched away one of our most loyal and cherished sons. In the very vigor of manhood, after a very brief illness, Rt. Rev. John B. Delany died at 3.40 a. m. on the morning of June 11. The cause of his death, as announced by the famous Dr. Richardson of Boston, was acute appendicitis, complicated by peritonitis.

A week before his death Bishop Delany gave symptoms of his disease, but he did not cease from his episcopal duties; he administered confirmation on the afternoon of Pentecost, June 3d. On the following Thursday the expert Dr. Maurice Richardson performed the operation, but the disease had progressed too far to give any hope of recovery.

Up to Sunday evening Bishop Delany retained consciousness and to the edification of all who called on him he cheerfully bore his suffering. Towards midnight he lost consciousness and at 3.40 o'clock on Monday morning he passed peacefully away.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord * * * *"

Bishop Delany was born in Lowell, August 9, 1864. After early school work he went to Holy Cross College for two years and then came to Boston College, graduating here in 1887.

He then entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and on May 23, 1891, he was ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Richard.

He then began his priestly work in the Manchester diocese and on the death of Bishop Bradley he was appointed his successor and on September 8, 1904, he was consecrated Bishop of Manchester.

BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS.

On the occasion of the first anniversary Mass on June 11 for our beloved alumnus, the late Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, '87, The Pilot had these worthy paragraphs:

Great and good men never wholly die. Their names and deeds are written upon hearts in ineffaceable characters, more permanent than those chiselled on monuments of stone. Though at the time of his sudden and universally regretted passing away, the most beautiful tributes that could be written or spoken were given to Bishop Delany, still, in the past twelve months, the story of his noble, zealous life, and the example of his heroic, saintly death have been worthy subjects of admiration and edification all through the entire country. Such a life is a great gift to humanity and remains as an imperishable memorial to posterity.

Bishop Delany was a man of the deepest sympathy, of the happiest and kindest nature, of the rarest sweetness and strength of character combined with an energy and earnestness of faith and piety that made him beloved and revered by all who knew him. He was a staunch champion of education and of Catholic

literature, an ideal priest, a model bishop, a brave and fearless leader, a kind and generous father, a true and loyal friend. No one ever went to him in sorrow without receiving comfort and consolation. No one ever asked his advice without obtaining help and assistance, for his charity was Christ-like, ceaseless in its duration, and boundless in its extent.

THE PILOT.

It was natural that the Benedictines of St. Anselm's College, Manchester, the Knights of Columbus and various other Catholic organizations, the Alumni of St. Joseph's High School, and the children of all the Catholic schools should honor the memory of the lamented Bishop Delany by special Masses, by meetings and resolutions. But that the Protestant clergy individually, and the members of so large a body collectively as the Ministerial Association in session at the Y. M. C. A. building after the Bishop's death should so heartily record their appreciation of the life and work of the departed is a splendid proof of the passing of bigotry and the power of a devoted churchman by his example and his speech to promote the cause of Christian unity.

THE GUIDON.

The Guidon has lost its Father. Bishop Bradley had twice before seen the failure of a Catholic journal founded under his auspices. A third time he proposed the undertaking, and entrusted one of his priests, the Rev. John B. Delany, with the task. He accepted it, and was left entirely to his own resources to carry it out. The objectors among the clergy were many, the writer among the number. We could offer him no encouragement; no hope of success. Some weeks

after the clergy were surprised to receive in the mail the first number of the Guidon, and a mighty fine magazine it was, well edited, artistic, and printed by the best company in the State. The man that produced this first effort was persistent, bound to win his point in face of all obstacles. The magazine continued to appear. We were forced to admire the pluck of its editor and sympathize with him on the early day we set for the obsequies of the magazine. By and by its importance dawned on us when such secular papers as the New York Sun, the Boston Herald, reprinted the editorials of the Guidon as approved, sensibly-put, statements on Catholic subjects. They were largely quoted by discriminating Catholic journals. "*Nemo propheta in patria sua*" was verified. Then the clergy interested themselves when their favorite daily or magazine had pointed out the good things of the Guidon to them. The subscription price of the Guidon was fifty cents a year and the sale price five cents a copy. That was not even paying expenses. Father Delany knew this, took the risk in order to introduce the magazine to the public. He was editor, business manager, and solicitor of articles to be printed, without pay. Fortunately some of the best writers of the country were his personal friends, and lent their aid. Everyone knows that the subscription list of a magazine is a drop in the bucket for its support. He enlarged the magazine, hired, at a good salary, an advertising agent, and increased the price of subscriptions to one dollar a year and ten cents a copy. Later a stock company, composed of some of the priests of the diocese, was organized; they invested heavily and put the Guidon on a firm basis. To tell the truth, their dividends have been few and far between, and a large proportion of those paid have been

turned over to orphanages by the owners of the stock.

Then came the death of Bishop Bradley and the long months of waiting for the election of his successor. Father Delany's work as chancellor was redoubled, still he gave his attention to the Guidon. No one could foretell what the policy of the new bishop in regard to the Guidon would be, for Father Delany might be sent to a parish that would demand all his time, and he would be obliged to give up the editorship. To many minds this meant the death of the Guidon, consequently subscriptions and advertising fell off. He alone was undiscouraged. Although a prominent candidate for the mitre from the beginning, he never alluded to the matter, or tried to influence the choice in the magazine.

Finally the choice was made. Father Delany was named bishop, and Father Thomas M. O'Leary succeeded him as chancellor and editor of the Guidon. Bishop Bradley lost his life because he gave personal attention to every little detail of his diocese. With the increased size of the diocese, that was too much work for one man. It was necessary that some of these details should be turned over to an assistant. Already Father O'Leary was overworked in the chancery office, so the Bishop regretfully asked him to give up the editorship and devote all his time to more important work, and asked the present editor to take up the task, as he had much free time at his disposal.

We assumed the obligation with overconfidence in our abilities. We quickly learned that the work done by our predecessors, with a multiplicity of other duties to be fulfilled at the same time, could not be done as well by us with more time in which to do it.

Our only instructions were these: "Remember that while your name does not appear on the editorial page of the Guidon, mine does. The responsibility falls on me." The Bishop rarely interfered in the choice of matter; occasionally he suggested subjects for articles, and these were well received. At times we submitted for his approval editorials which handled certain events in a severe manner. "Your notion is right, but a more charitable way of handling it would serve the purpose and have more effect," would be his answer. On another occasion a few humorous lines were printed. We were called to the telephone—"I'll have to get a keeper for you. Don't you know those lines may apply to hundreds, but there happen to be a few of the hundreds about here? These will think the lines were meant for them, and they will feel hurt. Don't hurt anyone's feelings."

The Guidon, at the death of Bishop Bradley, was several hundred dollars in debt. Within a year Bishop Delany had paid every cent of this indebtedness, and to-day the Guidon is not only out of debt but has money ahead. It now began to pay authors of ability for work written especially for its pages. The outlook was bright. Subscriptions were increasing rapidly, all advertising was paid for in cash. This caused the Bishop to begin a project he long had in mind, which, in its memorial editorial, the Hartford Transcript has made public. His idea was to change the monthly into a weekly paper. On the occasion of a visit to us he told of it in his own pleasing manner. He had all the plans perfected; he had visited the offices and talked with the managers of prominent weekly papers. The one great advantage of the weekly over the monthly is that it handles

questions while they are fresh, especially where the Church and its people are misrepresented. All was ready for the realization of this plan except the selection of the editor and business manager and the paid assistants of both. For be it known that up to this time neither the editor nor the manager nor any permanent member of the staff had received a cent of salary, but gave their services in connection with their regular professions. Many of the best writers did the same because of their devotion to Bishop Delany. The services of the staff of a weekly must demand the entire time of its members, consequently the increased expenses demanded an increased subscription price—the regular price of weeklies.

The Guidon is a fitting monument to Bishop Delany. It represents his courage, his ability, and his broad Christian charity.

The editor now assumes a privilege, and will put aside the impersonal and say a few words about a friend whom fifteen years ago, at the threshold of the priesthood, he learned slowly to admire. When that acquaintance merged into friendship I know not, until I found its tendrils encircling my being. They were far reaching. They bound many a heart still closer to his, and many, hitherto unknown to one another, were drawn closer together by the parent root that sprung from a heart nurtured by the true love of God. That friendship was capacious. It is no exaggeration to say it included all who were ready to reciprocate in kind. No one may say "I was his best friend," for that friendship was too far reaching. Many may say "He was my best friend." If the truth be known, he was the intimate friend of hundreds even while he was curate. Strange, too, many of these were not friendly among themselves, but a high ideal guided

Bishop Delany, and in his own peculiar way he let it be felt that there is no friendship worthy of the name that does not bind one and all in true Christian charity. It was a nuisance to go walking with him. The walk was interrupted every few minutes for a chat with this one or that, unknown to me or perhaps disliked by me. Or else it was: "Here lives X. Y. Z. Let us drop in and see him. Don't know him? Well, you will meet a mighty fine fellow." He often corrected me when I related acts done against me by others. No matter how serious they were he could find an excuse for the third party, and would say: "Oh, you see calamity ahead when no one else does. I'm sure that fellow has the highest regard for you, or is misinformed by gossipers." And I afterwards found out that when the third party, regarding him as a personal friend, said practically the same thing to him, he was given the same answer.

Bishop Delany was a very human being, yet withal a very saintly man. He asked me once to read a series of "Lives of the Saints" recently published, which omitted many silly things of holy people that existed in the minds of former biographers, but in this series showed how they were ordinary men in their everyday intercourse with men; how they acted as men and not as people of an impossible world, and he told me to select some of these for publication in the *Guidon*. He was a most sociable companion; he enjoyed fishing, with the keen pleasure of boyhood, yet often such a trip was planned to lure a companion away from the humdrum round of life. Since his death the accumulation of anecdotes tell that at all times he was the man of God. In the story of his life the proof of this is nicely told. He would, even when bishop, accept without rebuke the kindly criticisms offered by others, who often judged

without a knowledge of the facts. He was a very determined man, many called him obstinate. He was careful in his decisions, many of these the results of years of observation, yet there were some who said he was impulsive in his judgments.

In the early days of our priesthood I enjoyed the benefit of his criticism and did not hesitate to respond in kind. We would argue and often disagree entirely, giving our candid opinion of each other's common sense. If he thought he was right he would not give in. In the vast majority of cases, he was right; but if he found out that he was mistaken he never hesitated to admit it and express wonder that he could not have seen that before. He was the soul of honor, and a man of that stamp has difficulty to restrain himself when the hypocrite poses as virtuous. Rarely did he hesitate to tell such a person what he thought of him.

He early began to carry out plans that stirred up the charge of being a man of hasty judgment, but he knew the needs and, better than anyone else, the resources of the diocese. He paid no attention to the criticism, but planned ahead for the future, for he was perfectly aware to what extent he could go. He felt heavily the responsibility placed on him, and never took an important step without long and serious thought. This was hinted at in a letter he wrote me. I had discovered a rather witty article for publication in the *Guidon*. I hesitated, and sent it to the Bishop for his approval. He answered in a characteristic way: "By all means publish it. What's going to happen? You getting scrupulous? I think it must be that, with others, you realize that position brings with it responsibility."

One more little point I give from the inner sanctuary of friendship to illustrate his thoughtfulness and kindness. One Friday night, May 18th, he returned from a long series of confirmation administrations. He learned my father was critically ill. About ten that evening he went to the home to express his sympathy for the man he had known well since he came to Manchester. He objected to seeing the patient because he thought at that late hour a visit would do harm. However, he yielded, and found him bright and cheerful, and he cheered him still more. For a few moments he talked in his own pleasant way to the family. My father died suddenly the next Monday, and the last public act Bishop Delany performed outside his regular episcopal duties was to attend the funeral and deliver the sermon.

Twenty-one months is sufficient only for a great man to show his ability to wear the mitre. He visited Rome at the invitation given by the Supreme Pontiff to all bishops to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. There he was privileged to hear from one of the heads of the Propaganda that an event in his case was so unusual that it had perhaps never happened before in the case of an American bishop. Not one letter had been received at the Propaganda that wounded in the least his personal character or denied his ability to be a worthy leader of his flock. Another joy was in store for him. Bishop Delany knew that no bishop is the unanimous choice of all, but realized that all are guided by their honest convictions. He respected as a criticism guided by the highest motives the actions of those who thought he could not fulfill the duties of his office. If any difference was shown by him, it was not any effusive treat-

ment of these priests, but a more delicate manifestation of his friendship for them. He was a sensitive man and he felt sympathy for those who did not secure the man of their choice. He had little reason for that over-sensitiveness. In the brief time given him, he proved his ability, his love, and his friendship. The ones who felt most keenly his death, and who gave him their best services, were those who hesitated to place the diocese in his hands, yet none more closely shared a friendship that came from a heart too large to be exclusive, too noble not to strive to gather everyone in that greater friendship that joins all in perfect union of the love of God. May God grant him eternal rest.

TO RT. REV. JOHN B. DELANY, D. D.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1904.

*Our hearts, our hopes are with thee. Art not thou
A king? Thy hands the staff of power hold;
Thy finger rests within Faith's jeweled gold;
The helmet of salvation on thy brow,
Like storied knighthood's tossing plume, must now
Be ever seen by us. Yea, manifold
Thy gifts of grace, God's glory to uphold,
Thy flock to lead. Yet while in trust we vow
Our faith, we pray—May justice guide thy hand:
May gentle love direct thy sandaled feet
To hearts irresolute and weak: May pride
Be banished far: May Christlike tones command
But oft'ner still may Christlike love entreat:
May one for all, and all for one, abide.*

JUNE 11, 1906.

*Our hearts are rent; our hopes have fled. The ring,
The cross, the staff, those signs of power,
Now toys of Death to help recall the hour
Of that great day—its pomp, its pride; to bring
Us sorrowing to thy tomb—bid us to sing
Thy dirge, to place on thee this faded flower
Which gloriously bloomed the day when our
Mitred King was throned 'Tis o'er. Our King
Is dead. Long live the King! Though many a year
Be his, let him recall those seeds of love,
Of justice, and of truth he sowed. They grew
To garlands which adorned a brief career,
Whose scent was wafted to the throne above.
"God needs me more." To God his spirit flew.*

SACERDOS.

POEMS BY BISHOP DELANY.

The greater number of the following verses were written while he was a student at Boston College :—

HEART TREASURES.

The rhyme of the heart, though ever unsung,
Is sweeter far than the song of the tongue;
And the rosebud that died on the breast of June
Seems sweeter because it died so soon;
And the sweetest notes of the singing bird
Are the half-caught strains from a distance heard,
So weird and low, they come from afar
As if heaven's gates were left ajar.
Perhaps this may answer the reason why
Those thoughts are dearest which deepest lie;
For the balm that soothes the soul's unrest
Is the song of the heart that is ne'er expressed.

Like a miser who gloats o'er his secret store
In the silence of midnight, we love to pour
O'er memory's treasures that flee vulgar sight,
And hide in our hearts for our soul's delight.
There are names that sound like angel's tread,
And echoes of voices long since fled;
Dear faces we see through the dark cloud of years,
Whose smile greets our sight as a rainbow of tears.
There are handclasps and greetings we ne'er shall forget
Though that hand may be dust and those fond eyes be set,
And the hearts that quickened at Love's kindly token
Are stilled in death, or in life are now broken.
There are hopes that died like the stillborn rose,
Yet their early fragrance scents life to its close.
All, all are sweet symphonies never expressed,
The priceless treasures of every breast;
But the only sign the world may seek
Is the flash of the eye or the glow of the cheek.
For the ills of to-day fond mem'ry supplies
These airy fancies from Paradise.

PHANTASMA.

There are names our lips ne'er mention,
Though they sound like angels' tread;
There are tones our hearts re-echo
Of dear voices long since fled;
There are looks of loving faces
Which we see, though far away,
Which we nightly meet in dreamland,
Oft in busy scenes of day.
There are hopes long dead within us,
Crushed like flowers ere their bloom;
But the fragrance of their springtime
Scents the latter years of gloom.
Only dreams the Past has left us—
Memory all the rest supplies,
Gives, for joys which Time has reft us,
A foretaste of Paradise.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Softly as an angel treads,
Nature her pure mantle spreads,
Feather light, purest white,
Crystal bright, airy sprite,
How it frolics down to earth!

Sweetly sounds the vesper bell,
How its glad notes ever swell!
Through the stillness of the air,
List the iron tongue's glad prayer,
Praises for the Saviour's birth.

Joyfully and solemnly, merrily it rings,
"Gloria in Excelsis," "Peace on earth" it brings.
Gently stealing o'er us kneeling,
At its pealing solemn feeling
It imparts from each sweet chord.

Round the hearth all gather nearer,
Christmas makes the dear home dearer;
Brightest day of all, God-given,
Earth seems nearer now to heaven.
All mankind, come praise the Lord!

CHRIST WEPT.

Naught else could remove
But an infinite love
The deep wound of our sin's poisoned spear :—
An atonement divine
Was laid at God's shrine,
When to earth from that Eye fell a tear.
Though a thousand worlds bled,
Through the years that have sped,
A fit retribution to rear
The blood would but be
As a drop in the sea,
When weighed before God with that tear.
From those Eyes but a frown,
The proud angels cast down,
Yet bedewed the dead Lazarus' bier,
Jesus' tear as it fell
Broke the bondage of hell,
Heaven's justice could ask but a tear.

TOO LATE.

Poor broken flower,
Whose is the power
To lift thy head again?
No tear nor sigh
Revives thine eye,
Or soothes in death thy pain.
The broken lute
Whose cords are mute
Is soon forgot forever.
The rainbow's light
Will ne'er unite
When winds the storm-clouds sever.
That lamp's bright ray
Which blessed our way
Is dimmed by sun of fate;
So worth and friends,
The light love lends,
Are prized but when too late.

OUR OFFERING.

Out from the East they sought Him
 To make Him an offering meet;
 Gold, incense and myrrh they brought Him,
 And laid their gift at His Feet.

By gold His Kingship confessing,
 The myrrh to acknowledge Him Man;
 By incense His Godhood professing,
 Such was the faithful king's plan.

No word by the Child was spoken,
 No message brought they from the place,
 Yet each in return for the token
 Received royal gifts of grace.

* * * * *

We bring Thee our golden treasure,—
 Not much to worldly eyes;
 Hast Thou not another measure
 For that which worldlings prize?

Each trinket and token we offer
 To Thee will be doubly dear;
 'Tis out of our hearts' deep coffer,
 Washed pure by many a tear.

* * * * *

Take with this gift, this treasure trove,
 Which to Thy Feet we bring,
 Our faith, our hope, our loyal love,
 O Eucharistic King!

TO MR. C——, S. J.

In future years when turning
 Memory's jeweled casket o'er,
 Turn not from this pebble spurning
 Though you prize the jewels more.

Read the wish that pebble wears
 As the one this bosom bears.
 Through life, in death, where'er my way
 At twilight's hour, "Ora pro me."

THE FIRST EASTER.

The third day came at length. The first gray streaks
Of dawn, as in a winding sheet, wrapt all
The moveless scene and lent a melancholy
That night itself could not impart. Silent all.
The herald of the morning stirred no feather.
The hoot of the night owl was heard afar, and again
All nature slept. The line of Calvary's brow
Remained unbroken, save where the trees of death,
Late drenched in blood, stood black against the eastern
Sky. The earth still yawned, and gaping rocks
Revealed the death throes of a dying God. Below,
The city showed no more the signs of life
Than if were yesterday its last, and now
It waited but for Gabriel's trump to waken
Unto judgment

Upon a sudden, from
The western gate emerged a group of women,
Close wrapped and in a mourning garb; and there
Among the rest were Magdalen and Mary,
James's mother. No word was spoken, but now
And then a smothered sob, or a heart-broken sigh
Helped trace their path which lay towards Calvary's foot.
But once they stopped and whispered converse held
As who would roll the stone away. Impatient at
Delay, Magdalen hurried on. Her heart
Outstripped her feet; her feet those of the rest.
Lifted by the morning breeze, her tresses
Floated wide; her sandaled feet scarce touched,
Or heeded not, the stony path she trod,—
And thus the first, she came to where they laid Him.
When lo! the tomb stood open wide, but black
And void, no Jesus there! Her heart stood still.
She knew not if she lived, or cared not, were
She conscious of it, so killing was the blow.
How she had wished to kiss those bruised feet
And press that thorn-crowned head once more! But all
Was over now, no consolation left.
The others came, and, stooping, saw through their tears
The empty tomb, and turned in silent sorrow
From the place; and later, John and Peter came,

With breathless haste, alas! but to confirm
Their darkest doubts. The death cloths stained with blood.
Were all they found of Jesus there. Bereft
Of sense from hearts thus seared, as men who walk
In sleep, without a word they left the place,
Yet Mary lingered on, and, bowing low,
Wept as if her heart would break.

At last

A gentle voice asked, "Why these tears?" One only
Cry she had: "Oh, tell me where they laid Him."
The stranger, as in pity moved, then spoke
The one word, "Mary." She heard, she felt, she knew
That voice,—the same it was that called her child,
Her sins forgave,—whose dying accents she
Had heard, nor hoped in life to hear again.
And at the sound, joy broke upon that saddened
Heart, as the sun bursts through a thunder cloud:
Then, her whole soul upon her lips, prone at
His feet she fell, and cried, "Rabboni!"

COME HOLY SPIRIT.

A TRANSLATION.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Inflame each breast with pious love
Light of the world, our soul's inspire.

Come, Father of the poor below,
Come, Fount from whom all blessings flow,
Light of our life, shape each desire.

Our Hope on earth, Sweet God of life,
Our God above, our Shield in strife,
Light of our hearts, lend us Thy fire.

Cleanse Thou each thought that doth deface,
Make moist our souls with floods of grace,
And heal the wounds of Sin's dread spear.

Shape all our thoughts in Virtue's mould,
Thy breast shall save us from the cold,
Thy hand our way make straight and clear.

Give us a sevenfold trust in Thee,
From sin and death our ransom be,
And take our only gift, a tear.

IN MEMORIAM.

FR. MCHUGH.

We mourn thee dead, Priest after God's own heart!
 Who knew to pray as David prayed, in song.
 Thy voice is stilled, thy prayer unsung so long,
 It seems an age since thou did hence depart.
 The birds and flowers have come and gone; the smart
 Of loss still lingers on, and still the wrong
 Unconquered is, the feeble 'gainst the strong,
 And thou, Right's Champion, fallen beneath sin's dart!
 The good St. Francis held all creatures brothers:—
 Thou hadst for all love tender as a mother's.
 The world thy temple was, its dome thy sky,
 The birds thy choristers, thy incense flowers,
 The lily's cup a chalice raised on high;
 Thy offering was—Christ's tears, thine own, and ours.

AT TWILIGHT.

The soft winds are sighing,
 The daylight is dying,
 The sun has sunk into the west,
 Like a Christian soul
 On the way to its goal
 In the home of eternal rest.
 No more would we stay
 The last fleeting ray
 That hastens into the night,
 Than call back again
 To this valley of pain
 The soul from its homeward flight.

TO A LILY ON A CRUCIFIX.

Staff of St. Joseph, lily so fair
 Resting so lightly on our Lord, where
 Sin's heavy cross hath left its impress,
 Touch that wound lightly, or kissing caress.
 Chalice which earth to the sky lifts up,
 Tears are the wine of thy pallid cup,
 These and the tears in Those upturned Eyes
 Are our only claims on Paradise.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dimidium Mei.

REV. EDWARD A. QUIRK.

I hang my harp by Babylon's wave
And sit me down beside;
The thoughts and tears I cannot stay
Flow onward with the tide.

I cannot pray thee bear him back,
(Do streams flow from the sea?)
But guide my bark to sunny isles
Where he must surely be.

A man, a priest the world has lost;
Few such doth Heaven lend!
Weep, World! but what's your grief to mine,
For I have lost a Friend?

O sainted spirit, genial soul,
Rest now, thy work is o'er,
In many a heart thou wilt live long,—
In one, forevermore.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

The golden rays of evening tide
Their brightest rubies lent,
To hill and dale and brook beside
When day its course had spent.
Great Phœbus drew in purple folds
The clouds about his bed;
The rays redeemed the rubies lent,
The last bright beams had fled.

And longingly I watched the bark
That bore a friend away,
Nor missed the light that from me sped,
Till darkness followed day.
A gloom had settled on my soul,
Night dews upon my heart;
With aching eyes, in loneliness,
I watched my friend depart.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(Written for the children of Hinsdale, N. H., as an address of welcome to their Reverend Pastor on his return from Europe.)

We have heard you tell the story
Of a shepherd who loved his sheep,
And sought and led them safely
O'er pathways rugged and steep.

You told us how the shepherd
Takes the little ones to his breast,
And seeks out the weary and wayward
As the ones His heart loves best.

His days are spent with watchings,
His nights in anxious cares,
To keep his sheep and lambkins
From dangers and from snares.

When robbers assail the sheepfold
And the hireling flees from the strife,
The good shepherd faces the danger,
For his sheep lays down his life.

* * * * *

We thought as you told the story
Though you spoke of our Saviour dear,
That when he was taken from us
He left a good Shepherd here,

To watch over us, His children,
The sheep and the lambs of His fold,
To guard us from all danger
And shelter us from the cold.

* * * * *

These months we have missed you, Father,
Missed the sound of your gentle voice,
And your presence—a benediction
That makes our hearts rejoice.

We have missed you at the altar
Where the Lamb of God is slain;
We prayed Mary, Star of Ocean
To guide you home again.

Our wishes and prayers are answered
And you are with us once more,
And we thank the good God who brought you
Safe home from a distant shore.

Your little lambs bid you welcome,
Our Shepherd, our Father, our Friend;
We hope and pray, God helping,
To follow your lead to the end.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

(Written in honor of the twentieth anniversary of Bishop
Bradley's consecration.)

St. Joseph, father, patron, friend,
Dispenser of the Bounteous King!
To thee in heaven our thoughts ascend,
To thee on earth our praises ring.

Guard thou our Church, our Bishop bless,
Our pastor, parents, teachers all,
Let them, too, share thy tenderness,
Nor vainly let thy children call.

To thy dear charge the Good God gave
His household here, His Church and Bride;
Help thou the ones whose souls to save
Sweet Mary wept, and Jesus died.

THE MEASURE OF OUR LIVES.

'Tis not the weeks and months and years
That makes our lives; 'tis hopes and fears.
Joy is our daytime, night our tears.

A man may live a lifetime
In the grief of a single day,
And a thousand years of bliss
Be a day that is passed away.

No, 'tis not the circuit of moon or sun,
For these go on when our race is run;
'Tis the heart-beat that tells when life is done.

LIFE AND WRITINGS

TO FATHER F——, S. J.

Revered, beloved, whom ocean bore
 Back to our midst with zealous care,
 In answer, to our fervent prayer,
 We haste to greet thee home once more.

No Cæsar now we hail from Rome,
 Who conquers with a ruthless hand:—
 A leader of a nobler band,
 Whose spoils are souls, we welcome home.

Thou dost a noble office hold—
 A glory not of war or song;
 Thy glory is to vanquish wrong,
 And bring the lost ones to God's fold.

Skilled Mariner, on life's dark seas,
 Fair Truth is thy magnetic guide,
 Bright Faith and Prudence stand beside
 To guard thy ship from baneful breeze.

Thy words and deeds with brightness shine,
 Thy mild reproach with love aglow,
 Both bring the proud heart here below
 To offer incense at God's shrine.

Thy ship like crested swan set sail,
 And angel band did guard thy sleep;
 A mighty hand controlled the deep,
 And breezes lent their mildest gale.

May life be spared thee many years
 (Thy crown the more resplendent grows)
 With power to conquer strongest foes
 Whom wily Satan ever rears.

These classic walls with joy resound,
 To greet thee home to thy first born.
 In years no future eyes shall scorn
 A work whose praise with thine is bound.

WITH A CALENDAR.

I deem it not that I shall need
 This scroll to claim a future thought,
 Upon thy heart thy soul shall read
 A brother's name there fondly wrought.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Night fell in the Alpine valley;
 Below was all heavy and black,
 Yet the daylight seemed to dally
 And leave on the hill top its track.

To us, who look up from below,
 It seemed that the skies were riven,
 And the snow-top all aglow
 With a radiance from heaven.

* * * * *

Up from this vale of tears,
 From the darkness of sin and sorrow,
 We need for our doubts and fears,
 This promise of a morrow.

The sun is not lost but hidden,
 And earth is more than a clod,
 The mountains that rise up unbidden
 May be pathways that lead up to God.

IN MEMORIAM.

DAVID REGAN DROWNED IN MYSTIC POND.

Dead? How strange to think
 That he whose hand we lately clasped
 Stood on Death's awful brink,
 Life's book is closed, and judgment passed!

Among his books he lies in death
 Those silent friends Death's vigil keep
 And share a mother's grief nor sleep,
 But gaze on him with bated breath.

How strange is spun this web of life!
 'Twixt warp and woof the bright threads bind;
 Death's gruesome ones—both fast entwined
 Doth set our souls and selves at strife.

We bow beneath the scourging rod,
 For us, not him, the blow doth stun.
 His honors won, his lessons done.
 Inscrutable Thy ways, O God!

(The following lines were sent to Bishop Delany by his sister on the eve of his ordination. A year later, on the eve of her religious profession, he returned the poem to her with his own verses, entitled "Soror Mea.")

RABBONI.

*When I am dying
How glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life
Has burned out for Thee.
That sorrow has darkened
The pathway I trod,
That thorns and not roses
Were strewn o'er its sod.
That anguish of spirit
Full often was mine
Since anguish of spirit
So often was Thine.
My cherished Rabboni
How glad I shall be
To die with the hope
Of a welcome from Thee!*

SOROR MEA.

On the eve of my offering
Thou sent this to me,
On the eve of thy offering
I return it to thee,
To tell thee how fair
Is the pathway I've trod,
How sweet 'tis to serve
So good a good God!
How often since then
Has the water and wine
Upon my lips turned
To His Blood Divine!
So with thee shall the tasteless
And bitter be sweet
When to do His dear Will
Be thy drink and thy meat.
Our cherished Rabboni,
How glad we should be
To live or to die,
When all—all is for Thee.

TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Fair link between time and eternity,
Upon our path thy hand choice blessings strews,
Lend us thy light and be our only Muse
For thou art consummation of all poetry.
Thy heart-strings wake angelic symphony,
What better font of wisdom can we choose
Than where the Holy Spirit did infuse
Sublimest Wisdom, which took flesh in thee?

The spring-time greets thee with her birds and flowers,
To thee the fledgling pipes his first faint notes,
The year's first breath of incense to thee floats.
Permit us then, to add our feeble powers,
And join with them this universal lay,
While angels vie to crown thee, Queen of May.

TO MY LITTLE SISTER ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY.

In the rosary of your years,
Now you count one-half a score;
Childhood's spring of smiles and tears
Soon shall fly forever more.

Romp and play, dear, while you may,
Heedless of Time's quickening flight;
Grief too soon will cloud your day,
Haste your morning unto night.

Years will soon unfold their store
Rich with spoils of ages;
Reason bring her priceless lore,
Science her bright pages.

These an old age may delight,
Yet to what thou hast are poor.
Will they bring a heart so light?
Will they give a soul so pure?

May each decade ever end—
"Glory God be always Thine,"
'Till the message He shall send,
"Share that glory child of mine."

REMEMBRANCE.

In a lone, bleak wood a wild rose grew,
 No eye ever saw it, and no mind ever knew;
 But the flower was none the less as fair
 As any that ever breathed the air.
 It gazed up to the calm, cold sky,
 And shuddered to think it soon must die.
 At first it languished and its heart grew chill
 Till the touch of a zephyr might well nigh kill.
 The soul of the rose, with its last sweet breath,
 Leaped forth to meet approaching death,
 And it gave to the breeze every crimson flake—
 'Twas all it had—for Memory's sake.
 No eye ever saw it, no mind ever guessed
 The sweetness of its final rest.
 The breeze, thus laden, kissed a child
 Who played in the meadow, and pausing smiled.
 The dear enchantment of that spot
 The child through a lifetime never forgot.

* * * * *

How came I to know it? 'Twas told by the dew,
 How sweet is Remembrance, and I tell you.

TO EASTER DAY.

Rise, rise Happy Morn,
 See the world's salvation dawn!
 Sin's and Death's dread chains are riven,
 Christ, the Crucified, has risen.

Would this heart
 Like Israfel
 Could impart
 The raptured spell.
 Could enthrall
 The heavenly choir,
 Mortals all
 With love inspire!
 Then this breast
 Its chords would bare.
 Music's best
 Is but a prayer.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

What is this Earth? A floating prison,
A narrow dwelling, a tent arisen
In space, that is meant to last a day,
Where the winds of Heaven course o'er in play.
The sea and mountain, valley and plain,
Rise from the dust to return again.
What is its bulk to immensity?
As the hour that strikes to eternity;
A storied palace built of clay,
Where nothing changes, yet changes away!

And what is Life? A moment's waking,
To be born, to die; gift lost in taking;
A word that God speaks with disdain,
A maze unsolved, a question vain;
A dream that vanishes, a spark of light,
A lightning flash that returns to night,
A moment that Time lends man to live,
A something not worth the name we give!

And what is Fame? But to deride
With empty sound, our hollow pride;
A name repeated, sordid pelf,
Vain, false, and fleeting as itself;
Now rising, falling, from lip to lip passed
Into eternal oblivion at last;
A poisoned nectar we tire of never,
That makes die twice who would live forever

And what is Love! A holy theme,
Should I deny it I would blaspheme.
It is our life; what words can tell
Of the light and fire that in us dwell?
The spark that from the gods was riven,
A chariot of flame that mounts to Heaven,
A ray from that unquenching sun
That melts two mortal hearts in one.
Love is,—or would be—all to all,
Could mortals but this love enthral,
Did it not end in giving breath,
As Love Divine for us found death!

“BENE SCRIPSISTI DE ME.”

(In the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Doctor of the Church, whose feast day occurs on the seventh of March, it is told that our Saviour appeared to him one day while in prayer before the tabernacle and said to him: “Thomas, thou hast written well of Me. What dost thou ask for thy reward?” The angelic doctor replied: “Nothing but Thyself, O Lord.”

Thou great pure soul that God’s approval heard
 With ears of flesh, ere yet thy task was done,
 What rapture can with thine compare? Sure none
 That earth can give. The sweetest note of sweetest bird
 Were discord to the soul-entrancing word
 That broke the stillness to the listening one.
 And now, great soul, thy ampler won,
 Help us to share the love thy bosom stirred
 So we may shape our days and years as thou
 Didst thine, with this blessed hope that we
 May gain God’s gracious sanction and reward,
 Which, though deferred it be, yet even now
 In life, in death, our only choice will be
 But this: “None other than Thyself, O Lord!”

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

O Jesus, the sweet memory
 Of Thee brings sad hearts cheer,
 But sweeter far than all beside
 The thought that Thou art here.
 The sweetest song of singing bird
 Is discord to Thy Name;
 Today, tomorrow, yesterday,
 Thou art, dear Lord, the same.
 O Jesus, Hope to sinful souls,
 To those who ask how kind!
 To those who seek Thou art ever near,
 But what to those who find?
 No tongue can say, no words express
 The rapture of Thy love,
 But who has felt can partly guess
 The bliss in Heaven above.

THAT FACE.

Upon the shore of Galilee,
Stood Christ amid his band,
The crescent moon shed silver light
O'er rippling waves and land.

The moonlight seemed to linger there
E'er on its course it sped,
To touch that holy brow and form,
And halo round His Head.

That look! Ah, words cannot express
Nor fancy ever trace
The meekness, love and majesty,
That shone upon that Face.

Those Eyes! Those meek and holy orbs
Shone with supernal light!
Well might the stars draw back and hide
Themselves within the night.

Not with that brightness of the sun
Which none dare look upon,
Mild as eve's twilight Christ's kind eyes
With love and pity shone.

He spoke! The music of that voice
Seemed strains that came afar.
From angels' lute when angels' hands
Leave heaven's gates ajar.

A heavenly smile lit up that Face,
Nor did the music cease,
For every word spoke harmony
And to each soul brought peace.

* * * * *

Ah, envy not those favored ones
Who stood beside Him there;
Though we such sight have been denied
We still have been His care.

His Heart, His Soul, Divinity,
His Flesh, the Blood He shed
Have through all ages since that time
His faithful children fed.

MY PIPE.

Where shall I find a friend like you,
So often tried, so always true?
No varying moods save to suit mine,
Thou hast none other, mine are thine.

Morn, noon, and night,
Thou fairy sprite,
Ever thou cheerest with new delight.

In time of grief no one so nigh,
To give surcease by sympathy;
No unkind word hast thou e'er spoken,
Nor gentle concord ever broken.

Thy warm caress,
Like a mother's press,
Has all that makes up tenderness.

Thou comest, they say, from Venus' home,
Wrought from the wild waves' crested foam;
From beauty's bower and love's warm nest,
Thou bringest me from both what's best.

Contentment's calm,
And sorrow's balm,
Thou art my solitude's one charm.

P.S. Should Exegesis all this question,
Admit, at least, it aids digestion.

REGRET.

How often we find the loving word
Our heart was fain to say
Dies on our lips and is never heard
While the loved one passes away.

Passes away, never to know
The good we in him prize,
For when we wish our love to show
Our faltering accent dies.

And yet the word we deep conceal
Might mend a heart that's broken,
Did we but tell what half we feel
And give love's tender token.

ON THE DEATH OF LEO XIII.

A king of kings thou wast,
Anointed, set apart;
The Truth thy only sceptre
Thy realm the human heart.
God gave thee length of years
Beyond allotted span;
And every year a glory was,
A blessing new to man.
The triple crown of Peter
Did well adorn thy brow;
In death thou liest lowly—
The whole world mourns thee now.
But who will comfort Her,
Thy spouse, who bears the shock!
And who console thy children,
O Shepherd of the Flock?
Our one great solace this:
Christ's Vicar upon earth,
A crown more glorious waits thee
In thy eternal birth.
Another Pope will reign,—
"A burning fire," no doubt;
But with thy life, O Leo,
"A light in heaven" went out.

("A Burning Fire" is the motto of the present Pope, as "A Light in Heaven" was the motto of Pope Leo.)

WITH A CALENDAR

Christmas is a season for friendship's well wishes,
A time when the Christ-Child's blessings abound;
This is the blessing I pray with the year that I send you,
"May yours be a Christmas the whole year round."

The months and years
With hopes and fears
In life's web blend.
Blessed smiles, blessed tears
Through months and years,
For—O the end!

LIFE AND WRITINGS

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, as I shall be,
 It matters little then to me
 If no fair trophy marks my dust;
 It is not fame or gain I lust,
 Yet may some one write tenderly:—
 “Not free from fault or sin was he,
 But did no fellow injury.”
 In God and man I put my trust,
 When I am dead.

Of God I crave Divine mercy,
 Of man I ask but charity.
 However ill, however just,
 My claim I leave, as life I must,
 To Time and to Eternity,
 When I am dead.

MEMORARE

Remember, Blessed Mother,
 That never was it known
 Who sought thy intercession
 Was left to plead alone.
 Confiding in thy goodness,
 I hasten unto thee,
 Let not thy gracious promise
 Find exception first in me.
 Though most unworthy ever,
 Yet hearken to my cry,
 And stretch a hand through darkness
 To lead me to the sky.

MUSINGS.

As I sit with idle pencil
 Musing on forgotten lore,
 And the friends who have gone before me
 To the bright eternal shore,
 Floods of sad and lonely feelings
 O'er my soul pass, for I see
 Faces loved, dear cherished faces,
 Gone from this life's mystery.
 But a Father's faith has taught me
 That my loss is now their gain;
 And God grant when I am summoned
 I shall meet my friends again.

A PRAYER.

Come to me, Jesus, when morning breaks,
 Come to me when my soul awakes.
 My earliest thought should be of Thee,
 Light of the World and Eternity!

Come to me, Jesus, when daylight dies,
 No night so dark as Thy closed eyes!
 Night has known Thy watch and Thy prayer,
 Sleeping, unheeding, I need Thy care.

Stay with me, Jesus, the livelong day,
 Whether I work, or weep or pray;
 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Without Thee, no going, no knowing, all strife.

Come to me Jesus, when life is done,
 Bearing the palm for victory won;
 Bring me to Thee and let me stay
 In Thy dear keeping forever and aye.

TO FATHER O'C.—, S. J., ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

How like this month of smiles and tears,
 The life you gave to God:
 The hope, the trust, the doubts and fears,
 Yet sweet the scourging rod.
 To lift and twine a drooping flower
 About earth's cross towards heaven,
 To whisper peace in death's dark hour
 Into thy hands is given.
 Thy life whate'er its length be blest,
 And at its close eternal rest.

* * * * *

May Father Time upon thy brow,
 His cares there lightly lay.
 Thy future years be bright as now
 Thy April change to May.

WHY THE ROSE IS RED.

Long, long ago, in distant lands,
 A rose was laid by childish hands
 At Mary's shrine, 'tis said.
 The conscious flower, as Mary's dower,
 Then blushing turned to red.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Written for the unveiling of the monument to Bishop Bradley.)

Beneath the altar his body lies,
Where sorrowing we laid him ;
His soul is now beyond the skies,
Returned to God who made Him.

With tender hands these stones we raise
Before his chapel door,
Mute tokens of the love and praise
We owe him evermore.

Above, the cross of the old land
His faith and hope expresses ;
Joined now to Erin's sainted band,
He still his children blesses.

The face we knew and loved in life
Looks down upon us still,
To cheer us and to calm our strife
To bid us do God's will.

The children will not soon forget
The shepherd of the flock :
The elders will remember yet
Who built on Christ the Rock.

The poor, the sick, and those who grieve,
Their footsteps here will bend
The tribute of a prayer to leave
To father, patron, friend.

And while they kneel the prayers to say,
In loving gratitude,
Comes the sweet hope that they too may
Share his beatitude.

A PRAYER.

Receive, O Lord, my lowly homage,
Make my heart like unto Thine ;
Thy intellect is all perfection,
Enlighten this of mine.



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